Wofford College Journal

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Wofford College Journal

October, Nineteen-Seventeen

1917

The Wofford College Journal

OCTOBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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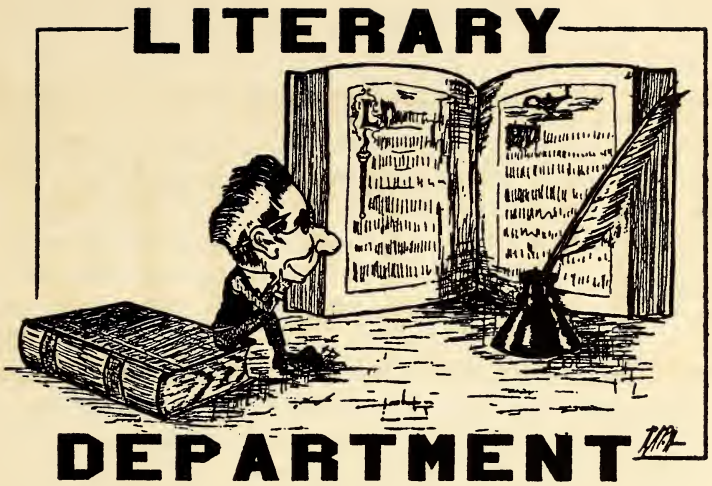

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Autumn's First Month

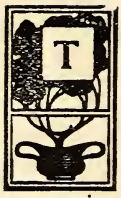
BY G. D. SANDERS.

A dash of color among the trees
And rustling corn in gentle breeze,
With yellow sunshine flooding streams
Of gold across a land of dreams,
And o'er the sky a mellow haze
That speaks of coming frost-crowned days.

Sweet muscadines with hanging head
Where 'possums' midnight feasts are spread,
And in an old deserted place
Red four-o-clocks with up-turned face,
And cotton fields as snowy white
As graveyard ghosts that walk at night.

The tender charm of goldenrod—
Its altars lifted from the sod,
With flocks of wild geese sailing by
For lands where sunny lakelets lie;
September holds all this, and more,
Within her bounteous autumn store.

War for Democracy



THE POSSIBILITY of the triumph of autocracy ends with the entrance of the United States into the great world-war. Now self-governing humanity stands as a whole in the battle line in the last and final war before the last and final peace. The American people have put aside peace and prosperity for themselves to win justice, self-government, and freedom of the earth and all the peoples thereof. The nations of the world have seen the facts and have joined in the battle line of freedom, and we now see a brighter hope of human freedom than ever before.

President Wilson's message has gone out like a mighty trumpet-blast calling the world to join the battle of liberty against oppression, for the establishment of those inalienable rights that our forefathers have won by their blood, for the supremacy of justice and self-rule. We held back until we were thoroughly convinced that this conflict was an unselfish struggle to overthrow a sinister conspiracy against human liberty and human rights. And now the triumph of liberty, the victory of democracy, and the freedom of mankind are assured by the entrance of America into the war.

Germany has offended us unpardonably. She has murdered our citizens, has employed conspirators to violate our neutrality, and has heaped upon us indignities that no self-respecting nation can endure. Germany has cast aside all claim to national honor, has rejected the fundamental principles of international law, has disregarded the acknowledged rights of neutrals and has continued her policy of ruthless destruction of life and property. The last stronghold of autocracy must be destroyed. All of the great democratic nations of the world are now arrayed against German despotism and from now on the days of German autocracy are numbered. "The world must be made safe for democracy," and those fundamental principles for which our fathers gave their lives must not be lost. America has accepted the challenge; she will grasp more

firmly the true significance of her heritage; she will return war for war.

We have at last come to the conclusion that peace, such as we were enjoying previous to the declaration of war, was harder to endure than war. Our country is behind the Administration, and the response in favor of the President's actions has been unanimous. We are willing to shed our life-blood for those principles that we hold dear; we will gladly place on the altar of liberty and humanity our fighting strength, our industrial resources, and our unlimited wealth. We are unwilling to see these principles that our ancestors have won perish. We will fight to the end for what we see to be our duty—for liberty and for humanity.

Some one has truly said that "all the forces of democracy are set loose." The world is fighting, not the German people, but the militaristic spirit that dominates the German government and is responsible for the present world-war. Our government was established upon principles of freedom and democracy and to uphold our self-respect and national honor, we must ever champion the cause of those principles. This war is a struggle for the freedom of the seas; it is a fight against Prussianism. Some one has aptly said that our entrance into the war has enabled America to find her soul. We desire peace so greatly that we are willing to go to war to obtain it. And we will obtain it. We are sure to win, and after this war, when autocracy shall have been crushed forever, we will help to establish those principles of liberty and self-government that will be the only true basis for the final elimination of war and the establishment of permanent peace.

We go into this war with high-minded ideals; we are not in it for conquest or for annexation. To the fullest extent it is a democratic opposition to militaristic imperialism. It is clearly a struggle for the rights of nations. We draw the sword not only in behalf of our own ideals, but in behalf of humanity. We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be violated. We have no quarrel with the people of Germany; our feeling to-

ward them is one of sympathy and friendship. Their government did not enter this war with their previous knowledge or consent. And now we accept the gauge of battle with this foe to liberty and shall spend the whole force of the nation to nullify its power. Thus are we fighting for the ultimate peace of the world, and for the liberation of all its people; for the rights of nations great and small, and for the privilege everywhere of men to choose their way of life and of obedience.

We have no selfish end to serve; we desire no conquest; we seek no dominion. We ask no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall make. We are but one of the champions of mankind. The militaristic, undemocratic demon that now misrules Germany must be cast out. And it is for us to do it now.

The fact that we do not seek and will not accept any territorial gain and that we go to war purely as the vindicator of mankind, naturally excites general admiration. We have solemnly declared to the world that we cannot remain neutral in this conflict between right and violence, between civilization and barbarism.

The day has dawned and the sun shall not set until we rejoice over the triumph of democracy, the triumph of freedom and right. This is the inevitable outcome of the present gigantic struggle. Democracy is the only safe antidote for war and when the governed shall have a voice in the governing, the world will be nearer than it ever has been to a permanent peace. And out of this war shall come to all nations a new birth of freedom. When the dark clouds of war shall have been driven away, the bright sun of peace shall rise to shine forever on a new world, a world establish upon the everlasting principles of liberty and democracy. A. J. JONES, '18.

The Escape

A merchant ship was on a voyage
Sailing to a land afar,
Taking food to those who perished
From the cruelty of war.

Around her prow white foam was forming
As through the seas she split her way,
Careening when a huge swell struck her,
Then righting with a gentle sway.

Her voyage now was almost over;
Soon she'd reach the foreign shore,
Soon relieve the starving people
With the precious food she bore.

From each sailor fear had banished.
All cried, "We'll be in port tonight,"
Knowing nothing of the danger
That was lurking out of sight.

Scarcely past the luncheon hour
The ship was sailing most serene
When suddenly from the watching tower
Came the cry, "A submarine!"

"Where! Where!" the sailors cried in chorus;
"Quick! Show the thing to me!"
"There! There!" the watchman shouted,
"Approaching out there from the lee!"

"To your post," the captain ordered.
"All speed," he sent the engine room;
"We'll have to beat them out of danger
Ere they send us to our doom."

The large ship bounded forward swiftly
As the big propellers turned,
And at her prow the sea was parted,
While in her wake the water churned.

Fast they sped, and ever faster,
Through the slashing, foaming sea,
One running for the lives of men,
The other one for victory.

The day was drawing to a close,
But ere should come the close of day,
The one that strikes with unseen blows
Would close at last upon his prey.

The end to come could now be seen
By the progress each was making;
The ship's crew saw, to out-run the thing
Was a very foolish undertaking.

But still they kept on dead ahead,
While upward prayers were sent to God;
Begging for Him to save their lives
And land them safely on the sod.

And as if in answer to their prayers,
A miracle was quickly shown;
For smote the cry upon their ears,
"We've past, at least, the danger zone."

And as the westward sun was sinking
And the sunbeams ceased their sport,
A ship with food for starving people
Anchored in a foreign port.

N. F. N., JR., '21.

His Prayer Answered

MR. ROSE got up resolutely out of bed and began to put on his clothes. The clock on the mantel showed him that he still had an hour before he must start for the office. He glanced out on the beautiful sunshine without, and thought how pleasant it would be to spend the whole day out in the open. How wonderful it would be to have nothing to do but follow the plow all the day, and watch the fresh, sweet earth as it flopped over on the advance of the steel point; to listen undisturbed to the singing of the birds in the shady woods, and watch the sparkling brook as it bubbled along its rocky bed! How much better would a farmer's life be than his poor life in a stuffy office!

A little sigh escaped from the lips of Mr. Rose as he thought of this, but a second thought brought a smile to his face. He could at least feed his chickens! Most men have some hobby or other, and Mr. Rose's was that of raising fancy chickens. He could not, like the fortunate farmer, follow a life in the open, but he at least could spend a few extra moments each day with his valuable flock of birds. Hastening to finish dressing, he secured a bucket of chicken feed and started for his chicken yard.

Whistling a merry tune, and thinking of the splendid qualities of his fowls, Mr. Rose stepped briskly across the backyard and approached the pen in which were housed these valuable creatures. He unlocked the gate and opened his chicken-house door. The chickens were only too glad to leave the house, and they almost ran over one another in their haste to get out into the sunshine. Their proud owner began to throw handfulls of feed among them, and as they vigorously scuffled for the prize his trained eye began to inspect them individually. Presently he missed two or three, and, with a puzzled expression on his face, he looked through the flock again. They were not there. Still puzzled, he looked in the house and found that they were not there, either. He was now extremely puzzled.

"Confound it, I wonder where they could be."

He had hardly completed the sentence before he espied a hole in the fence opposite him.. He went over and examined it. It was all very plain now. Some one had cut a hole in the wire, and, as only the gate to the yard was locked, and not the chicken-house proper, had had very little trouble in securing the prize.

Mr. Rose's fury knew no bounds. He burst forth into a perfect frenzy of speech, and words escaped his lips that would not have fitted even in the most informal of polite speech. His first impulse was to call the police, but a desire for revenge compelled him to be more cautious. He would be sure of his victim and catch him the next time he came. Controlling himself, he patched the hole the best he could, picked up his little bucket and left the yard.

For a moment he stood out in the back yard thinking. The vioces of several boys playing out in the street caught his attention, and this gave him an idea. In a moment he had summoned them into his yard, and was confronted by four energetic, fun-loving boys.

"You boys want to make some money?" he asked by way of introduction.

The "you bet we do, Mister," of one of them seemed to express the unanimous opinion of them all.

"All right, then," explained Mr. Rose; "this is how you can do it. Last night my chicken-house was robbed of six of my best fowls. In all probability, the thief will return for more of such eatable birds, although, I presume, not in the next few nights. Now, this is what you are to do. In one week from tonight two of you are to set up and watch the house; the next night the other two will do the same, and so on as long as you care to do the work. I will give you each fifty cents a night to sit up, and—now, listen!—the pair of you who succeeds in getting the thief will get five dollars!"

"Hoorah! Won't we have a time when we get that money, fellers?"

"I'm gonna buy myself uh twenty-two, an' uh—"

"Shut up, Sam! You ain't got it yet."

"That's right, boys," interrupted Mr. Rose; "you haven't earned the money yet, but I see you are all willing to try for it. Be back in one week from tonight."

The boys assured him that they would be on hand, and the last he heard of them they were engaged in a noisy quarrel as to who was to have the first night.

The first few nights of the watch was comparatively easy for the boys, but as a week of this irksome business was drawing to a close and no excitement had occurred yet, the work began to grow very difficult. Only the fifty cents remuneration in the morning served to keep up their desire for the further pursuance of the adventure.

It had been another beautiful day, but Mr. Rose had seen very little of it, for he had had to leave so early that morning that he had not even had time to feed his chickens, and it was now almost dark when he at last stepped out on the side-walk. He had hardly entered the street before he was pounced upon by two boys.

"We won that five dollars last night," excitedly began one of them; "an' we—"

"But why haven't you told me before?" queried the puzzled Mr. Rose.

"Well, Mr. Rose, you see we wus almost sleepin' las' night when we heard somethin'. We woke up right quick and there wus a man—plain as everything, 'cause we could see him by the moonlight—goin' right out through the fence. It wus too late to git him, so we follered him, an' we know where he lives, for we seen him go in. It wus so late that we went to bed, an' you wus at the office when we woke up. We didn't think you would want us to come on in the office, an'—"

"That's all right, boys," interrupted the impatient Mr. Rose; "if we get that thief you'll get your money, all right. Now show me where he lives."

Only stopping long enough to obtain the assistance of a policeman, Mr. Rose began his trip with the boys. They led him far out into the suburbs, where the streets were narrow

and choked with trash, and where the buildings were mostly mere huts. It was a regular "nigger town." After much winding and twisting about in this unpleasant neighborhood, the party arrived at a small hut set back somewhat from the road. There were only two objects of interest (as they soon found out) to be seen about the house—a wood-pile and a chicken-coop. No one was at home. The party went around to the back, and, by the aid of the dim moonlight, Mr. Rose was able to discover some feathers which looked very much like the ones that had once covered his beautiful birds, while —lo and behold!—right in the little wooden coop sat three more of his fowls calmly roosting. There was no doubt of it now! Here was the thief!

Upon casual inquiry, Mr. Rose was able to learn that the hut was inhabited by a certain "Reverunt" Ephriam Hopkins, and, furthermore, that that Godly individual was at that very moment preaching in the colored church several blocks distant. The party immediately "made for" the church. As they approached the little box-shaped building they could hear the excited voice of the colored saint as he delivered his message to the enchanted congregation. They stood outside for a moment and listened to what he was saying.

". . . Brethren un sisteren, uh mos' grevyous circumstance have happened widin our midst. Brudder Jake Podds has been comprehended foh dat most pernicious habit of chicken-stealin'. De wud of de prophet Hosakuk have come true. Uh sinnah am not widout his reward, un Brudder Podds has got hisn. O brederen and sisteren, dis almos' breaks muh poah heart! O brederen un sisteren, jes think of de vileness of dis act! O brederen un sisteren, Ah distort you not to nevah steal no moah chickens! O brederen un sisteren, Ah deplore you not to steal no moah chickens! O Lawd God, forbid dat dare am anudder chicken lifter in his house! O Lawd Gawd—" Here his voice fairly shook with his emotion. "O Lawd Gawd, if dare am anudder chicken-stealer under this sanctified roof, point him out dis very secunt, O Gawd! O Lawd—"

A heavy scuffling near the door caused the pastor to cut short his remarks. A policeman, followed by a man and two boys entered the room and walked down the aisle. The congregation gazed at them with wide open mouths, while the worthy shepherd of this flock began to show every evidence of uneasiness.

"The Lord has sent me after you, you black scamp," the policeman informed the now terrified minister.

"But—uh—" stammered the archangel—"dare shoah am some mistake—Ah—Ah never is—"

"Come on with me," commanded the arm of the law, as he laid hands upon the innocent culprit.

It was now one of those moments of intense suspense. The flock looked in profound wonder from their pastor to the policeman. "Reverunt" Ephriam Hopkins looked half-sheepishly out upon his people, and, just as he was about to be carried away, informed them in a rather sorrowful voice:

"Brederen un sisteren, de Lawd am usually a putty jus' Gawd, but He shoah have played thunder dis time."

N., '18.

Coquette

She went to the ball with Henry;
She went to the pictures with Joe;
She went to the circus with Johnnie;
She went to the picnic with Poe.

She had a sweet word for each sweetheart,
She told each one she liked him the best;
She didn't know which she thought most of,
Tho' I think 'twas the one with her last.

But I'll tell you what finally did happen,
When she'd gone with quite more than I've told;
She ceased to accompany either—
The cause was, she'd gotten too old.

NICHOLAS F. NIXON, JR.

The Jewels of the Pacific

HE LOVELIEST fleet of islands that lies anchored in the ocean," speaks a prominent writer, referring to the isles of Hawaii. Tourists who have traveled the world over say that never have they seen a more beautiful land than this veritable earthly paradise of the Pacific. But what other than beauty and happiness could exist in a land with such an idealistic location and situation and such a perfect climate?

Regardless of these influences there is still evil in abundance in Hawaii, but I wish only to discuss the beautiful and interesting side. What land could offer more things of beauty than Hawaii, with its scenery contrasting the tropical forest along the coast with the barren mountain tops, the rocky, wave-beaten shores, with the seething crater of ever-active Kilauea.

The Hawaiian group is composed of a number of small island, the chief of which are: Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Lanai, and Oahu. Each of these islands is exceedingly mountainous, the peaks rising abruptly from the sea and towering above the clouds. The most prominent physical features are the mountain peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, situated on Hawaii. On the Mauna Loa is Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world, with an oval crater nine miles in circumference and raised six thousand feet above sea level. Mrs. Gerould describes Kilauea thus: "When you stand on the crater's rim and gaze into Halemaumau, the inner pit, some twenty acres of seething and boiling lava, with geysers of flame and molten lava and eruptions of huge blocks of solid rock, it is not like Dante's eighth circle—it is worse." On the island of Maui is the dormant crater of Haleakala, twenty-five to thirty miles in circumference and three thousand feet deep, standing ten thousand feet above sea level. Once, in the distant past, Kamehameha, the first, the Charlemagne of Hawaii, led his army through that world of ashes and lava to surprise the king of Maui. The beautiful Iao valley and Iao needle are also found on Maui. On Oahu, where is located Honolulu, the

capital and chief city, is the most beautiful of all Hawaiian wonders—the beautiful "Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa," a magnificent sheet of water leaping fifty feet from a gorge, surrounded with legends and myths, where man has never ventured. And who is there that has never heard of the beach of Waikiki?

Equally as beautiful as this scenery, however, is the weird music of the natives. Nothing would sooner sooth one to peace and quiet than the strange droning song of a Kanaka or the beautiful strains of "Olaha Oe" on the ukeleles and guitars. The song of the Hawaiian is generally a drone of gutteral syllables, describing objects and persons around him; nevertheless, the song is strange and captivating. Mark Twain records of his visit to Hawaii: "The music of the Hawaiians, the most fascinating in the world, is still in my ears and haunts me, sleeping and waking. I can still hear the pulsing of the surf at Waikiki, see the plumy palms drowsing by the shore, the garlanded crags, and the leaping cascades, and this music fills me with the spirit of its woodland solitudes." The hula, an ancient religious dance, closely associated in regard to wierdness, has almost passed away. Thus, as all who have heard it express, there is a certain charm and fascination to be found in the Polynesian music not found elsewhere.

As for the Kanakas themselves—as they call themselves in their native language—the race is fast disappearing. In the islands there is only a very small percentage of the total population that is Hawaiian, for only about twenty-four thousand of them are left. But since this is one of the sad phases of the subject, we will not dwell upon it. The true Kanaka is a peace-loving being who will share his last bite with a fellow-Kanaka. And every Kanaka has his special friend, *aikane,* with whom he is allied defensively and offensively. The Hawaiian native is a remarkably intelligent being, and thus the wonderful advances of civilization in Hawaii may be accounted for. "Certainly, the history of no people of the globe can show anything like so rapid an advance from barbarism," wrote R. H. Dana, Jr.

Necessarily, the history of this people is not very lengthy, owing to the fact that only a few centuries ago it emerged from barbarism. Hawaiian history began practically with the conquest of Kamehameha, the founder of a united kingdom. The islands were first seen by the Europeans when a Spanish ship under Gaetano touched upon them in 1859. In 1778, Capt. James Cook, a British seaman, visited Owhyhee (Hawaii), where he met his death at the hands of the infuriated islanders. As recorded above, Kamehameha was the first ruler of importance. In 1819 he was succeeded by Riho-Riho, who also adopted the title of Kamehameha. The first Protestant mission was established during his reign in 1820. He was followed in 1824 by his brother, with the same title, Kamehameha III, whose most important act was the establishment of a constitutional government. Then, in succession, ruled Kamehameha IV, and V, and Kalakaua I. In 1891, Queen Liliokalani and her American husband, John O. Dominis (died soon after), ascended the throne. But in 1893 she was deposed, the islanders adopted a republican form of government. The Queen vainly sought American aid, but was forced to retire. In 1898 the islands were annexed to the United States as a territory, with a governor appointed by the president and its military affairs in charge of California. Then all citizens of Hawaii in good standing became citizens of the United States. The first Governor was Sanford P. Dole, the President of the provisional Republic.

And may we not hope that this beautiful and wonderful country may turn out citizens of world fame? For certainly a people who have made such advances, if only they do not pass away, may some day startle the world.

J. D. W., '19.

Tempest Days

'Twas hard to enter Wofford,
Had to stand from A to Z;
And then I thought it awful
When the Sophs. got hold of me.

They made me sing "it" solo,
Then put me on the chair;
And when they turned me out again,
I felt that I could swear.

But, anyway, I didn't,
And just walked off alone.
To stand the Wofford College boys,
It takes some grit and bone.

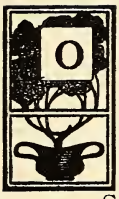
But I'm in here now and anchored,
And hope a while to stay;
And help the Wofford College boys
Move on from day to day.

And when the weather's storming,
May my anchor hold me fast;
I hope to stay in Wofford
'Till the tempest days are past.

N. F. NIXON, JR., '21.

Wofford College

America's Greatest



ON THE pages of the histories that are to be written concerning this, the greatest of all wars, there will be recorded the names of many, many men who are entitled to fame of an immortal kind. Many have achieved imperishable glory, and quite a good number will become renowned ere this struggle ceases. Some have become famous because of their achievements on the fields of battle; others have, as ministers and councilors of state, earned the right to be called great. History will not suffer from a lack of heroes when this struggle shall have been brought to a close.

From out the pages upon which will be recorded the names of the heroes of this great struggle, one name will shine brightest, one name will come first. Many of the war's roll of illustrious ones will be great, but this one will be greater. If one greater than he is to have a place in the annals of this conflict, he is yet to appear. The man to whom I refer as being greater than the great is Woodrow Wilson.

A Virginian by birth, Wilson was a resident of the North when he was called to the Presidency of this Union. As President of Princeton University, he had done a work that is lasting; as Governor of the State of New Jersey, he had done a work that is likewise lasting. His achievements in these positions were such as to mark him a real man. His success was eminent, and his name will always be remembered as one of New Jersey's greatest public servants. But as President of the United States of America, he has done his best and noblest work. Uniting, as he did, by birth and residence, both North and South, he was peculiarly well fitted to restore friendly relations between all sections of the country and to wipe out the last slim vestiges of bitter feeling between them. And he lived up to his opportunity and, ere he had been in office for more than a short time, he was looked upon as the friend of all, and all were united under him for the common cause of America. As President, he continued his career of success

and rendered the nation such efficient service as would mark him great. With his first few years in the White House everyone is familiar, and everyone knows and appreciates the position he reached by means of his labors. Such was the faith and confidence of the people in him that last November he was re-elected, something very difficult when we consider that for years our country was in the grip of the boss-ridden G. O. P.

As President, Mr. Wilson has had many things to contend with. The problems which have confronted him have been more in number and of a graver and more complex nature than were those which any man since Lincoln has had to deal with. Before the world was plunged into the vortex of war in 1914, Mr. Wilson had done more real, lasting good to this nation than any other of recent years. Had the struggle across the seas not broken out, he would have performed such services for America as would entitle him to fame forevermore. But peace was not to be, and the nations of Europe, forced to such action by the malicious acts of Austria and her ally, Germany, cast in their lots with the gods of war, and the fearful conflict began.

Almost overwhelmed by the burdens already resting upon him, Mr. Wilson was now confronted with a responsibility never before met with by an American chief executive. The people of the United States could no longer sit idly by and look on the conflict across the seas with nonchalant disinterestedness. Ours was a world power and was vitally concerned with conditions in other parts of the globe. Citizens of our land were everywhere, and it was the duty of our government to protect their interests. Then, in the economic effects of the new state of affairs we were extremely interested, because we were, to a large extent, wholly dependent upon the warring countries for supplies. The problems arising out of these circumstances placed the President in a position wholly unenvious. But such was the tact which he used in the performance of his duties that for over two years and a half he safely and honorably kept the United States out of this war.

But Germany would not let us alone; she would not allow us to use the seas as we, by right, wished to do. She murdered

our citizens and destroyed our commerce with neutrals. We were forced into the conflict for the protection of our people, for the defense of our liberty, our independence, for the freedom of ourselves and of the world. Had we refrained from entering the conflict, our country would have been shamed forever in the sight of our neighbors.

And so Woodrow Wilson became a War President. His duties have increased, and are almost too much for one man to bear. But he is bearing them, and will bear them. No matter how long the war may last, if he be spared, he will continue to lead his country in the way she should go.

Great as Wilson was as a Peace President, he is far greater as a War President. No greater man ever lived in America than this man, and no one in the world today approaches him in renown. We have had in this country great men, but I believe none so great as he. All have seen the flags of the three leading allies as they are grouped together; on the left the tricolored banner of France, on the right the Union Jack of Great Britain, and in the center the Stars and Stripes of America. This reminds me of the grouping of America's three great Presidents. As the three flags, the Red, White and Blue of France, England and America, the world's great democracies, are flung to the breeze side by side, so can the pictures of America's trio of immortals be seen together. On the left is Washington, on the right Lincoln, and in the center Woodrow Wilson. Washington was great, I believe Lincoln greater, but Wilson is and will be the greatest of all. "If Providence could spare a Washington to lay the foundations of the United States of America; if Providence could spare a Jefferson to make democracy a living reality; if Providence could spare a Lincoln to unite the States in impregnable unity and brotherhood," so Providence could spare a Wilson to lead the United States in the greatest crisis ever confronting it, and to lead the world "out of the black night of the present conflict into the light of that day when an enduring peace can be built on love and brotherhood." Providence has done a great work: Providence has given to the United States and the world a great man.

This war will not last forever. Some day it will end, the cannon will kill no more, and man's fight against man shall cease. Then some one must lead in the peace conferences. No one is so well fitted for this mighty, this Herculean task, as Woodrow Wilson. Some man must lead the world in the days to come when all men shall unite and there shall be but one nation, and that the world, and no one is so wellfitted for the task as Woodrow Wilson. He will be the first President of the United States of the World.

And so he will continue, as he has gone on before, the servant of the people, the leader of Democracy, the man of the hour, and for America of all time. For the world he will continue to be one of her greatest.

"Not his deeds alone; not his immortal words alone; not his personality alone; not his matchless power alone, but all combined, compel national faith and confidence in him." Thus spoke John W. Westcott, Attorney-General of New Jersey, in 1912. His words were true then; today they are still true, and even more so. The confidence his fellow countrymen have in him is supreme and complete, and it grows with every passing moment.

As Mr. Westcott so ably puts it: "He is a statesman, not a charlatan; a profound lawyer, not a splitter of legal hairs; a political economist, not an egotistical theorist; a humanitarian, not a defamer of character and lives; a man whose mind is at once cosmopolitan and composite of America; a gentleman of unpretentious habits, with the fear of God in his heart and the love of manhood exhibited in every act of his life; above all, a public servant who has been tried to the uttermost and never found wanting—peerless, matchless, unconquerable."

Two prayers are in the hearts of America today, one for the safety and success of those who fight for Democracy on the fields of France, and one for him who is guiding the destinies of America at Washington. The people love him, revere him, they worship him, this one great man America has given to the world.

L. D. H., '18.

September—and the Immigrant

BY G. D. SANDERS.

The distant hills are glorified
With gray-tinged hair 'neath golden crown,
And fields of moss green but yesterday
Are marked with many shades of brown.

The soft September haze bespeaks
A teeming land of fairy dreams,
And autumn skies and autumn airs
Tell that the world's not what it seems.

A cloud of yellow o'er the hills
Shows where the goldenrod still blooms,
And morning glories on the wall
Are pillars for the spiders' looms.

The old world folk in time gone by
Lived in a land thus beauty drest,
Which lost its charm, and made them seek
A paradise in which to rest.

* * * * * * *

And so they left the old world's breast,
And with their families all came west.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

WOFFORD DUDE

DIED

SEPTEMBER 28, 1917

HE WAS A KIND BOY
INDULGENT
ALWAYS INDULGED HIMSELF

HE WORE THE TIGHTEST TROUSERS, THE PEAKEDEST SHOES, THE HIGHEST COLLAR ON THE CAMPUS

"NOW IN UNIFORM"

R. K. W., '18.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889. Vol. 28, No. 1

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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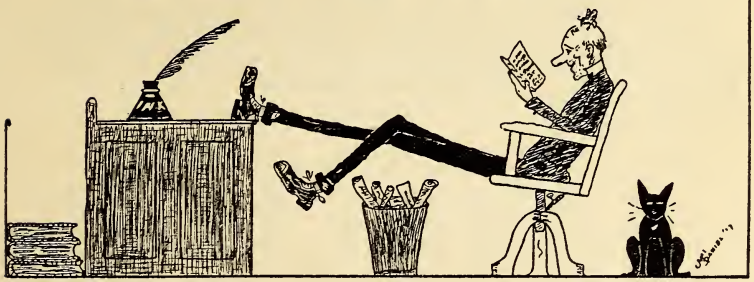

C. B. Johnson.....Editor-in-Chief
F. A. Buddin.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

Camp Wadsworth

When the Wofford students returned to college this year, they found that Spartanburg had assumed quite a different aspect, for the streets are always crowded with men in khaki.

Camp Wadsworth is located four miles west of the city, and there are now nearly thirty thousand men in training there, and others are constantly coming in. These men come from other States, and it behooves the students of Wofford, therefore, to treat them as their guests. It may take some time to adapt oneself to this new atmosphere, but the time has come when every man must fit in wherever he finds himself situated, and at the same time retain his self-control.

Military Training

Military training is a very important issue in college life at Wofford this year. The students have all been very enthusiastic over this new phase of the college routine, and particularly so over the fact that they are to wear uniforms.

We were fortunate in getting Captain Meems and Lieuts. Billings, Cooper and Freeman from Camp Wadsworth, to supervise the drilling, and they all express themselves as being well pleased with the spirit in which every student has gone into this training. Their interest and enthusiasm are indeed characteristic of Young America's patriotism, and upholds the record of Wofford men in always being ready to cope with the great issues with which they are confronted.

Wofford College Library
No.

Fresh. Owens wants to know if a M. A. degree is a preacher's degree.

Young Lady (at Y. M. C. A. reception, to Fresh. Hubbard) —I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Hubbard.

Fresh. H.—I 'lowed as much.

Fresh. Tatum wants to know who plays the piano at the Elite.

Fresh. Smith, after attending Y. M. C. A. services at the New Rex Theatre, wanted to know the name of the new church.

Ask Fresh. Pate why he got off the Country Club car at Morgan Square monument to go to the New Rex Theatre.

Senior Mitchell was heard to remark that he did not know that "Clink" taught Astronomy; that he thought he taught Math.

Fresh. H. (to Senior who was working with a microscope in Biol. Lab.)—Where did you get that telescope from.

Soph. G. (to Freshman N.)—What is your name?

Fresh. N.—I—I—I'm so scared, I've really forgotten it.

J. P. Barron.....Editor

As this is the first issue of the Wofford College Journal, no exchanges have yet come to our desk. We hope to have a good number of exchanges this year, and although space will not allow us to take up each one separately in every issue of our magazine, we intend to try to criticize justly and compliment the qualities of every one of the magazines that reach our desk during the year.

As many realize, the task of the Exchange Editor is not an easy one, but we intend to do our best to give justice to the publications of our sister colleges. A college journal cannot be expected to contain finished literary products, and the contributions to them will not bear too severe criticism, but kindly suggestions will enable the contributors to see their mistakes and thus help to better the standard of the magazines.

The staff of the Wofford College Journal intends to do its best to put out the best possible magazine and will appreciate any timely suggestions or criticisms the Exchange Editors of other journals may give us. Wishing the editorial staffs of the journals of our sister colleges a most successful journalistic year, we shall do our best to help them to this end.

L. D. Hamer.....Editor

THE Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION

For some years it has been the custom for the members of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Faculty to give a reception to the men who enter college for the first time, and the first Friday night after the opening of school has been set apart for this. The reception this year proved to be a success in every way, and was a most delightful and enjoyable occasion. In the college chapel, at 7:30 on the night of September 21st, the new men gathered together and received a hearty welcome from the various organizations on the campus. The following spoke for their respective interests: A. J. Jones, Senior class; W. F. Harris, Junior class; A. S. King, Sophomore class; G. D. Sanders, Carlisle Literary Society; W. H. Wallace, Preston Literary Society; J. G. Snelling, Calhoun Literary Society; W. R. Watson, *The Old Gold and Black;* J. P. Barron, Ministerial Band; F. A. Buddin, Y. M. C. A.; A. B. Attaway, Fitting School. L. E. Purdy responded to these addresses of welcome on behalf of the new men. Dr. Snyder then made a few very timely remarks.

At 8:30, the exercises came to a close, and the men repaired in a body to Carlisle Hall, where the reception was held. Quite a number of the fair lasses of the city were out to add their grace to the occasion, and the event was quite an enjoyable one. The time passed by quickly, much too quickly for

some; the young ladies and their escorts then left, and the Y. M. C. A. reception of 1917 became a memory in the minds of those present.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

On Sunday afternoon, September 23rd, a get-together meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall for the purpose of extending a further welcome to the new men and giving some idea of the plans of the Association for the present year. F. A. Buddin, the President, spoke of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in general, presenting its needs and resources in a very forceful way. He then called on the Chairmen of the committees for short talks, and the following responded, each outlining to the students some idea of the aims of each and the work expected of each department: Bible Study, W. H. Wallace; Social Service, L. A. Odom; Personal Work, W. F. Harris; Mission Study, D. L. Betts. The Vice-President, J. S. Wallace, told the men of the Friday night meetings for the year, of the speakers to be secured, and the subjects to be touched upon. He assured the students that much was in store for them, and that the meetings this year would be the best ever.

Dr. C. B. Waller was present and made a short talk of interest and value to the men. Dr. Snyder was called upon and responded with a few well-chosen remarks, which were greatly beneficial to all, especially to the new men.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

The first devotional meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association for the present year was held on Friday night, September 28th. A goodly number of fellows were present, notwithstanding the fact that certain attractions in the city materially diminished the attendance. Dr. H. N. Snyder was the speaker of the evening, and he chose for his subject, "Motives Controlling Christian Life." Dr. Snyder was at his best, and his talk was fully up to the high standard set by him.

Dr. Snyder gave a brief outline of the conditions now confronting the peoples of the world, the many problems before

them now and the even greater, more complex ones soon to be faced. He stated that the world, as it has been, is no more, and that a new one is being built out of the ruins and experiences of this mighty conflict, and he reminded the young men that they must adapt themselves to the changed state of affairs. That a change was inevitable was his opinion, for the cost of this war and the sacrifices made are too much for the people of the world to even think of permitting a return to the old order of things. He stressed the part the young men of today would play in the events of tomorrow, and he urged upon them the necessity of properly preparing themselves for the great tasks of the future.

Concerning the causes of this world war, Dr. Snyder stated that he was not so much interested in who caused this war, as in what were its causes. He spoke of the circumstances out of which this war came, and pointed out that if these conditions remained unchanged, wars would continue to be. Hatred, enviousness, covetousness, suspicion, he named as the primary causes of the conflict. But these all come about because of sin in the nations, as in the individuals, of the world, and can be removed only through the development of a spirit of friendliness and brotherly love between nations. "When peace is secured, it must be on a basis of righteousness and justice, where there will be more love, more comradeship, and more fellowship among men, as well as more service, helpfulness and kindness."

In the days that are to come the world will be governed by these principles; a new code of ethics will replace the present one. The code of the individual must and will be made the code of nations, for, after all, as Dr. Snyder said, the world is only a large group of individuals. The same motives that govern the individual in his affairs will govern the world. There must be no longer two standards of conduct, one for the man as an individual and the other for man as a body. He urged upon all those present the importance attached to these principles of conduct, and asked them to observe them both now and in the days that are to come.

ATTENTION!!!
STUDENTS

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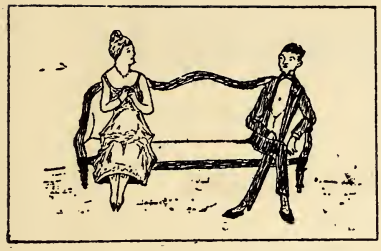
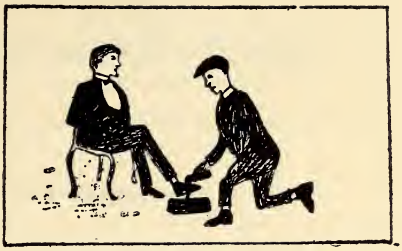


He—Why, I even put the brush on the Soph. last year.



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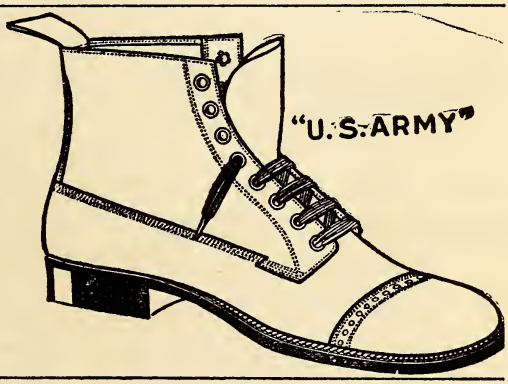

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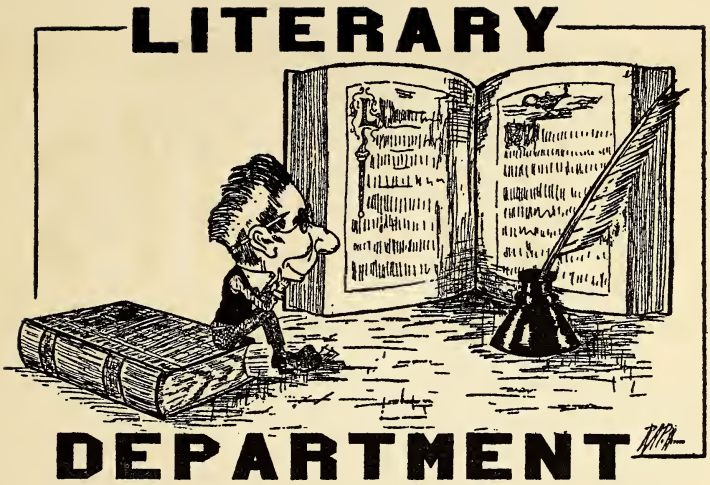

W. H. Wallace.....Editor
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America's Answer

By G. D. Sanders

The new world, the great world, the world that's fine and free,
Looks out across the rugged hills and grim, gray wastes of sea,
Into the heart of old world feuds, at Europe's stress and strife,
And sees the bitter struggle there for liberty and life.
A hundred million hearts beat high with a debt they feel their due
As a people under a flag, free-born—the old red, white and blue;
And age-old passions stir the breasts of a nation used to peace,
And war's red tocsin is sounded forth for a tyrant's swift decease.
The bloody crimes a monster planned in a land that boasted light
Has called a million waiting men to save a nation's right;
And over the field Old Glory flies to avenge a nation's wrong,
While under its folds her armies march, bold and fearless and strong.

And her men will fight till the last red drop of blood from their bodies run
And only a piece of a man is left to lift a broken gun,
And only a minute more remains of a world's last ghastly hour—
If it takes that long to quell a state fighting for greed and power.
And her men will go to answer the call with a spirit that will not die,
Till they have avenged the last black wrong, and the last foul, sin-born lie
And a nation's tears and a nation's prayers shall follow them on their way
Till they shall emerge in the light at last of a tyrant's funeral day;
And a flag that is blue and white and red shall stand for the freedom of men
And only the absence of autocrats will tell of the things that have been.

Pan-Germanism Versus Pan-Anglicism

DURING the several decades just preceding the present time a great project for world power, almost inconceivable in its vastness, has been fostered and its minutest details carefully planned by one of the strongest autocratical governments the world has ever known—the Hohenzollern family and its adherents. Roman Caesar never dreamed of a plan so enormous and so carefully arranged in every particular. Indeed, Caesar's power came not with schemes of world domination carefully deliberated upon years before hand, but with natural military genius and the aid of trained legions. Caesar said: "I came, I saw, I conquered." Might we not represent the Kaiser, the omnipotent factor of Germanism, as saying optimistically: "I dreamed, I planned, I conquered." Rome, the only powerful representative of civilization in that day, fought against the barbarians and savages; the Hohenzollern empire, a representative of high civilization, arraigned itself against nations of equal advancement Napoleon gained almost world power through unparalleled military genius and the enormous intellect of one man, not by a plan devised with care to every detail before even the first movements of it were effected. France, a champion of liberty, dazzled by the success of a wonderful military leader, blindly followed him in the satisfying of his personal ambitions even to her own degradation. Germany, with open eyes, realizing the danger, rushed into a conquest for world power after a long and careful deliberation.

Up to this point we have merely considered the vastness of the Pan-German plot. Now the question may be asked, "What is Pan-Germanism?" It may be defined as an ideal upheld by the Prussian autocracy to establish a vast empire, the most powerful in the world, with all nations at its feet, and to cover the world with an everlasting Teutonic influence. Its characteristics would be militaristic and dominating. Its ideals would be the suppression of everything non-German and the spreading of Teutonic influence and Kultur over the world. Its greatest purpose is already evident, the suppression of

democracy, liberty, and freedom. An idea of its plan of procedure may be gotten from the statement of German Rear-Admiral von Goetzen, a friend of the Kaiser, to American Admiral Dewey before Manilla in 1898: "In about fifteen years my country will begin a great war. Some months after we have done our business in Europe we shall take New York and probably Washington, and we shall keep them for a time. We do not intend to take any territory from you, but only to put your country in its proper place with reference to Germany. We shall extract one or two billions of dollars from New York and other towns." Thus we may see that the marvelous plan of Pan-Germanism did not intend America to be a part of the empire, but a dependancy subservient to it.

Pan-Germanism embodied the "welding of Teutonic power into one coherent whole, not merely 'from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf,' but from Calais, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, as was the secret imperial intent." The central German empire should embody Holland, Belgium, northern France, Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, and Turkey to the Indian Ocean. Holland, Belgium, and the northern part of France should be gained by conquest; Austria-Hungary should be made subservient to Berlin by carefully extending Teutonic influence; the Balkan States should be gained by the obliteration of the Slavic element and influence; and Turkey should be secured by Germanizing its army and politics. After the consolidation of such a mighty empire the rest of the world might be easily made subservient.

In 1914 came the initiation of the great plan, with the murder of Archduke Ferdinand as a mere excuse for hostilities. The Germans immediately, with the aid of Austria, moved against the Balkans. But at once, owing to a number of alliances, Russia and France declared war, which was, of course, expected in German military circles. By over-running Belgium to enter France, Germany aroused the ire of England, who then declared war, a step not expected so much in Germany. The Teutonic forces, by their unsurpassed training and efficiency, swept almost to Paris before the unprepared French army could resist.

Meanwhile a way was being opened through the Balkans, although the resistance of the Serbs was remarkable. On the Russian frontier bloody fighting ensued and Germany gained all Poland in the first year of the war. In 1915 the British expeditions at the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia failed utterly. Bagdad and Berlin were connected by railway and the central empire, long dreamed of, seemed a reality. For the next year operations were at an apparent standstill.

It was at that time that Germany began her ruthless sea warfare with the use of the submarine. England's blockade had made the German navy useless and the submarine was the only resort. Hostile and neutral ships were the same to the barbaric cruelty of Germany. The fate of the Lusitania aroused the world to the realization of the Teutonic threats. The primary object of the submarine warfare was the prevention of supplies passing from America to the Allies. But regard for passenger and hospital ships was not even observed. After repeated negotiations with Germany, the United States was compelled to declare war to preserve the ideals of freedom and democracy, so barbarously violated by Germany in her utter disregard for the freedom of the seas.

It was at this point that Pan-Anglicism should arise. On April 2nd, 1917, President Wilson, of the United States, made his remarkable speech in Congress, urging that body to declare war on Germany. A declaration of a state of war immediately ensued, and America, the first great republic of modern times, united with England, the mother of democracy, and France, the great European republic, in the attempt to crush autocracy and spread over the world the institutes of democracy and free government.

As yet Pan-Anglicism is in the nascent state, but its ideals and purposes can clearly be foreseen. By America's action against Germany the two great Anglican countries of the world were brought together: America, the exponent of liberty and freedom, and England, the originator of democratic principles; America, who for freedom rebelled against the mother country under the unfortunate rulership of a petty

tyrant, and England, the propagator of freedom throughout the earth. British Foreign Minister Balfour spoke before the New York State Chamber of Commerce: "Let there be a bond of union between our peoples which nothing will ever be able to shake. It is the surest guarantee for the democracy and the security of the world." Balfour again asserted, "An intimate and mutual understanding should always bind together all branches of the English-speaking nations." The union of these great powers is to decide the destiny of the world. Without union, barbarism, despotism, and oppression, in the person of Germany, has a very great chance to conquer. All prejudices must be laid aside. The England of today is not the England of 1776. When the hope of the world lies in one action, namely, the creation of the Pan-Anglican movement with world freedom as its ideal, there should be no opposition from personal feelings or past grievances. America does not realize what lies before her. In a speech on May 12th, President Wilson forewarned America of the trials ahead in the following significant words: "The American people do not yet realize the sacrifices and sufferings that are before them. In comparison with the struggle into which we have entered, the civil war seems insignificant in its expenditure of treasure and of blood." And as the President of the New York State Chamber of Commerce said, speaking of England, France and America—"those whom God has joined together to battle for liberty and the enduring peace of the world, let no man put asunder."

Thus we hope to see the sword of Pan-Germanism, reeking with the blood of innocents and striking to the earth the laws of humanity, trampled under foot by the lofty ideals of Pan-Anglicism with all the peace-loving nations of the world among its supporters. "W," '19.

"This War a Conflict Between Two Ideals"

IN APRIL, 1917, the United States of America, the greatest nation in the world and the leading neutral, declared war against Germany and placed herself side by side with the allied nations of Europe. For nearly three years she had stood by and watched the progress of the struggle across the seas; she had carefully observed the trend of events and noted carefully the situation throughout the world during this period of war. The United States of America attempted to remain always a neutral and did everything possible to remain at peace with all. But in the thirty months of war she had had time to notice many things, to weigh the situation quite well, and she finally came to the only conclusion possible for a self-respecting nation to reach: she saw that her interests were the same as the interests of the Entente Allies. She had seen what the Teutonic Nations had done, what a brutal, barbarous, savage type of warfare they had waged. She had seen what Germany had done to the weak nations of Europe and hoped to do to the world. She had seen what would be the inevitable outcome if she remained idly by and allowed the friends of liberty and democracy to be defeated. She was drawn irresistibly to the conclusion that for her own interests and the interests of the world she must aid in the great struggle for freedom and join hands with her brothers across the seas against the dreaded Huns. So on the 6th of last April our great country threw aside her garments of peace and actively stepped into the fight.

Though we would have inevitably been forced to take up arms, our entrance into the struggle was hastened by the action of Germany. Molesting us on every side, killing our citizens, destroying our commerce, forbidding us to use the common property of every nation, the high seas, the Teutonic tribes, by their high-handed policy of aggression, so encroached upon our rights that war was necessary to show the Teutons we would not stand for any violation of our treaties. We did all that could be done to avert the conflict, and at first it seemed

that neutral America would remain thus. Germany made promises to respect our rights, but she would not be governed by them, and forced the issue. For the sake of those rights for which Americans have fought and died, for those things we hold nearest our hearts, we entered the war.

This mighty conflict is a struggle between two ideals, freedom and enslavement. This is not a war for conquest, it is not a war for economic gain alone, it is not a war for political reasons. It is pure and simple a struggle between the two ideals that have dominated the world since time began. As old as the race of men, is the fight now on between these two principles. The history of the world centers around this one question as to which shall be uppermost, the people or their governors. Shall the people rule and be ruled according to their own dictates, or shall they be governed by the will of another? That is the question that has torn the world with bloodshed for centuries. Shall a people be free to say under what form of government they shall live, or must they accept what has been given them by those who purport to be their masters? Shall the world be free or enslaved? This war today is but the further conflict between these principles which have shown themselves before. The great question that must be solved by this war and around which this war centers is, Shall the peoples of the world be allowed to live in peace and according to their wishes, or must they accept the domination of those they do not desire and be ground down under the iron heel of oppression?

To help answer this question as it should and must be answered, the United States of America is now a participant in this struggle. Our government entered this war to save this principle of self-government from destruction, and save it she will. "The world must be made safe for democracy." That is the keynote of this war, a struggle for democracy, and our entrance into it is to make democracy safe. We went to the aid of our sister nations who stand for the principles, the ideals we adhere to, and with our aid they will go forward until that day when the cause of liberty is triumphant and the world is forever free from the dreaded foe, autocracy.

And so we entered this war not with any selfish aims. We had no selfish ends to serve, we sought no conquests, nor do we seek them now. We do not aim at acquirement of territory, we do not wish to disturb the economic balance of the world. Our sole end in view in casting our lot with the gods of war was and is "to insure to all the world that measure of liberty which we so freely enjoy." What more glorious purpose could we have in view than this of freeing the world from the cruel hand of German autocracy and rendering that hand forever incapable of exerting itself again?

We shall do what we have started out to do. With the aid of our allies we shall force back the German legions, we shall drive them in utter rout to the gates of their capital. We shall force them into a surrender and to a peace which shall be entirely favorable to our interests and the interests of the world. When the peace that ends this struggle is made, it will be such a peace as will forever be a guarantee of freedom to every man, no matter under what flag he lives. The peace that brings this fearful conflict to a close will be another Bible of Liberty, a document held most precious by all until the end of time. The forces of autocracy, of destruction of the rights of the individual, shall be completely routed, and the forces of democracy shall be supreme. From this war there will come a League of Nations, a league that will be capable of enforcing and which will make it impossible for any nation to war upon another. War shall be made obsolete, and all fear of being drawn into conflict with another shall be removed from the heart of every nation. The rights of the little nations shall be made secure. Henceforth, the small state shall be as independent, as free from oppression, as the very largest. This is the principle that shall be supreme from this time on, the principle that all men are created equal and have the same rights. Henceforth, the individual shall rule and be ruled as he wishes.

And when we say the rights of all nations shall be made safe, we mean the rights of every nation. The people of Germany will be given the opportunity of saying how they wish to be governed, and their wishes will be respected. The Allies

will remove from power the Kaiser and all his minions and make it impossible for him ever to return to power. Germany shall be rid forever of this scourge. And so will be the other autocratic nations. This is the last fight of autocracy, and after this conflict autocracy will be no longer uppermost anywhere. "We have no quarrel with the German people;" we have only pity and love for them. This we shall show by our conduct when the war is ended. We shall seize no territory nor demand any great indemnity. We shall only see that Germany and her allies are permitted to live henceforth as the Germans wish to live.

This conflict between two ideals, this war between the two principles of all history, will soon cease. Already the Kaiser's forces are beginning to grow unsteady, and ere long when the boys, who carry the Stars and Stripes into France, rush against the Teutonic lines, the grand retreat across the Rhine will begin. The fight ahead is a long and hard one, but some day ere long the last drum beat shall be sounded, the last call made, and the war of all wars cease. In that day will America stand forth as the leader of the triumphant forces of democracy, and the principles which she holds as dearest and noblest will become the ideals of the world. The old principle of autocracy, of government by the few, shall vanish and the most cherished possession of the Allies shall be made the common heritage of the world. Henceforth, all governments shall be free governments. It shall be true that "government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth." America will have given her most sacred doctrine to the world, and the world will accept it as its own. The old idea shall give place to the new, and the world shall go forward united together as one nation, with one common purpose and enjoying the same fruits of self-government and independence. Wars will cease, and the world be blessed with peace. Then we shall see the fruition of our hopes, the result of our sacrifices, in a world free and a world united, with our nation, the leader of democracies, at the head.

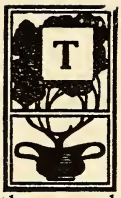
L. D. H., '18.

What's Our Life?

BY G. D. SANDERS.

We have a few brief days to live, and then
Decay with all its quiet-lulling hours
Of darkness brings the night, which comes from out
A vast and unknown void, and shuts the dead
And now forgotten past upon us. Straight
We ask the question, "What did all our time,
And life, and hopes, and upward striving come
To, when the end is this?" Ah, there's no answer!
And if our life is but an end—a calm
And sweet forgetting, why should we delay
To give it, swift, for all a world holds dear
Of love and liberty? When races face
The darkness, empires ruin, and that arch-foe
Of Liberty is ever drawing closer,
Oh, what's a life, if it can save a spark
Of freedom to a race of dying men?
Hold dear so small a thing when it can save
A people's hopes, invested in the thought
That right will rule the world at last? No, that's
The part of slaves—incipient dwellers who
Feel not the love of country burning deep
Within their breasts. Free men must think, and act,
And thus be quick to give of all they have
Of life and wealth and all save sacred honor,
That Liberty may rule the world at last.

Education and the War



THERE is no doubt that the most destructive institution known to man is war. It is the express purpose of each of two contending armies to kill as many of the enemy as possible; to destroy as much property belonging to the enemy as they are able to. What a grim business is this! To think that people who have proudly boasted their culture and civilization cannot live together in this big world without trying to kill each other! Yet wars come. Knowing what ruin war brings, no democratic nation wishes to have war. But it sometimes happens that a nation of high-minded and peace-loving people must fight rather than see its traditional principles of justice and honor swept aside by some ambitious and autocratic nation. So it has been with most of those nations now fighting for world freedom. So it has been with our own country. National honor requires that we enter the greatest maelstrom of death the world has ever seen, and we are pledging all our resources to an ultimate victory.

Our government knows what destruction of life and property is going on across the sea. Why, then, does it urge that the tedious and constructive process of education go on unhindered in this war time, or even with increased earnestness? Secretary of War Baker said: "To the extent that young men are disqualified or too young, their major usefulness lies in remaining in college." Why go to so much pains when the toil of years may be blotted out in a moment? It is because the government knows that mental efficiency among the people of the country is a most important factor to a speedy and successful conclusion of the war. Along this line the United States Bureau of Education urges that young men stay at their studies, saying that "the desire to render immediate service is praise-worthy, but it is effective service which finally counts." General Wood says: "The war promises to be a long one. Urge young men to finish their education." The opinion of the government in regard to education in time of war is unmistakable.

There was once a time when only the animal qualities of brute strength and fierce courage were needed in war. But that time is past. While physical fitness is still necessary, it is not enough. Brawn must be supplemented by brain. Education then, I say, is a most important determining factor in modern wars, and especially will this be true in the struggle in which we are at present engaged. It is peculiarly true for us because our enemy lays emphatic stress upon the education of its people, particularly along technical lines. Efficiency is their watchword, and if we are to succeed, as we must, it is essential that we get more efficiency than they can command. As one of our country's greatest educators declares, "If democracy is to win a permanent victory, democracy must set a higher premium upon intelligence and skill than autocracy has or can set."

A vast amount of skill and trained mental energy is absolutely necessary to collect and maintain a modern army. Any nation that has kept abreast of the times has had to spend a great deal of mental force as well as money for military purposes. If a nation has not been militaristic enough to come to war in a state of preparedness, as has been the case with us and our allies, it must begin at once to bend every nerve toward getting itself prepared to the maximum efficiency in the least space of time possible. Consider the case of our own nation. When we entered the war we had no army; we had to raise one. Without any precedents of any kind we had to devise an elaborate draft system that was fair and impartial to all. With a swiftness that has made the Kaiser tremble we have called and mobilized an American army that will speak for itself ere long.

We had to have equipment for that army; we had to get it at once and in great amounts. What did the government do? It called to its service those minds that were *trained* and said to them, in effect: "We want such and such a thing and we want it to be the best that any brains anywhere can devise." The result is well known. Just one example: Several of the greatest motor engineers in the country locked themselves in a room of a Washington hotel, unselfishly pooled their ideas

and trade secrets, and after three weeks came out with the "Liberty Engine," the equal, if not the superior, of any that has been developed in Europe for airplane use after three years of actual war tests. The thousands of completed airplanes, made by American mechanics and manned by Americans, which will soon swarm over the battlefields of Europe, and also the great fleets of merchant ships being so rapidly built in our harbors to replace those sunk by the marauding pirates of the deep will prove to be enduring monuments to American engineering skill. So much for the value of trained minds on the material side of war.

To be a good soldier a man must be reasonably intelligent, and the more alert and intelligent he is, the better he can grasp and execute orders. Not only that, but the various and complex modern methods of fighting call for an unusual exercise of the mental faculties. What but long and careful training can equip a man to use to advantage that marvelous product of man's imagination and mechanical skill, the battle airplane? A mind trained to work accurately and with precision is a prerequisite to training for such a position as that of an airfighter. Better qualities than mere physical ones must be called into play when men attempt to fight among the clouds, or beneath the waves of the sea.

Then there is the question of morale. With high morale a poor army may win; without it no army can win, no matter how many men and guns it may have. This spirit, this will to conquer, is the thing that decides modern battles. The Kaiser thought he could roll his war machine over Belgium like a steam roller and then no one could stop its advance into France. The Belgians and the French, however, thought otherwise. They had a determination that could not be shaken to stop the Huns or die, and the Kaiser has seen his plans baffled. Today we read with pleasure the news of the advances by the allied armies, of new positions won and more trenches taken, but we regard as a greater sign of victory the evidences that the enemy's morale is breaking. It is easier to keep this spirit in an army strong when the individual men are in a fair state of mental cultivation. Obviously, a soldier

will fight best when he knows exactly what he is fighting for. Armies today, at least on our side, are fighting for certain lofty principles. The simple untrained mind cannot grasp the full significance of such terms as liberty, justice and democracy. Illiterate soldiers are all right when the issues are simple, concrete, visible, but we need unusual intelligence among our fighting men today, in order that they may be able to get the full meaning of the exalted abstractions for which they are called to fight. Some there always are who can not come up to the desired standard. There is, then, a need for as many as possible of the higher type who can impart to their less fortunate fellows the proper spirit.

Indeed, the lack of general education and culture among the Russian people accounts in large measure for the precarious situation in Russia today. The morale of their army is broken because the men, who were used to a Czar and his autocratic institutions, have seen their Fatherland swept away by a revolution, and in its place a democratic Russia set up. All that they could see and know is no more, and they have not sufficient mental insight to see the new Democracy as it really is and their relation to it.

It is much the same with the civilian population at home as with the army at the front. The government of any country and especially of a democratic country is greatly dependent upon its people. The people must heartily co-operate with the government and they cannot reasonably be expected to do this unless, like the army, they have an unclouded understanding of the issues at stake. To this end capable leaders are indispensable in stirring up the people. But, how can anyone, leader or layman, better understand the underlying principles than by tracing down through history and literature the course of their development? For they are not born of a single crisis but have been formulating themselves through all the progressive stages of civilization. What better place is there for studying these ideals than in the school and college?

Ignorant people offer a fruitful field for the carrying on of enemy propaganda. They are very susceptible to the evils of professional demagogues and are not so easily persuaded by

calm and sensible reasoning. The recent I. W. W. disturbances were the work of misguided people of rather low intelligence. Appeals to buy Liberty bonds, to subscribe to Y. M. C. A. war funds, to help the great Red Cross organization, to conserve food, and all the other vast array of appeals for patriotic service must fall on intelligent ears, if they are to have the response they deserve.

So it is in every sphere we take the pains to examine. The educated man is the one who is worth most to his country in time of war as well as of peace. And the government realizes this. That is why it urges the education of the youth of the land not to be neglected, though we may be ever so absorbed in the great game of war. Such a course necessarily will entail a slight immediate loss of service, but it is "effective service which finally counts." This position of the government is simply a part of its broad policy of preparedness.

D. H. D., '19.

"Memories"

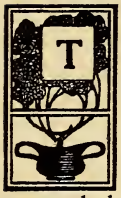
Memory steals upon me,
I hear thy voice of love;
The past is all the present,
The present heaven above.

The moon is shining brightly,
And life is all aglow;
I feel the touch of thee
Upon me where I go.

As the glowing sunlight
Creeps thru' the open door,
Of thee, my little sweetheart,
I dream—no more!

"K. ZIM., 18."

A Transcription of the Legend of Cateechee or Isaqueena



THE SUN was setting behind the western mountains, painting upon the fleecy clouds magnificent pictures in colors far more beautiful than ever graced a monarch's robe or a painter's canvas. Faintly, in countless numbers, the stars were beginning to appear where the gliding clouds uncovered the open sky. Cooneelatee, the mocking-bird, singing his evening song, cast a spell upon the listener by the beauty of his melodies and trills. With a sad and murmuring ripple, Keeowee flowed onward toward the land of the pale-face. From the katy-dids, crickets and frogs came a monotonous yet none the less entrancing chorus. To the west lay the azure wall of the Blue Ridge, though near at hand on every side small mountains rose above the surrounding country. Thus lay the Indian capital, Keeowee, on a summer evening of the early eighteenth century.

But the town itself, on that evening, was not characterized by such a charming silence as was the vale of Keowee. All was bustle and excitement. Every lodge was filled with occupants, for all the braves of the nation were assembled there. Karuga, the cold-hearted, had summoned a council of chiefs to plan a campaign against the whites. In the lodge of Karuga, near the center of the village, the council was assembled. In a circle around the great Karuga sat the grim warriors. There at his right squatted Yohoma, the chief of Oolenoi, from whose belt hung many scalps of vanquished braves. At his left was Attatulla, the famed chief of Occony. Also there sat in grim silence and with magnificent bearing famous braves from Eastatoe, from Toxaway, from Noewee, from Socony and even the chiefs of mountainous Tatsawahui (Toxaway) and of far-off Enoree.

The council had finished its discussion. The warriors awaited Karuga's decision. Likewise, throughout the town a great suspense prevailed and the warriors were impatient for the signal to be off.

Suddenly, with no outward display of emotion at all, the great chief arose, stretched himself to his full height, and drawing his tomahawk, uttered the awful war-whoop of the Cherokees: *"Echa-echa-herro, echa-herro."* From all sides immediately came similar cries. The council dispersed and the braves prepared to be off.

Meanwhile, from behind the lodge of Karuga there glided a slender figure—that of an Indian maiden. Patiently she had awaited the decision of the council. She had heard—Fort Cambridge would be attacked at sunrise. At Fort Cambridge was a handsome young trader, who, while upon an expedition into the land of the Cherokees, had befriended her. He must be warned of the plot. And who could do it? This question had already been decided and the girl had in a short time reached her pony in a nearby thicket. Between Keowee and Ft. Cambridge lay ninety-six long miles over a rough trail.

And who was this maiden? She was a Choctaw slave girl taken by Karuga. Cateechee, they called her, Deer's Head, or in the Choctaw, Isaqueena.

Down the rough trail the pony raced. The cries of the braves in Keeowee lent encouragement to the fleet animal. Ere the moon had risen, Cateechee was beyond the peak of Six Mile, leaving the warriors far behind. On, on she rode until she reached the gurgling waters of Twelve Mile. After a rest in the dark shadows of the willows, she was on her way again. Before midnight she had left the streams known as Eighteen Mile Creek, Three and Twenty and Six and Twenty far behind her.

But the cry of every night-bird seemed to Cateechee the feigned signal of a warrior of Karuga. The trembling aspens seemed alive with painted forms. Behind every low bush lurked a brave of Karuga's following. But these fears only gave encouragement and quickened Cateechee's desire to gain the walls of Fort Cambridge.

Just before sunrise the peaceful atmosphere of the fort was disturbed by the arrival of the Indian girl, who rode direct to the cabin of Allan Francis. "The warriors of Karuga are

coming" were the only words she could speak, so exhausted was she after her long ride.

The gates of the stockade were closed and preparations for a siege hurriedly made. An hour later Karuga's warriors arrived to find their plot frustrated. After a few random shots they realized the hopelessness of attacking the stronghold and withdrew to make different plans against the whites.

Within the walls of old Fort Cambridge, just ninety-six miles from Keeowee town, two loved ones were united in marriage by the old clergyman. And in a cabin near the blockhouse dwelled the happy pair—Allan Francis and the brave Cateechee.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was in the early autumn—Indian summer—the crops were ripe. And up the vale of Keeowee wound a long column of braves, rejoicing in their recent success—for Cateechee and her husband had been captured again. When they reached the capital they advanced straightway to the lodge of Karuga.

Into the lodge the captives were led, where the great chiefs sat in council again. What should be the fate of the prisoners? Proposals for their execution as well as proposals for their liberation were made, but all these rejected. At the end of their second hour of deliberation, the braves sat solemnly puffing their pipes.

The great chief of the Oolenois broke the silence. "O great Karuga! great chief of the Cherokees!" he spoke, "Hear my words. Let the captives be as our own people. Would not the pale-face make a great warrior? Let him go forth with us on our hunts! Let him fight for the Cherokee! Let him take the sacred oath never to return to the land of the pale-face! And the maiden—let her be a dweller of the Cherokee lodges! May she remain with the women of Keeowee!"

"Thou hast well spoken!" agreed the other chiefs. "Let it be thus."

"The council of Karuga has spoken," answered the great chief, addressing the prisoners. Heed its decision. Go, but first utter the sacred oath that you will never attempt to escape."

"Toeuhah, toeuhah," with sadness the captives repeated.

For many moons Allen Francis and Cateechee had lived in the land of the Cherokee and had adopted their manners and customs. They had almost entire freedom, but they were not happy. Each was ever conscious of a watchful eye always near. From Taksawahui (Toxaway, as the white man speaks) the vale of weeping, to Saluda, rich land of corn, Allan Francis roamed, but he always noticed an Indian near at hand. Even in the valley of Enoree, land of muscadines, he had hunted the wild ahowwe—the deer. Nights he had passed at Eastatoe, nation of the green birds, and at Kawanurasui (Conneross), where the wild duck drops downward from her nest. Yet he was not happy. He was always watched.

A sudden thunderstorm had arisen, such as are common to that region. All was excitement among the lodges of Keeowee. From one of the lodges ran Allan Francis, apparently to aid in preparing for the coming rain, but really bent upon escape. Down the path toward the river he ran, where, with the women, Cateechee had been washing. These, terrified by the thunder, were running toward shelter, for one time regardless of their charge.

At a signal Cateechee stepped from the line of women into the dark forest. Northward they turned, after meeting and holding a short consultation. Until night they travelled on and even far into the night. Keeowee must be left behind.

Finally, at daybreak the weary travellers found shelter—a huge tree, hollowed out by decay and twisted off some ten feet above the ground by a previous tempest. Their "Stump-house," they called it.

Great was the anger among the Indians when they discovered the escape of their prisoners. The medicine men wildly bewailed the breaking of the sacred oath—*Toeuhah.* At once parties were dispatched to seek the escaped ones. To the mountains they would naturally hasten, it was reasoned. Therefore, Karuga himself led a division northward.

For three days Allan Francis and Isaqueena had lived in their "stump-house." It was on the morning of the fourth

day. Allan had gone to the river, where he was constructing a canoe for their journey down the river. Cateechee was gathering sticks near the "stump-house" when suddenly she beheld the dark face of Salooe, Karuga's most famous warrior, peering at her through the bushes.

Like a startled deer she stood firm a moment, then turned and fled. From the forest rang the Cherokee war-cry, *"Echa-echa-herro, echa-herro!"* many times repeated as the warriors took up her pursuit. Nearer and nearer they approached her and the arrows whizzed by thick and fast. To the river Cateechee turned, toward the great falls some distance below. Still closer drew Karuga's band. Cruel Salooe's fiendish yell lent aid to her flight.

Suddenly at the top of a cataract, Isaqueena paused, then disappeared from sight. The braves of Karuga drew near and sought in vain for the one they pursued.

"A wizard of the Choctaws has hidden her," spoke one warrior.

"No; she is drowned," the others agreed as they looked down on the dark, seething pool ninety feet below, above which Cateechee was last seen. For a time they waited, then, convinced that she was indeed lost, they departed to seek her husband.

At the place of which we are speaking the river makes a great leap of ninety feet to a deep pool below. But, invisible and known to but few, a narrow ledge juts out some ten feet below the crest of the cataract, affording a scant foothold behind the white veil of water. And to this Isaqueena had jumped without a slip, which would have meant death, and there had hidden until the warriors departed.

When the braves had withdrawn, Isaqueena came out from her hiding place and was soon again with her husband. Together in their rude canoe they floated down the Seneka to the Tugaloo, and then down the Savannah to old Hamburg, out of all danger of recapture. On a quiet farm the happy lovers lived for many years. And never again did the wild *"Echa-herro"* ring in their ears nor the dark face of a warrior peer at them secretly.

"W," 19.

"Backing the Boys in the Trenches"

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

This is indeed an age of big things and the achievements of our day are so great that we are scarcely surprised at any of the great movements, however large they may be. Such words as wonderful, marvelous, immense, stupendous, and miraculous have been used so much in the last three years that they have, at least to some extent, lost the full force of their former meaning to us. But among all of the great movements, there has been none of greater importance and none more successful than the one to "back the boys in the trenches" by lending our government the money to carry on the conflict, and the success of both of the issues of Liberty bonds has been greater than was expected by any except the most optimistic.

When the great draft law had been passed and plans for obtaining and training a vast army of Americans had been gotten into definite shape, the government began to pass measures to prevent waste of food matter and appointed a commission to encourage the whole nation to conserve the food and in this way to do their part, as civilians, towards winning the war.

As neither of the above acts could be carried out without money, the next step taken was an effort to raise, by means of the Liberty loan, the money necessary. The first issue of bonds was for two billion dollars, and when the last day of sale was over it was found that not only had the two billion been subscribed, but that it had been over-subscribed sixty per cent. The sale of the second issue of bonds has just closed with a similar result, for while the government has asked for a minimum of three billions of dollars or a maximum of five billions, the results show that not only has the maximum been subscribed, but that it also has been over-subscribed by a goodly amount.

To carry on a great war requires men, food, and money. The manhood of America has responded in a noble manner to the call of Country and Freedom, and there are millions more who are ready to go just as soon as they are needed to take their places in the great army to make the "world safe for Democracy." There never has and never will be any scarcity of American manhood ready to spill the last drop of blood, if needs be, for the defense of the principles of "Liberty, Equality, and Justice."

The American women have also responded finely and are registering with Mr. Hoover in his splendid efforts to conserve the foodstuffs of our country and by doing this to be able to help to feed the allies who are now and have been fighting our battles. The response to Mr. Hoover's plea for less consumption of wheat and sugar, and also the millions of "war gardens" that were planted last spring, all give evidence of the fact that the nation realizes that we must feed our boys in the trenches and also help to feed the allied armies at the same time.

But just as nobly as the boys are donning the khaki, and the housekeepers are conserving the foodstuffs, the country has responded to the call for money; and rich and poor alike have answered in the affirmative the question: "Shall we back the boys in the trenches?"

The Liberty bonds of the first issue were issues at 3½ per cent., while those of the second issue were to bear 4 per cent. interest, to be paid semi-annually. However, both loans were made with the understanding that if a later issue of bonds were offered at a greater interest than the first ones that the bonds bought first would bear the same interest as the later issues. They are to be refunded twenty-five years from date of sale, and are transferable.

The Liberty bond is the safest investment in the world, for a one-hundred-dollar Liberty bond is just as good as ten gold eagles. The banks will lend money on them and they may be bought and sold at any time. "When Liberty bonds go bad, ten-dollar bills won't be worth as much as cigarette paper, and we will be paying our taxes in marks and pfennigs."

Not only are they safe, but they offer to any business man an attractive and profitable investment.

The safety of the investment, and the profit derived, will not explain the wonderful response of the American people to the call of their government. This can only be explained by the interest and the zeal of the whole population, and their determination to carry this war through to a successful conclusion regardless of cost. We have realized that as President Wilson says: "The time has come when we must either submit or conquer; there can be but one reply to this, and America has made it;" and as Secretary McAdoo said: "So far as America is concerned, the second great battle of our war with the Kaiser is presented by the Liberty loan—will it be a victory for freedom and democracy, or will it be a victory for the Kaiser and autocracy?"

When the second Liberty loan was announced, the great question was asked of the public: "Will you be more tender with your dollars than you are with the lives of your sons?"

Any questions that may have been in the mind of anyone, about the answer that Americans would make to these questions, must have been answered very positively by the subscriptions to the second loan which closed on October 24.

Every dollar that is loaned to our government now is a blow to the Hohenzollerns and their system of autocratic and selfish government. Every Liberty bond purchased hastens the final crash of all of the Kaiser's beautiful dreams of world domination, and helps to make it impossible for his Pan-Germanic plans ever to be revived to disturb the peace of the whole world.

Of course, the greater part of this money is to be spent in training and providing equipment and ammunition for our own armies, but a large amount of it must be loaned to the allies, who have borne the brunt of the battle for the last three years.

It might be well that Americans should remember that none of this money will actually go out of our country, but that all of it will find its way back into the hands of the American public. That part which is loaned to the Allies will be spent

in the United States for foodstuffs, ammunition, and other supplies, and likewise the amounts spent by our government in building training camps, buying equipment, ammunition, and food, and paying for transportation and other expenses will all go back into the pockets of the American men from whence it came.

The conflict is on. America has answered the call of the world to establish a new era of freedom and democracy, and the manhood of America is ready to shed every drop of blood that will be required to win, and to loan to the government every dollar that is needed to finance the campaign.

When the third Liberty loan is asked for, the lovers of freedom and justice, scattered all over our loved land, will be ready to respond and to oversubscribe it. The boys in the trenches *must be,* and *will be* backed to the limit.

J. E. E., '19.

The United States and Her Glorious Works of the Past and Present

C. K. A., '18.

IN THE year of 1775 the Old World of conservatism, monarchs and despotism was suddenly awakened to fear and alarm, for from an almost unknown quarter of the globe a challenge came forth in behalf of liberty, defying the rule of arbitrary kings. The principles and slogans resorted to by the young colonies of America in their big fight for independence not only paralyzed England but caused the throne of many a despot in Europe to totter. This was the first great blow of democracy. Though out-classed with men, money and resources by Britain, the young, resolute Americans hesitated not, but threw themselves with such ardor into the conflict that their mother country was soon forced to declare them independent. They had, with practically no assistance, overcome the wild waste, Indians, French and Spanish, harsh winters, great forests, wild beasts and all sorts of superhuman hardships in establishing themselves a country. Now, when the fruits and happiness of their labors were coming upon them and great progress in store for them in their land of promise, must they cowardly let a foolish and presumptuous monarch step in, take the lion's share of their earnings and dictate to them as if they were slaves? No! A thousand times no! Their bold, ready reply was the Declaration of Independence and its accomplishment with the force of arms. This revolution foretold the downfall of tyrants and the rise of free peoples.

Scarcely had the young republic firmly established itself, having passed through successfully great industrial, financial and social troubles, the results of the war, when England, still smarting from her wounds and her humiliation received at the hands of America, decided once more to try to conquer her and bring her to her feet in complete submission. This second unwise war of England's is known as the war of 1812, which ended in an even greater defeat to its originator and the

elevation of the United States to one of the greatest world powers. By these wars the English learned that the rights and wills of free peoples must not be disregarded, however small —a dear and valuable lesson to her.

America's first step into world politics were marked by the well-known Monroe Doctrine, which declared in the most just and powerful terms that the peoples of North and South America were independent of European powers and that their independence would be upheld if necessary with force by America. The Americas were to be no colonies or slaves of the covetous monarchs of the world, who were plotting to extend their empires into these promising fields.

This fatherly act endeared the United States to all the young republics, who have shown their proofs of affection many a time and even now.

The Mexican war, entered upon by the Americans in the defense of the oppressed Texans, and the righting of cowardly deeds and broken contracts, resulted in many glorious victories for us, great acquisitions of territory and the overthrow of the Mexican tyrant, Santa Anna.

The civil war, the greatest up to the present one, brought untold horrors and suffering to both South and North for five years and more, but finally resulted in a freer, stronger and a more closely united nation and the liberation of slaves. It was another triumph for democracy as against autocracy and aristocracy—a dear one, but of far-reaching results.

Hardly had civil strife ceased when young, bleeding America had to step forth to defend her Monroe Doctrine. She hurled out of Mexico the hirelings of Napoleon III, who had dared to disregard us and extend his empire to Mexico and Central America. This bold step showed to the world that all our words, however big, are always backed by all our force and resources.

Our work in overcoming and settling the great Wild West of America—a miracle in itself—must not be overlooked, as well as the development of our wonderful resources—making us the greatest and richest people on the face of creation.

Again, in the Spanish-American war the Sons of Liberty showed their spirit and chivalry by stepping to the side of the perishing, oppressed Cubans, and, while succoring them, dealt such rapid, destructive blows at their oppressor that the latter was glad to escape with a bandaged-up head and two lost limbs, Cuba and the Philippines.

But our work did not end in the Americas nor was it confined here, for our resources enlightened Africa, China, Japan and other parts of Asia. Africa is no longer a dark continent; China and Japan are no longer dead peoples, but wide awake and progressive in the extreme, because of our unselfish, noble efforts in their behalf.

Now, in the war of all wars, the greatest, most destructive and bloodiest war of all times, the United States of America is doing her unselfish, noble part, leading, championing the cause of democracy as has ever been her wont in all her wars. She came into it to avenge being first stabbed in the back and slapped in the face by the savage Huns, for protesting against such murderous acts that would even horrify the greatest savage of any age, and the disregarding of sacred contracts and the rights of free peoples. She saw democracy on the brink of destruction and rushed forward just in time to save her. With such issues, results at stake, there is no wonder we are in it; we should have been in it from the very first. But now that she is in it, she will do more than her part, and already our massive resources have been marshalled so quickly as to paralyze the Teutons and make our noble allies jubilant and more determined than ever to win the war. As the sons of truth and justice, we must and will crush off the face of this once happy sunny globe those beasts who would make slaves of us, deserts and wastes of our once prosperous cities and rich land, and, in fact, who are making now a hell out of a heaven. Germany, the originator of such destructive agents, will yet be brought to her knees in complete submission and be forced to kiss the flag she scorned and trampled upon while in her blind brute state of madness, by the Allies, the avengers of the wrongs done to democracy and civilization, America leading them in this crusade.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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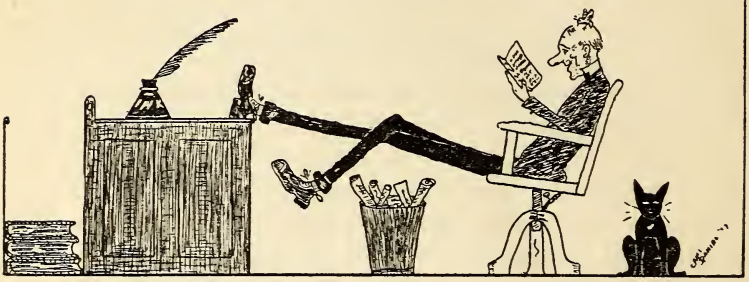
EDITORIALS



C. B. Johnson.....Editor-in-Chief
F. A. Buddin.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

Speak to the Soldiers

Fellows, when we meet the soldier boys from Camp Wadsworth on the streets, let's speak to them and, whenever we have the time, stop and exchange a few words with them. We all know that the cheapest thing in the world is a few words of greeting. And when a fellow is away from home, like these soldier boys, it makes him feel more at home for somebody to speak to him and notice him in any little way.

The South has always had a reputation for its friendliness and hospitality. Now, to a certain extent, this reputation is on trial, and as representatives from the best homes in the South, it is our duty to try to uphold it. Don't be afraid to come out and speak to them. The most of them are college men and just like us. And judging from what I have seen of them, the New York boys conduct themselves as gentlemen and true American soldiers. So the next time you pass some of them, and especially when they are on the campus, give them a word of greeting.

The Y. M. C. A. War Work Campaign

The recent Y. M. C. A. war fund campaign at Wofford is an evidence of the unusual serious-mindedness which is present in the atmosphere of the campus this year. The Wofford boys have never responded to any appeal more earnestly and readily than this one.

Wofford's allotment was $1,000, a larger fund than has ever been contributed to athletics or any other phase of college activity. And prima facie it seemed a rather large amount to come from a student's allowance. Notwithstanding the seeming bigness of the undertaking, the total subscription amounted to $1,450. By several speeches and personal efforts, each student had the matter of giving to the Y. M. C. A. war fund brought home to him. It was a matter of promoting the spiritual and moral interests of those who have gone from our midst, who are fighting our battles for our country and for the liberation of the world. We are proud of Wofford in this campaign. And we think this is an appeal which should be heartily responded to by every American citizen.

The Y. M. C. A. is undertaking to raise the colossal sum of $35,000,000 for war work in the present war, which is no doubt a stupendous task. However, it is the most worthy of all tasks, and we hope that every one will "do his bit" in fortifying the spiritual phase of the war.

Our Times

Never before have we faced such critical times. The whole life of our country has entirely changed, and today we are brought face to face with the grave realities of life. The cruel god of war has swept onward in his mad course until more than three-fourths of the entire globe is a victim to his ravages. For almost three years we stood as disinterested spectators and looked on one of the direst tragedies in the history of the world, but it had no real meaning to many of us; little more than a mere scene of history. But now we are beginning to realize the seriousness of it. All over this land of ours parents with sad hearts are sacrificing their hopes,

their future, their glory, their very life-blood upon the altar of Freedom. Young men, whose ideals were high and whose ambitions were boundless are now merely existing under the shadow of the grim uncertainties of life, wholly submitted to the will of fate, with hopes deferred and aspirations strangled. Nobody knows what lies behind the black curtain of this hurricane of human passion. We are confronted with the question that has presented itself to all peoples throughout the ages: "How is the problem of war to be solved?" Language has been exhausted in denunciation of it; souls have been dissolved in tears by reason of its deadly ravages, and yet it goes on with all of its horrors. But we hope that ere long the clouds will subside, and the sunlight of peace again renew our hopes and inspire our ambitions.

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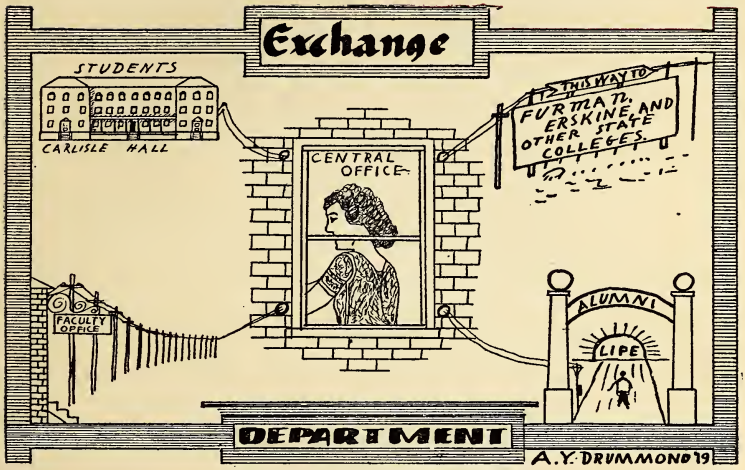

J. P. Barron.....Editor

The first exchange to reach our desk was *The Furman Echo*. The editors are to be congratulated on getting out such a good number for the first issue. The issue contains three poems, two short stories, an essay, and a translation, which are well arranged. But a lack of drawings is in evidence, and we would suggest that a drawing at the head of each department would improve the appearance of the magazine.

Each of the three poems is good in thought and meter, and we especially admire the sentiments expressed in "Mother" and in "Be a Man." The story, "The Wearer of the Gray," will compare favorably with the average college journal story. The story, "Love for the Flag," rather seems to be an excellent synopsis of the English translation of the French play, "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor," which was given by Madame Sara Bernhardt in her tour of the United States last fall. The essay on "The Value of a College Course" is the best development of that theme which we have seen. Although we are not familiar with the works of Dumas, the translation of "The Pipe of John Bart" seems to be a splendid one.

As a whole, the number is a very creditable one, especially for the first issue, and we shall say, in conclusion, that we hope the editors will not have any trouble in keeping up the standard of their magazine.

In the first issue of *The Newberry Stylus,* the editors seem to have had to face the old problems of a lack of contributions. But this lack of contributions was made up for in the quality of the articles contributed. The number contains a poem, two essays, and a rather extraordinary story.

The poem, "The Mountains," is an excellent descriptive poem. The debt which Democracy owes to the great reformer, Martin Luther, for the principles which he gave birth to are clearly set forth in the essay, "Martin Luther in the Twentieth Century." This essay shows that the author has a thorough knowledge of the Reformation and a comprehensive understanding of the motives that governed it. The only story, if it may be called by that name, is a rather extraordinary one, both in regard to its subject matter and in the fact that it is given in installments. The spirit in which it is written is a commendable one, as a review of the past victories of a college in athletics tends to stir up college spirit and acts as an incentive to further achievement in that line. The last contribution, an essay on "Self-Reliance," contains some good advice for the masculine portion of a student body as well as for the "co-eds."

Although the authors seemed to have had some trouble in getting material for the first issue, we hope that hereafter they won't have any difficulty in having quantity as well as quality in the contributions.

L. D. Hamer.....Editor

Dr. J. W. Fraser, of Central Methodist Church, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on October 5th, taking as his subject, "The Christian Ministry as a Life Work." Dr. Fraser spoke of the origin of the ministry and traced its history to the present day. He showed that the duties of the minister of ancient times were four-fold, and that they are still four-fold. He outlined the position of the minister today and his relation to his fellowmen. He stressed the point that the preacher is not the servant of the people, but of God.

Concerning the call to the ministry there has been a great deal of misconception, said Dr. Fraser. He stated that a call to some one profession comes to every man, and all in much the same way. He pointed out the fact that every man is not called as Samuel and Paul were. The call to the ministry, as to any other profession, comes through training; a man is called to the work he is most interested in and best fitted to do. Dr. Fraser also stated that a man entering the ministry should do so only with the highest motives.

The speaker stated that a minister must be thoroughly trained for his work, and pointed out that the preachers who have been world characters were all men of great intellectual achievement, mentioning Moses, Paul, Luther and Wesley as types of great preachers. The preacher of today must be educated and possessed with a mind properly equipped to grapple with the problems of the day.

The opportunity of the minister is greater than that of any other, Dr. Fraser said. Coming in closer contact with his fellowmen than any other, he is in a better position to influence them. The minister touches the finer, the higher side of man; he appeals to the best elements in man. To all who desire to serve, to be of the greatest good to the greatest number, the opportunities of the ministry are a challenge. The call to the ministry just at this time is especially appealing, for men are moved by this war to think of higher things and seek after the truth as never before.

The minister of the future will hold an even greater position in the scheme of affairs than at present. The minister of tomorrow will find a ready reception, for his message will be a more vital one then than now, as the needs of the world and the chances for service of the ministry are made apparent, more men than ever will put on the sacred robes. Dr. Fraser urged that those in doubt as to their life work think seriously of the ministry and to consider it carefully, and to prepare themselves properly for it.

The meeting of October 12th was addressed by the Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton, of the Church of the Advent. The subject chosen was "Missions as the Christian's Loyalty." Mr. Pendleton spoke of the command of Christ "to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and our obligation to do this.

Mr. Pendleton said that the church began as a missionary church and showed that whenever the church failed in its missionary duties it lost its power for service. The so-called "dark ages" was a period in which the missionary activity of the church was practically nil.

The Moravian Missionary Society in 1741 began the present missionary movement. Robert Morrison sailed in 1807 as the first missionary to China, going, as he said, to oil the hinges that some one else could open the door. Mr. Pendleton told of the growth of Christianity in China and the rest of the world during the time since Morrison first began his

work. He gave many interesting facts and related many powerful and telling incidents of the work in the foreign fields.

Mr. Pendleton, in closing, appealed to every one to remember that he was or ought to be a missionary either at home or abroad. He urged his hearers to go if they thought they could best serve their God by going. If their life be spent in some other service, then he urged them to support those who do go to the limit of their means, to do all possible to further the spread of the gospel on earth.

Friday, October 19th, being Founder's Day, was a holiday at Wofford. Hence, there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. that night.

To Mr. J. E. Ellis the Y. M. C. A. Editor is indebted for the report of the meeting of October 26th.

Rev. M. B. Patrick, pastor of El-Bethel Church, addressed the Y. M. C. A. last Friday evening, his subject being "Religion."

The speaker said that there were several attitudes that people have towards religion. Some folks are openly hostile to religion and to the church, some are just indifferent to these higher matters, and some accept Christ and become Christians. Mr. Patrick gave several experiences that had come under his observation of folks that have been haunted by religion. They could not get away from the fact that they ought to become Christians, and yet they were not willing to make the necessary sacrifice.

Mr. Patrick was a member of the class of 1914, and is personally known by a large number of the boys on the campus. Many of the boys regret that this is his last year at El-Bethel, but all will remember with much pleasure his strong talks that he has made to the Y. M. C. A. during his pastorate here.

The Mission Study Classes for the present session have been organized and are now at work. Dr. C. B. Waller has

the Junior-Senior class; Mr. D. L. Betts, the Sophomore class, and Messrs. A. J. Jones and F. A. Buddin, the Freshman classes. The members of these classes all board at Carlisle Hall. The classes for the students of the cottages will be formed later.

The Mission Study Classes constitute one of the greatest forces for good on the campus. The classes take up the study of the mission fields and the best methods of reaching those without Christ. The students are given an excellent insight into the work of the missionary, and the cause of missions is presented in such a way as to be quite interesting and appealing.

Junior Ellis, seeing the light on top of the Gresham, ran downstairs to 'phone Prof. Clink there was a new object in the heavens.

Dr. Waller (in Biology)—"The average man is 5 feet 8 inches.

"Smily" Burnsides (after figuring on his fingers)—"Well, well! At that rate, "Pink" Smoak lacks 4 inches being a man, "Slim" Kinney hits it right, and R. K. White runs 4 inches over.

Lieut. Billings—"Mr. Flowers, what is the position of a soldier?"

Buck—"Show me the soldier first."

Gray Moore—"I saw a big black nigger lieutenant walk up and take the front seat in a street car yesterday."

"Count" Lanham—"If I had been the 'con,' I would have put him on the back seat."

Gray—"But he was a great big one and he had a Colts' automatic besides."

"Count"—Then the 'con' ought to have jumped out, turned the trolley around, reversed the car, and then the son of a gun would have been on the back seat."

Senior Buddin (in History class)—"Doctor, weren't the Whigs, as a general thing, the larger and more important part of the population?"

Dr. Libby—"Yes, Mr. Buddin, the Whigs were the true Americans; I dare say your ancestors were among the Twigs (Whigs) all their lives.

Senior White wants to know what day of the week Thanksgiving comes on this year. (Note—We presume he's planning a trip to Gaffney).

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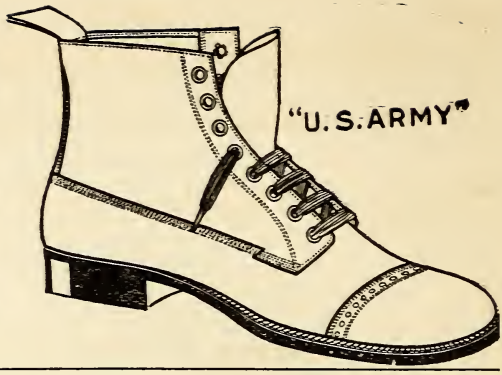

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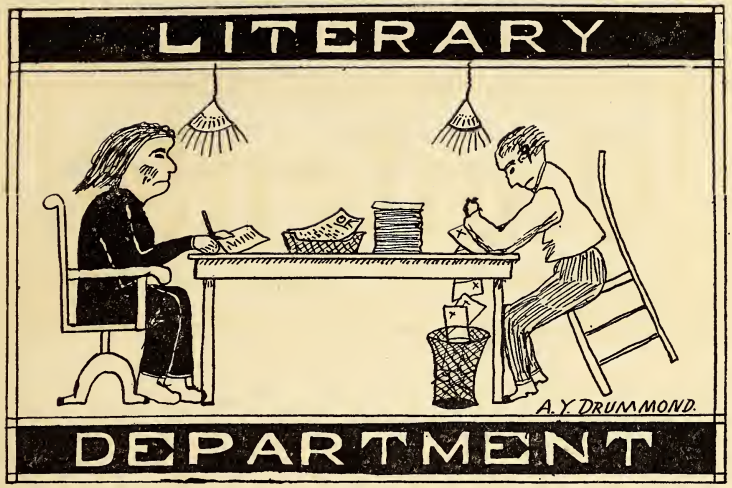

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Have Courage On

By G. D. Sanders.

Lay thou thy head upon my breast, dear one,
And place thy hand in mine;
And be content through all the dreary day
To murmur nor repine.
I know that out in yonder's awful strife
Is one who died for thee;
And gladly gave his life that home and thou,
And country still be free.

The trumpet's blare, the distant cannon's roar,
The far-off beat of drums,
Are sounds that make thy quivering spirit droop;
But hark! A new day comes.
For though the life of him who loved thee well
Was spent for freedom's gain,

His blood will make the nations safe for peace;
He has not died in vain.

Live not thy life as one who is content
With world-old things that be;
Nor chide the fate that took the one you loved,
To make the future free.
The world must live, for so has God decreed,
But it must live aright;
Then shed no tears, nor sing a dirge for one
Who died in freedom's fight.

The Spirit of Christmas

THIS YEAR when the world is so torn with bloody strife and our men are fighting for freedom and justice on the battlefields of Europe, we should try to make Christmas mean more than ever before. We should lay aside, for a while at least, the frivolities of life and think upon the nobler and greater things which this glad season should bring to us. In rejoicing over our holidays, let us ask what is the real significance of them, and let this significance be the chief source of our happiness. So many people enter into the festivities of our Christmas-tide without a thought of the wonderful spiritual significance they have. For a while let us consider what is meant by the spiritual significance of the Christmas season.

Nearly two thousand years ago a child was born who was to mean more to humanity than any being who has ever lived and walked on this earth of ours. This child, who was to be the Savior of mankind, was born into a humble carpenter's home, but His birth was announced by the songs of angels. Why was there so much rejoicing in heaven over His birth? Why was it necessary for God to send His Son into the world to live and to die upon the cross? There was rejoicing because a world that had sinned and forgotten God was to be redeemed from its sin and to be brought to realize the great love and mercy of God. There was no other way for the world to be saved and God in His infinite love gave His Son to redeem it. Was not this sufficient cause for rejoicing? Should we not today rejoice and render thanks to God for this most priceless gift?

But what has been the attitude of many toward Christmas? Sad to say, the only significance it has held for many is that it has been a time of festivity and feasting. The giving of gifts, which was meant to symbolize the gift of God to the world, has nearly lost its significance and the gifts are given and received only for the gift's sake and on account of established custom. Let us ask ourselves if we shall enter upon

the coming Christmas season with this spirit, or shall have in our hearts the true spirit of giving. But not only does this spirit of giving mar the spirit of Christmas, but a large part of the social festivities are not in accord with what should be the true atmosphere of the times. Into the crowded dance hall can go no such high and elevating thoughts as should be uppermost in the minds of all. Not that there should be no social gatherings, but let them be of a type that does not tend to mar the proper spirit of the times.

Today our army and the armies of our allies are fighting to make the world safe for us and for our posterity, and are defending on the battlefield the very principles which Christ gave birth to when He came among men. The principles are justice, mercy, humanity and love. His birth was heralded by the words: "Peace on earth, good will among men;" but can this ever come about so long as there is a nation which knows not what justice and mercy is in its dealings with other nations, and which practices deception and engenders hatred to gain its ends? Not until this enemy is conquered and taught its lesson will the world be ready to put into practice the principles Christ has given to it, and this is the task our country has joined with Europe to do. When we are face to face with such problems we cannot afford to give our time up to idle festivities, but should do all in our power to catch the real significance of this glad Christmas-time. Let us turn our minds to the higher things of life and lift our hearts in praise to Him, who has given us the right to live and let us hope for a better life beyond through the gift of His Son, whose birth our Christmas Day commemorates.

J. P. B., '19.

The Subject: An Interpretation of Life

THE TEXT: (. . . and life is like a road which comes from out the distance and disappears again beyond the far horizon. And although the road is weary and dust-laden, somewhere along it a tree spreads its branches, in the shade of which the traveler is permitted for a minute to stop and rest. Sometimes the rest brings peace and contentment because of the contact with another who, too, has stopped for a moment under the tree. . . .)

Slow-trudging, dust-grimed and weary-stepping, he went down the age-old road that led into the far, dim distance of an unknown country. He was alone and his figure bespoke undisputed fatigue. His broad shoulders and youthful air marked him a boy, but the slight stoop of his figure and the low drooping head and the shuffle of tired feet all told of undisguised weariness that lent a look of aged care to the traveler.

The road along which he made his way was narrow but well beaten by the tracking of many feet. Far ahead one could imagine green forests and dim vistas of flower fields and grass-grown meadows spreading, but none of these were evident close by, for not even a blade of grass grew along the roadside, nor did even a cricket chirp in the fields along the highway. Dazzling sun rays poured molten fire over the burning sand, and no cloud had pity on a wayfarer long enough to hide the heat for a minute behind protecting water mists.

Long and uninviting seemed the road to the youth as he made his way along it. But the hope of coming by and by to cool water courses and dreamy meadows kept him on his way.

And as he moved ever onward there came a sudden bend in the road, and after the bend a new landscape. And close beside the way a thick-leafed tree spread shady branches over tall grass that grew beneath it. Its shade beckoned invitingly and daisies blooming nearby reached petalled hands out to him. He stopped a moment, lifting drooped head and low-bowing

shoulders, scanning the road before him, and the shady retreat beside the road. Another look at the tall grass and leafy tree decided him, and he left the road and went to where the tree stood, casting cool shadows over wavy carpets of green.

But as he neared the tree he made a discovery, for another occupant had already taken possession of the retreat, and large brown eyes looked up at him and side-tilted head held a challenge as the girl beneath the tree waited his coming. When he saw her he faltered a moment and might have turned back, but a quick, welcoming smile and a wide sweep of the hand reassured him, and he advanced and sat down awkwardly under the tree, waiting for her to speak.

"Welcome, traveler!" the voice was sweet as the tinkle of far-off bells. "And have you, too, come to rest beneath the shady boughs of the wonder tree? Do you know it is said in an old tale heard hereabouts that who sits beneath this tree never leaves as he came, but goes away different from the person who came here? Are you weary? Then stop here and receive rest. Has sorrow come? Then rest beneath the branches and again go down the road with new gladness. Were you lonely? Companions come to those who stay a moment here. Are you unloved?" The voice ended and questioning eyes turned full on him where he half sat, half reclined in the shade.

He had no answer ready, so sudden did the speaker turn on him with the quick, half-eager question. But at last, when she did not go on, like one dazed he repeated her words. "Unloved? The Wonder-tree?" Then, "You are very beautiful," he said, almost reverently.

Quick the brown eyes were downcast, and a little sound of protest escaped half-parted lips. But there was no displeasure in the voice that spoke again:

"And where, pray, had you started that you were going resolutely and alone on a road that many feet have passed over going one way but along which none have returned? What decided you to make passage over an unknown way when none, having passed here, could return to tell you of the way or give advice in passage?"

"I live among the low-lying hills and wide sky spaces," he answered. "And from far hill tops I thought I could see a road flower-lined and shady, with water courses and tiny brooks making pleasant ways across it. So I left the hills one morning and started down the long highway. But the vision was a mirage and the grass-filled meadows a fairy dream. And I have come a long way, but this tree is the first I found along the road that promised such sweet passage."

"And did no one tell you that alone you could not hope to find the sweet resting places that are always just out of sight behind the next bend?"

He shook his head, puzzled, and she replied:

"There's a decree concerning the way over which you go that those coming alone must have only themselves for company. No grass must grow for them or flowers bloom, and no brooks of limpid water must cross their path. And only after they find a companion to travel with them over the road are the flowers allowed to bloom, the birds to sing in the trees along the way, and close-twined branches to cast deep shade over otherwise white-hot sand while they are passing."

"But when one starts alone where may he find companions?" he asked.

"Many have found them at the wonder-tree," she said, low whispering, with face averted.

Then, indeed, did a new light come into his eyes, and tired shoulders straightened and drooping lips parted in a smile. Slowly he rose from where he had sat, and approaching her, touched her hand, then gently lifted her to her feet. Soft brown eyes turned on him, and warm, welcoming smile held a promise of comradeship.

He took her hand and together they made their way back from the tree. And together they set off along the age-old road that led into the far, dim distance of an unknown country. Side by side they climbed the hill-top ahead and descended into grass-grown valleys, where flowers welcomed and tiny rivulets bade them stop and rest while making their way along the path many travelled but none returned.

G. D. SANDERS.

The Legend of Table Mountain

In the far north dwelt *Yohewah,*
'Neath the Great Bear of the heavens;
Where the bright lights of Aurora
Filled the night sky with their brillance;
In the land of the *Dacotah;*
In the wild and boundless forest;
O'er the bare and lonely prairie;
On the summits of the mountains,
Where the wild winds howl unceasing;
In the silence of the valleys,
Safe and sheltered for the red man,
Where in comfort through the winter
He might live within his wigwam.
O'er the whole earth ruled *Yohewah,*
And beloved by all his peoples;
Loved by Huron, Sioux, Ojibway,
All, indeed, loved great *Yohewah,*
Save the sly and crafty Mingo,
Traitor nation of the red men.
"Why," the thankless Mingo murmured,
"If he truly loves the red man,
Does *Yohewah* send the winter?
Send the cold and icy winter,
With its tempests and its blizzards;
While the hunter waits impatient
For more fair and warmer weather;
When the lakes and rivers stiffen;
And the swift canoe no longer
Bears the warrior on his journey;
When the wary game is hidden
From the red man, pinched with hunger?"
"Why complain ye, O my people?"
Spake the great and kind Good Spirit,
"In times of want I gave you shelter;
Fed you when you suffered hunger.

Is the summer and the autumn
Not enough to seek the wild deer?
O my people! You have wronged me!
I have loved you and have helped you,
But in turn ye treat me lightly.
I shall leave you, O my loved ones;
Nevermore for you I'll labor.
To a fairer land I'll journey
And set me down in peace again."
Then the great *Yohewah* parted
From his most beloved people.
Woe to you, ye thoughtless Mingo!
Woe is he, who by his Maker
To eternal death is doomed!

* * * * * *

As the evening sun was setting,
And the clouds were tinged with glory,
And the dim stars became brighter—
Lamps they were of great *Yohewah*—
Into a broad and beauteous valley
Came the presence of the Spirit.
"Here I rest," spake forth *Yohewah;*
"Here I build my mystic altar."

* * * * * *

It was sunrise in the mountains;
From his bed the sun had risen
On his journey to the westward.
From their lodges came the red men:
Some to pass the day in hunting,
Some upon the warpath bent.
Lo! they falter at their doorways,—
Warriors, who have never halted
When upon some purpose bent—
Warriors of the *Oolenoi,*
Fair vale of turnips, fertile grain field;
For before them rose a mountain,
Towering to the very heavens;

Rose a mighty granite pillar,
Bathed in sunlight of the morning,
Glistening like a massive jewel
With its countless pearly dewdrops—
Dumb with awe the warriors faltered,
Fell to earth and hid their faces.
"Oh, *Yohewah,*" they entreated,
"Spare us from Thy awful vengeance!
Have we wronged Thee, O Good Spirit?"
Then *Yohewah* answered kindly,
"Fear me not, ye chosen people!
For no evil have you done me;
You alone have not forgot me,
And among you I shall tarry.
See! before you is my altar,
Where the tribes shall come to worship.
There will ever bide my spirit.
There the Cherokee shall worship,
And shall pray to his *Yohewah.*
Go ye braves of *Oolenoi;*
Go and tell the farthest tribesman
That *Yohewah* loves his people;
That his mystic altar towers
In the land of the *Atarre.*
Bear the news to every village—
To *Salutah's* ripening corn fields—
To the braves of *Eastatoe,*
Warlike nation of the green-birds;
To the waters of *Hiwassa;*
To the peaceful town, *Eustasti;*
To the falls of *Charshillactay,*
Where the wizard, *Skiagunata*
Practised long his evil science;
To the town of *Coronaca,*
Where the tall oaks tower skyward;
To the towns of all *Occony,*
Land of *Atlabullabulla.*

Tell each man in every nation
Of *Yohewah's* mystic altar.
Bid him love the great Good Spirit
And exalt him at his altar."
Then the warriors bowed in worship,
As the great *Yohewah* vanished;
Hastened off to tell the nations
Of the Spirit's wondrous altar.

* * * * * *

Years have come and gone in silence,
Still *Yohewah's* altar rises
Ever sacred to the red man,
Mindful of *Yohewah's* presence.
Still it rises to the heavens—
And the red man is a mem'ry—
Yet *Yohewah* still is present
In its massave granite body.
Let the white man, as he gazes
On its tow'ring rocky bastions,
Bring to mind the ancient legend,
And, as did the pious red man,
Feel the presence of *Yohewah*—
Be a pilgrim to his altar.

"X. Z."

The Voice of the People

THE FIRST battle of democracy was opened in Europe seven hundred years ago. There its last great battle is now being fought. A generation after liberty's red dawn was ushered in among the liberty-loving Swiss, Holland won its freedoom. The world, like Europe, has seen the steady and continuous rise of the tide of democracy, until today four-fifths of the area of the inhabited earth and more than three-fourths of the human race are under the rule of republics. These figures include the British Empire, the spirit of whose government is now entirely democratic. Such has been the growth of democracy in seven centuries.

In 1776, the year of our Declaration of Independence, the only beacon lights of the future of democracy were the United States, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Venice, and Genoa. The success of the United States has had an incaluable influence on the spread of democratic ideas and institutions. There is no instance of the adoption of constitutional government where the influence of our success has not been felt. Our advance has been one of the chief causes of the gradual triumph of democracy.

Since the dawn of history civilized nations have repeatedly been torn by great political upheavals, the causes of which were the demands of the people for a greater share in governmental affairs and for the establishment of institutions more representative of the masses of the people, in which institutions they should wield greater influence. Democracy is undoubtedly the ultimate outcome of experiments in government. The people are destined to rule, and this right they will assert when the time becomes ripe for such action. This right is being asserted in the present great war as it has never before been asserted. When this war is over the people will realize as never before the divine right of the people to rule and will see that the establishment of democratic governments is the only safguard for future peace. The great lesson of the war is that, if the nations want peace, monarchies must be over-

thrown. The mass of the population—those who bear the burdens of war—should have the power of saying when war should be declared.

In France it was necessary to resort to the terrible excesses of the bloody Revolution to convince the rulers that the time had come for the abolition of feudal privileges and class oppression, and for the establishment of a more representative and democratic form of government. It marks the high-tide of enthusiasm in the belief in self-government. Truly the French Revolution marked the dawn of human freedom and sounded the death knell of all governmental oppression. Although temporarily overthrown, the glories of a French republic could not be extinguished, and the permanent results of the Revolution are visible in the great French republic of today.

Despotism has had a long, and, in some respects, a successful career in Russia. There monarchy has had one of its greatest strongholds. Autocracy was so well established that the recent change was a surprise to many who had been studying Russia's political history. The success in Russia was rather the final triumph of forces that have been working for liberation for many generations—a steady upward movement toward self-government. It was the logical triumph of forces that have been at work for a century. The rapid manner in which the final establishment took place was due to a state of war. The step, nevertheless, was pre-eminently a logical one and this fact assures the permanency of the new regime. This revolution, or rather, this movement for liberation, is the triumph of democracy. Russia has been educating and organizing herself for this end for more than a generation. The moral victory was won some time before, but it was necessary that this change should establish this victory in physical form.

Russia has had a remarkable development in spite of her chains. Now that the shackles have been removed and the most powerful factor of efficiency—democracy—has been established, her growth and expansion along all lines of devel-

opment will be incalculable. Her economic and industrial development during the last decade has been phenomenal. Her manufacturing has increased by leaps and bounds. Her agricultural and mining operations have greatly increased, and now that her development will be unfettered, Russia will rapidly rise to her destined place among the foremost nations of the world. Her natural resources are almost unlimited. Truly the whole world is now before the Russians, and under a liberal and enlightened government, the possibilities of her national development enthrall the imagination. Due to Russisa's great extent and tremendous population, to her natural resources and democratic government, she is destined to be one of the greatest nations of the future.

The land that stood as the most complete symbol of autocracy in the world has by one swift stroke ended the reign of the Tsar, proclaimed a government that is to rest upon the consent of the governed, and pledged itself to universal, equal suffrage. Truly, this is a great step forward in the cause of democracy and in the history of the world.

The apparent ease with which Russia has gained self-government has raised hopes in Germany for a similar triumph there. Even before the revolution in Russia, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg had declared that the German Empire must be democratized. But it would be rash optimism to expect anything so sudden in Germany as the change in Russia. Prussianism is still in the saddle and the army is the tool of the autocracy. The most popular patriotism means absolute control by the imperialists and blind obedience by the people at large. Germany is the only nation among the world powers that is despotic in government. There will be such a pressure by democracy after the war—if, indeed, it does not come during the war—that a remodelling of the government will follow.

The Germans are now fighting an alliance of democratic peoples. Do they wish to be called the only nation on earth that is not free? The German nation is bleeding on account of the sins of those in power. Absolutism has hurled Germany into a war that has turned the whole world against her. This sort of government ought to be cast off, and it will be,

sooner or later. The question is, How long will the German people stand for this oppression? This war has taught the masses of German people the error of absolute government and has shown them that the divine right of rule should be in the hands of the people.

The voice of democracy in Germany is being heard; the demand for reform is widespread. The world is persuaded that the triumph of freedom will be impossible so long as Germany remains a monarchy. The burning question now is constitutional reform. If Germany is to be saved, Hohenzollernism must go.

Official Germany is perilously near disaster. A world of enemies without and a welter of misery within threaten its downfall. The nerves of the mass of the people are on edge with suffering. They have borne the burden of the war almost to the extent of their endurance. They have become desperate through disaster, famine, drudgery, and bereavement. The smouldering, growing discontent of the masses has been kept back from publicity as much as possible. The spirit of revolt has been expressed in bitter food riots. The people are dying of slow starvation. The physical, financial, and industrial strength of the nation has been growing less until now they stare ruin in the face. The German people realize that they are not hated by the nations at war with them. The leaders are hated; the people suffer. Prices have risen so high that the workers of the lower classes cannot earn enough to live on. The chasm between the rulers and the mass of the people has been greatly widened. The people realize that the rulers stand between them and peace. They are beginning to feel that their interests are diametrically opposed to those of their leaders. The people are yearning for peace; they are yearning for food; they are yearning for the release of their loved ones from the trenches.

In the light of these conditions, is it not probable that Germany will overthrow the despotic government that is crushing out her life? Is it not natural that the German people will rise to their duty and establish a representative government that will follow the will of the governed in peace and

in war? Thus—and in no other way—will she insure herself against the repetition of the horrors of this war; only in this way can she assure to posterity a stable government and a truly great heritage.

Democracy has progressed steadily for seven centuries. It has gone hand in hand with progress of all kinds—educational, industrial, political, and social. In some cases, as in England, these progressive influences are at work and gradually establish the principles of democracy. In other cases, such as Russia, democracy is established and then helps to bring about progressive measures. When peoples come to realize their duty to the nation, as well as to the individual; when they grasp the deeper significance of democracy in its larger meaning; when they realize the fundamental importance of the great doctrine embodied in our Declaration of Independence; then, and not until then, shall democracy be established in every land. Then, when wars shall have ceased, will there be a spirit of brotherhood in all nations throughout the world, and this will be the only true guarantee of permanent peace.

A. J. JONES, '18.

"To Mother"

What priceless gem, what pearl so rare
Is worth the love of a mother's care?
What hand so smooth, what heart so true
As the one a mother gives to you?

O wrinkled face, and dimming eye,
Wherein for me her love did lie;
O faithful love, my heart embraced
It was as fire, 'mid wintry waste.

O gentle mother, with longing eyes
I search the blue ethereal skies;
With tearful prayers, and heart of pain
I long for "Thee," dear one, in vain.

"Toby," '19.

The Other Way

THE LAST big social event of Andrews College was a reception given to the Seniors by the members of the other classes, and was an event much looked forward to by all. The girls had been planning and thinking about it weeks before the event was to take place, and even through the period of examinations they had found it difficult to banish such thoughts from their minds. Most of the boys of Clyde University were invited and were coming over for the event. So every one who could assist was doing her best to make the evening a memorable occasion.

The time had finally arrived and the loud hum of voices, mingled with happy laughter and the soft strains of music, was steadily increasing in volume and the last of the couples had arrived. In the center of a group of young men was seated a young woman who was easily conversing with the circle of admirers, each of whom was only too eager to be rid of the rest of his companions in order that he might have full possession of the coveted prize. Many a glance of envy was directed at Marjorie Williams by those who were more beautiful than she and who could not understand why so many young men should strive for a few moments with her when the room was so full of other pretty girls. But the moment a boy's eyes fell on her happy face and looked into the laughing blue eyes, he seemed to forget the rest of the crowd and to want to talk to her only. Though Marjorie was not the most beautiful girl in the room, her frank open face with the wonderful blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a slightly upturned nose, all crowned by a mass of lovely light brown hair, coupled with her happy, cheerful disposition, made her irresistible. But probably the greatest secret of her popularity was that there was no affectation about her and that she was always simply herself.

Finally, after exhibiting some impatience which was gently reproved by a look from her, Thomas Arnold succeeded in detaching Miss Williams from the crowd and immediately

made for the rose arbor on the lawn just in front of the entrance to the reception hall, where the soft glow from Japanese lanterns only added to her charm. As they passed through the crowd, many significant glances were directed towards them, for rumor was steadily insisting that they would soon be married, and Thomas Arnold had certainly never made any attempt to conceal his intentions and no one could believe that Marjorie would refuse all that he had to offer her. For was he not the most promising young lawyer and the recognized social leader of Allentown? All of the other aspirants for her hand had almost completely given up hope, although she treated them with the same cordiality as she did Arnold; but in their hearts, Marjorie's suitors felt that they could not compete with their handsome and distinguished rival. As the two promenaders took their seats, Marjorie knew by intuition the inevitable question that awaited her and by the skill which most young women will use to avoid that question as long as possible, she kept their conversation on other topics for a while; but she finally unconsciously gave him the longed-for opportunity by remarking, "I can't realize that I only have one more day and night before I shall no longer belong to the student body of old A. C. and that the time is so short before I shall be leaving Allentown to return only as a visitor."

Instantly a deep look of determination flashed into his eye and quickly taking her hand in his, he said: "No, Marjorie, don't say that, but say that the time will only be short before you will allow me to bring you back as my wife." The look that came into her eyes was puzzling to him as she gently tried to withdraw her hand from his. But he only tightened his hold upon the hand he held imprisoned in both of his and all the more eagerly pressed his suit by saying, "Marjorie, it's no use for me to tell you how I love you, for you must know that already, but just think what life will be for us. We can travel and see the world and then come back here, where I shall make you the queen of society and the happiest little woman in the country. Uncle Jack has promised me a wedding tour wherever we wish to go and is going to make me his heir as soon as I am married. Think of all we can do together and

how you can help me when I enter politics, as I hope to do some day. I promise that every wish of yours will be granted as soon as you utter it."

Marjorie remained silent while he was so urgently pleading his suit and succeeded in disengaging her hand. When he had stopped speaking and was waiting for her reply, she took her eyes from the ground, and, looking into his, she quietly said: "Oh, Tom, don't be angry with me, but I honestly can't answer you now. I'm sure I care for you as much as or more than I do for any boy I know, but I'm afraid I don't love you as you want me to, and as I must before I marry you. Can't you give me time to think over things and perhaps I can then realize whether I can really love you. Now, if you'll be real good, I promise to answer you one month from tonight, for I believe I can know in that time what will be best for me to do." Without giving him time to say more, she quickly arose and said: "We must go back now or people won't understand."

As they entered the hall a medium-sized, athletic-looking young man suddenly ceased talking to the girl whom he was with and after looking earnestly at Marjorie's face, said: "Sis, who is that girl?"

His sister laughingly replied: "Oh, that is Marjorie Williams, from Morristown; but you needn't fall in love with her, for everyone says she is engaged to Thomas Arnold, and if she isn't I know it won't be long before she will be, for he certainly is wild about her. Besides, you must remember you have your way to make in the world, and she can marry whom she pleases and is accustomed to a very easy and comfortable life. I know just the girl for you, and you must come on and meet her right now."

Harry Seawell slowly replied: "Well, I guess you're right, for I've heard of Arnold before but I just don't believe that girl will marry him. Anyhow, take me to the fair damsel you spoke of and perhaps I can tell you later what chances she has of being your sister-in-law."

The evening soon passed away and the boys of Clyde University returned home for commencement, which was to take place the next day. Harry Seawell received his M. D. degree

and went home to stay until time to appear before the State board for examination. But after being at home for two weeks, he decided to spend a week at the seashore to be in good condition for his examinations, which were now only three weeks off.

On the day after his arrival, he got up early in order to see the sun rise, as he had heard of the beauty of the dawn at the seacoast and wanted to see it for himself. As he was standing on the platform on the top of the high sand dunes, which hide the ocean from the houses, he suddenly realized that there was some one else on the platform, and looking towards the other end of it he saw a girl standing perfectly unconscious of his presence and completely absorbed by the beauty of the dawn in the east. At once he almost forgot the purpose for which he had come and regarded eagerly the profile of the young woman whom, he felt sure, he had seen before. He soon remembered where he had seen her face, and then of his sister's remarks about the girl, but he nearly forgot them in his pleasure in watching the glow of her countenance reflecting her joy in seeing the glorious scene which nature was making in the heavens and on the water. Just as the sun apparently shot up out of the water, her hat, which she had loosely held in her hand, fell to the ground and swiftly rolled to the bottom of one of the large gullies between the sand dunes. This awoke her from her reverie and she involuntarily exclaimed: "How in the world am I going to get that hat in these clothes and shoes?"

But that problem was quickly solved by Harry, who, crying out, "I'll get it for you," quickly ran down the sides of the dune and then slowly climbed up with the hat. After receiving many thanks for his trouble he said, "Pardon me, but my name is Harry Seawell and I believe you are Miss Marjorie Williams, whom my sister pointed out to me at the Senior reception at Andrews College a few weeks ago." Thus began one of the many acquaintances begun so informally at the seashore every year.

During the days that followed the two were naturally thrown together, as this was before the days of dancing pa-

vilions and at a time when there were only about a dozen young people on the island. They spent their time in the day chiefly in surf bathing and in the other sports enjoyed at the seashore. At night the crowd would either collect on the platforms on top of the sand dunes to sing songs and talk, or would separate into couples who would go for moonlight strolls on the beach. There is nothing so favorable to Cupid's art as the beauty of the southern moonlight at the seashore, and if Harry Seawell remembered his sister's warning, it was very vague though, and his thoughts were principally of the present, his hopes were becoming stronger for the future. The week he had intended to spend had already passed, but he had no thought of leaving yet, and told himself that a week would be plenty of time to refresh his memory for the examinations. And in the next few days how many things could happen!

During the time that had passed, Marjorie had learned much of Harry's past life and of his hopes for the future. She found that he had lost his mother when too young to remember her, and she realized how he had missed and yearned for that most priceless treasure, a mother's love; he told her that his sister and his father were the only ones of his immediate family left. She heard of his feats as an athlete at the University by getting him to talk of the games his team had won and lost. He eagerly told her of his intention of starting out as a young country doctor, but that he hoped to rise in his profession by hard work and study. He desired some day to make a contribution to his profession which might help his fellowman. But she tactfully kept any mention of her future out of these conversations.

Marjorie could not, however, forget that the time for her answer to Thomas Arnold was drawing near, and the more she thought of it, the more undecided she was about what to answer. She thought of the life she would lead as the social queen she would become as Arnold's wife, but she wondered what it would all mean in the end, and especially if she didn't really love him. Arnold had assured her that it was unnecessary for her to feel as she had thought she should feel and he declared that he would teach her to love him after they

were married. Unconsciously she found herself comparing Tom with Harry Seawell and realizing that there was something lacking in Tom's character; she was afraid she really preferred Harry's rugged strength of character and highness of purpose to the perfect manners and rather selfish ambition of Thomas Arnold. But she finally decided that a girl of her type was not suited to be the wife of a man like Harry, and that she would be happier as the wife of Arnold. As she had promised Arnold her answer on the coming Tuesday night, she wrote him that she was ready to give him her answer then.

The time Harry had decided on as the latest possible date for him to leave the island was the coming Tuesday night, and so he realized that he could not put off a rather difficult task any longer. On Sunday night after supper all the young people at the boarding-house went out for a stroll on the beach. Harry soon found a comfortable seat of wild oats for Marjorie and himself and suggesed that they rest a while. When he had at length told her of his love, she hesitated for a long time, but finally replied: "I'm sorry, Harry, but Thomas is coming tomorrow and I've promised to give him an answer then."

"Marjorie," he said, "do you really love Arnold?"

"I don't think you have a right to ask that, Harry," she replied. "But you may know I would not think of marrying him unless I cared for him."

"Oh, I don't mean to ask if you care for him even in a way which is more than friendship, but I want to know if you love him with all your heart and soul and whether you feel that he alone is essential for your happiness. Marjorie, I love you too much to see you sacrifice yourself for social position, and I had hoped and almost believed that you loved me. My heart has almost always met with a wonderful response in yours and I have realized in you the girl of my dreams, and I won't give you up unless you say you love another as I hoped for you to love me. Don't you realize what life would be if you don't love him—that it will be mere mockery and sham and that in the end you will bitterly regret it? Oh, say that you love him, or that you will give me a fair chance to

prove my love if you do not, and that you will try to love me in return. Won't you, Marjorie?"

All the pent-up flood of his years of yearning was put forth in his plea, but she replied, "I have already given you my answer, and I feel that I shall be perfectly happy as Thomas Arnold's wife."

In silence they walked back to the boarding-house where they parted without a word, and Marjorie immediately went into her room and Harry returned to the beach to be alone to fight out his battle and try to realize what he should do. He believed in his heart that Marjorie did love him, and that she would only marry Arnold for his wealth and social position. It was late before he retired and then he did not sleep but lay awake trying to realize what life would be for him now.

Marjorie did not sleep either, but for a long time tried to persuade herself that she had done right in refusing the love Harry Seawell had offered her. She tried to think that the strange feeling in her heart for Harry was but a passing fancy and that she could not be happy as his wife. Although she did not fully convince herself that she was right, when she finally sank into a troubled sleep it was with the determination to remain firm in her decision.

On the following day Arnold arrived and immediately occupied all of Marjorie's time so that she had no chance to meet Harry even if she had wished to. That night, however, she refused to answer Tom, as she playfully said that she was going to keep her promise to the exact time. The next day the crowd wanted to go to the end or "point" of the island to fish for bass, and of course Arnold and Marjorie went. Harry Seawell went also, as he could not leave the island before the next day and did not wish to be made conspicuous by remaining behind. All went in bathing suits, as the bass fishing required that they be in the water at times.

They had been fishing for some time and had caught several large fish when suddenly Marjorie's line was whipped out of the water and she herself was pulled into the inlet, as she had the line wrapped around her hand several times and could not get it loose. Arnold was nearest to her but hesi-

tated either on account of fear or surprise, while she was being steadily carried out into deep water. But as quickly as possible, Harry Seawell snatched up a knife they had brought with which to cut up bait and dashed into the water before Arnold fully realized what was happening. All nearly held their breath, so tense was the excitement, as the shark, which fish it evidently was that had Marjorie's line, had nearly carried her out over her head. If Harry did not reach her before she lost her foothold, she would be carried out faster than he could swim and would certainly be drowned. Just as she went under the water he seized her arm and cut the line, and taking her in his arms he brought her back to the cheering crowd on the shore.

Marjorie had fainted just as he reached her and as she regained consciousness and found herself in Harry's arms, she realized that he had saved her instead of Arnold. As she put her arms about his neck and attempted to say, "Forgive me, Harry, won't you?" he read the truth in her eyes and smothered her words with his lips pressed upon hers. Thomas Arnold realized that he had already received his answer, and left immediately.

* * * * * * * * * *

The following is an extract from a letter from Marjorie to her mother several months later:

"You don't know how happy we are in our lovely little home which you and dear old Dad gave us. Harry is just too wonderful and I hate to think of what would have happened if that fortunate accident hadn't occurred. Society and all its apparent happiness is mere sham to the true happiness we have in having each other and in helping others. My! but I'm thankful I found the other way, the only true way to happiness."

J. P. B., '19.

The Future Brotherhood of Nations

THE WORLD today is laboring under the greatest war of all time. Never before in human history has there been a war so broad in its scope as this one. Beginning over three years ago with more than a half-dozen of the greatest and most advanced nations of the earth, it has since then steadily grown in extent, so that today there are more than a score of nations involved in the mighty struggle, with others on the point of joining. Not only is this war the greatest in numbers of nations taking part, but never before has a war wrought so much death and destruction as this one has. Millions of men have laid down their lives on the blood-soaked battlefields of Europe, not to mention the billions of dollars that have been spent in this wholesale murder. And what makes the whole affair worse, the accumulated knowledge of science, which should be only for the advancement and betterment of mankind, has been turned to the frightful business of destroying human beings.

It is inconceivable that out of all this horrible war great changes should not come. All the hardships and sacrifices so unselfishly undergone must result in some far-reaching benefits to the human race. Already we think we can see signs of the better conditions that are to follow.

Among these beneficial by-products to which present indications point as probable results of the war, there is one that is especially promising. There are signs that after the war is over the nations of the earth will enjoy a feeling of mutual trust and brotherly regard for each other that they did not know before. Most of the nations now fighting are on the same side. These nations, by toiling, struggling and sacrificing equally in the common fight to preserve for the world and for posterity the glorious principles of freedom and justice, will inevitably be drawn closer together than they were before. This is no delusion; it is a fact. The history of our own country has proved that blood spilt for a common cause is a great unifier of men. After conflicting ideas and ideals had

thrown the States of the American Union into deadly combat, and after they had been united again, but for the most part only legally so, they were truly united in spirit by the common participation of the people of every section in the war with Spain in 1898. Young men from Maine and young men from South Carolina, whose fathers had fought against each other in the sixties, fought under the same flag on the hills of Cuba in the Spanish-American War. This spirit of common sacrifice all over the nation obliterated all remaining traces of sectionalism.

Many of the individual countries have done things in this war which will give them the everlasting admiration and good will of the entire world. Belgium is a striking example of one of these. What would have been the fate of France if Belgium had not risked her very existence to stop the advance of the Germans through her, an advance attempted in violation of all international law? Had the great republic of France not thus been given time to collect its strength, not only would it have been subjugated, but the enemy would have been let loose on the rest of the world before forces sufficient to stop them could have been collected. Not only the fact that the Belgians succeeded in stopping the invaders but also that they were willing to die rather than consent to have their national honor and self-respect violated, will always make the name of Belgium highly respected among those nations that love justice and right. Posterity will also give to France abundant gratitude for the sacrifices so nobly made while battling for the safety of herself and of the rest of the world. Then England, in accord with her traditional policy of mercy toward all weak and oppressed peoples, threw her mighty weight into the fray in order, as she said, to protect the neutrality of little, weak Belgium from the nation that thought might made right.

It is our own America that will occupy the greatest place in the new post-bellum brotherhood of nations. She will occupy it because she will have earned it. Long before the war came to the United States, she had been giving millions of dol-

lars in food to stricken Belgium, practically saving them from starvation. The Belgian people will never forget this brotherly deed of her big friend. In fact, the Belgian government has already sent a special mission to the United States purposely to thank the American people for what they have done for the destitute Belgians. America's deeds of kindness have not been limited to the Belgians, but various peoples have reason for rejoicing because of benefits given by us. Finally, the United States decided that she could not honorably stay out of the war any longer, and plunged her wealth and power into the struggle on the side of Democracy. This step can only win the lasting praise of the Allies.

The part that each of our allies is playing can not but draw these nations together. The people of the nations now fighting together will come to have a kindly feeling toward each other. Even yet we have not forgotten the real service rendered by France to our cause at the time of our Revolution. By helping us at that critical time, France won the love of the American people, and today, in their hour of need, the French people are getting assistance from us, as well as our sympathy, largely because of the friendly ties established between the two countries nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

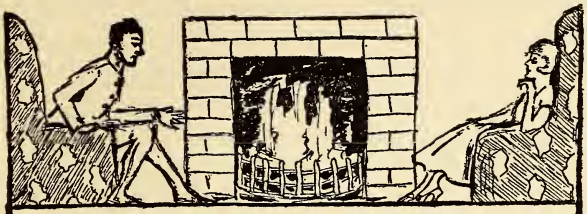
The neutral nations will not be left out of the new fellowship of nations. While they have not actively taken part in our fight, the majority of them are with us in sentiment. They know that our fight is a just one, and one that will bring as much advantage to them as to us. The small neutrals have seen that we are their brothers and know that we have not tried to harm smaller nations but, on the contrary, have helped them at every opportunity. Whatever prejudice has heretofore tended to separate the large and small nations is being rapidly abolished.

We have not yet considered the enemy countries. But, as our President has said, we have no feeling of hatred for the German people. It is their government that we are fighting. Is it too much to hope that some day, and that not very

distant, the scales may fall from the eyes of the German people and they will repudiate their government and its policies? If they do this and adopt a democratic government, they, too, will get the love and fellowship of the remainder of the world. The United States, which will be the foremost nation in the new brotherhood, will lead the way in welcoming our present enemies into the new circle of nations.

When the people of the nations, thus united by bonds of peace and brotherhood, have become accustomed to thinking of themselves as having much in common, and when they realize that the boundaries of nations are more imaginary than real, then we may expect to have no more wars and we shall approach that ideal condition of "on earth peace among men."

D. H. D., '19.



Little Wofford Soldier Boy

(*With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.*)

Little Wofford Soldier Boy has come to town to stay,
To don his uniform an' cap, an' throw his "cits" away,
An' cast all foolishness aside, an' learn to toil an' drill,
An' use a gun, to kill a Hun,—all with a soldier's skill.
An' all the little ladies, when the Wofford tasks are done,
Sits 'round the parlor fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-listenin' to the brave tales 'at the fellows tells about,
'Cause the Kaiser's goin' to get you
Ef you
don't
watch
out!

An' little Wofford Soldier tells what he's goin' to do
When the camp-fire sputters an' the bombs goes woo-oo!
An' the trench is dark, an the moon is grey,
An' the German guns is firin' all night an' day—
He'll face the foe courageously, with never thought of fear,
An' fight for those that loves him, an' dry the Belgian's tear.
So the Huns had better "watch their step" when Wofford Lad's about,
For he's going to get the Kaiser
Ef they
don't
watch
out!

—*Selected.*

Wofford College Journal

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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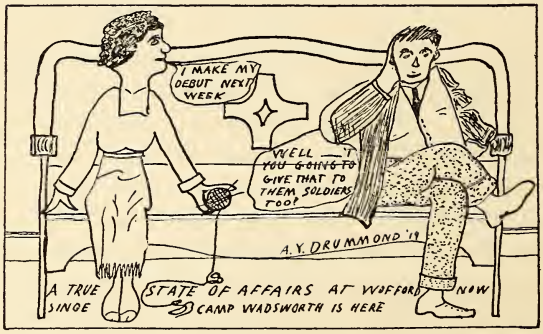
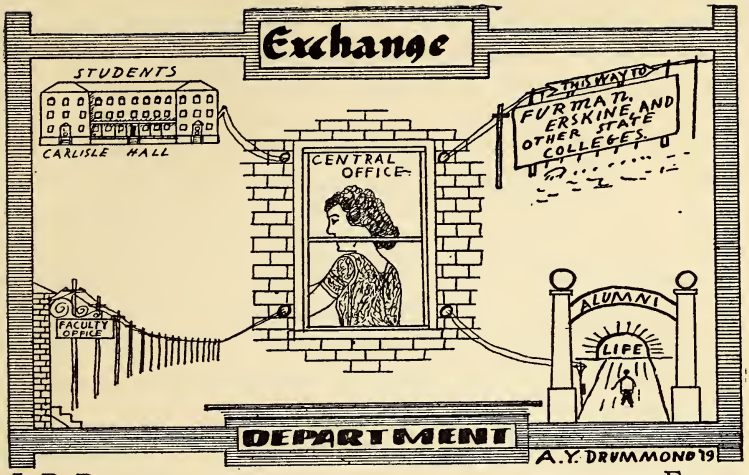
Our Holidays

The holidays are drawing near, and we are anxiously awaiting the twenty-first, when we shall leave for our homes, where awaits us a warm welcome, and where the merry fires gleam with the same glory as in former days. But there are many homes that were joyful and bright last Christmas that will be sad and gloomy this, because there are faces that will not be seen, and the usual family reunion will not be possible. Many who are in the trenches will think of the feasts and the joys that were theirs in former years, while now they scarcely have sufficient food for sustenance, and their lives are verily faltering at the gates of eternity. Many are in prison camps pining away in those close, unsanitary dungeons, and with no food that could be endured save by those who are on the very verge of starvation.

In addition to those who are directly feeling the curse of this tragic war, there are thousands of orphan children in our own land who will be deprived of those things which charm and fascinate the child. I wonder if we can't make ourselves

happy this Christmas-time by doing something, in some way, to make those who are less fortunate than ourselves—yes, those who are actually suffering at this awful time—a little happier, and not by indulging ourselves in those useless luxuries which mean nothing but a little immediate pleasure, and entirely forget the great needs of humanity in this and other lands.





J. P. Barron.....Editor

One of the first exchanges to reach our desk last month was *The Winthrop Journal.* The editors are to be congratulated on getting out such a well-rounded issue, and judging from the number of articles contributed, there must be a great amount of interest shown in the college publications by the entire student body.

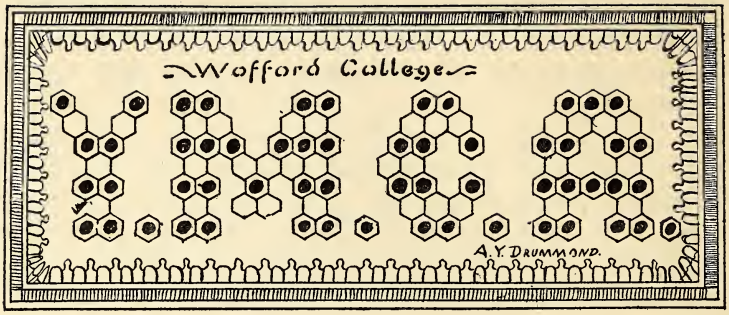
A lack of poetry is in evidence, as the issue contains only one poem, "A Gift of Life." This poem is good in meter and excellent in thought. The plot of the story, "The Last Shall Be First," is good and well executed. The story, "The Lesson Learned," varies from the usual tenor of the stories found in college magazines and is an excellent study of life and human nature. "Fate as a Co-Worker," however, lacks depth of plot, and this plot has also been used a number of times. The note sounded in "How I Can Do My Bit" is thoroughly patriotic and the short essay is full of excellent advice for all college women. The essay on "Modern Fiction" shows that the author is well acquainted with the most popular novels and fiction of the present day. But we would question whether the works of several of the writers of modern popular

magazine stories should be considered in this essay, as these stories are written only with the intention of appealing to a certain class of magazine readers and are generally forgotten soon after they have been read. The two essays, "Clara Barton" and "How Le The Was Established" are instructive, although they are of the conventional type of essay. The author of "The Element of Improbability in Shakespeare's Plays" says that she does not intend to censure Shakespeare for introducing this element into his plays, yet the essay savors of criticism. In considering this element in Shakespeare's plays we should be thoroughly familiar with the dramas of that period and know whether this element was popular in use among dramatists of that day, and not make the mistake of comparing his development of a play with our modern methods. The other essay, "Von Hindenburg," is well written and very interesting.

The Collegian, of the Presbyterian College, next comes to our attention. We admire the attractive cover, but would suggest that a few cuts at the head of each department would greatly improve the appearance of the magazine. The issue contains four original poems, and from this it is evident that considerable attention is given at P. C. to the writing of poetry. Of these poems, "Today's Lesson" and "Be True" are decidedly the best. They are both good in structure and show a depth of feeling. The other poems, "War" and "The Miser," do not possess much poetical merit and are rather morbid in tone. The story, "Twentieth Century Tramps," is rather unusual and is well written. There is no new note struck in "The Royal Road," and we find in it the same old love plot, although it is developed in a slightly different way. "Woman's Part in the Great War" is a well-deserved tribute to the women of today in their efforts to help win the war. The author has used an excellent method in developing his topic by reviewing first the part women have played in the wars in the history of our country and then showing what the women of today are doing for their country. In the essay,

"The Peace League," all the points do not bear directly upon the development of the subject, and the author could probably have brought out his points better by using a different title for his essay.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, which lack of space will not allow us to take up in this issue: *The Criterion, The Limestone Star, The Clemson Chronicle, The Orion, The Aurora, The Furman Echo, The Newberry Stylus, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Carolinian,* incorporated with *The Gamecock; The Wesleyan, The Davidson College Magazine, The Erothesian, The Woman's College Journal, Bessie Tift Journal,* and *The University of North Carolina Magazine.*



L. D. HAMER.....EDITOR

On the night of November 2nd, Mr. W. V. Martin, of the city Y. M. C. A., was the speaker. His subject was "The Work of the Y. M. C. A. as a Life Work," this being one of a series of talks on the different professions and vocations open to college men today.

Mr. Martin stated that the question of most importance which confronts a man is that of his life work. He said that everyone should look into the matter thoroughly before deciding this question, and not rush in too hastily and blindly. He stated that all should have presented to them all the various callings which he may enter, so that he may carefully weigh the merits of each and make his choice with a full knowledge of what he enters upon.

There are two classes of professions, according to Mr. Martin; the one in which self is uppermost, and the other in which God is foremost. Law, medicine and banking are representative of the first, while the second, or altruistic, group includes the professions of the teacher, minister, social service and Y. M. C. A. worker. Mr. Martin stated that especial attention would be directed toward the latter branch of service, as he was to present the work of the Y. M. C. A. to the men.

As with the ministry, so it is with the Y. M. C. A. work; those who enlist for service under the "Red Triangle" must first renounce many temporal things, such as wealth, fame,

honor, selfish interests. He must accept a life of hard work, of privation, and oftentimes suffering. But he is not unrewarded. He has the knowledge that he is worth something to the world, and that his labors are of great value. Furthermore, his salary is always sufficient for a good, comfortable living. Then, in social prestige, he stands high.

Mr. Martin urged his hearers to look carefully into the various professions before choosing any one. He asked them to weigh carefully all arguments pro and con, relative to the various callings, and choose the one in which he would be of most benefit to the world. He told them that in no other occupation could they find a better opportunity for service than in the Y. M. C. A., and he asked them to consider its work thoughtfully and prayerfully before rejecting the call of the Young Men's Christian Association.

NOVEMBER NINTH.

Dr. A. G. Rembert was the speaker at the meeting of November 9th, having for his subject: "Religious Service in a Country Community." Dr. Rembert has an enviable record as a Y. M. C. A. speaker, and this night he upheld it.

Stating that he had been a country lad, Dr. Rembert said that he knew what the country was and meant, and that he could vouchsafe for the truth of his statements relative to the country and its needs. He stated that the city problem is the one of great import, but that as the men of the city are boys of the country, the city problem will be solved through the solution of the country problem.

As advantages which the country has, the speaker named a close touch with Nature in all its beauty and grandeur, a friendly, unhampered association of man with man, and the development of man physically. As a rule, he stated, the man who is physically weak is spiritually weak, thus pointing out that the country-bred man is usually stronger spiritually than the city-bred man.

But there are disadvantages to country life, Dr. Rembert said. A man who resides in the country is so apt to become

interested in the simple, everyday affairs of life and neglect the higher, aesthetic things of life, thus lowering himself to the level of the commonplace. Then, too, a man who largely lives to himself is very likely to become narrow, selfish and circumscribed in his thoughts and actions.

To cure these evils Dr. Rembert said that more content of mind and spirit of the heart must be put into the country people. The church, the school, the social circle, are the means by which this can be done. But there must be effective leadership to do this, and the need is great for intelligent, tactful leaders. The college must furnish these men. The country people must know more of Jesus Christ. When they do, and become intelligent, moral beings, leaving off all prejudice and narrow-mindedness, then will the country problem be solved.

"The Spirit of a Man" was the subject of Mr. D. L. Betts, who addressed the Y. M. C. A. November 16th.

Every man's spirit is his own accuser, Mr. Betts said, for it condemns or approves of his every act. We may be misled by our spirits, the speaker stated, but to mislead God is impossible. As examples of men with great spirits, he referred to Elijah and Caleb, who were men of great spirituality and force. Mr. Betts stressed the importance of a man's spirit, showing how a man is often judged by his spirit rather than his bearing and action.

In the spirit of everyone there is some outstanding characteristic, such as egotism, abnegation, despondency, or extreme nervousness. Every man should watch his spirit and see that it is of God. Man must be careful and not commit the sins of the spirit, for they are greater than the sins of the flesh, as the spirit is greater than the flesh. Mr. Betts said that a man is judged by his spirit, and that he must take care that his spirit be of Christ. As we have more of Christ's spirit in our own spirit and nature, we will be closer to God and more like unto Him.

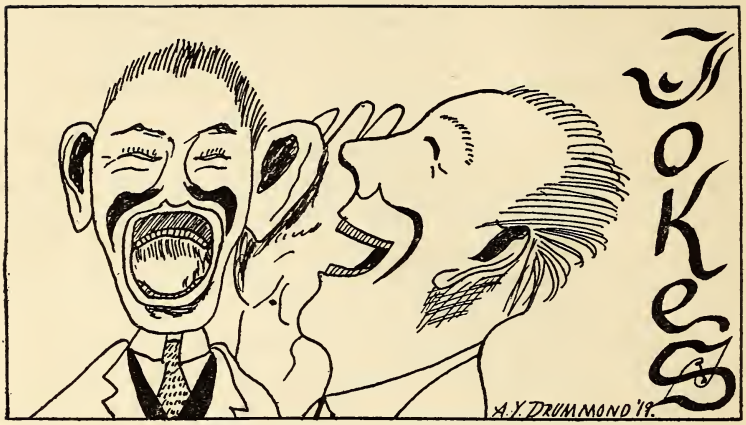
Upon the man himself is his spirit dependent, Mr. Betts

said in conclusion. The quality of a man's spirit depends upon the man. Just in proportion to our cultivation of the spirit of Christ in us, just so will we have more of the spirit which marks the man.

Dr. R. E. Stackhouse, former Presiding Elder of the Spartanburg District, was the speaker at the meeting of November 23rd. His talk, "Endure Hardness as a Good Soldier," was one of the finest heard in many months. Dr. Stackhouse's farewell address to the Wofford men was indeed a most excellent one.

To follow Christ, the speaker said, one must be willing to sacrifice all for Him. He cited the case of Abraham offering up Isaac as an example of one who met the test of unfailing willingness to give up everything for God. The case of the rich young man whom Christ commanded to give up all his wealth in order to be saved was used as an example of one who was not willing to sacrifice all. Dr. Stackhouse stated that God did not desire Isaac nor the wealthy young man's riches, but that He was only testing to the limit their willingness to sacrifice all for Him.

"The life of a Christian is the life of a soldier," the speaker said. And as a soldier who is unwilling to make the supreme sacrifice for his cause can be of no value to his cause, so it is with a soldier of Christ who cannot make sacrifices for His cause. Before a man can be of service in the army of Jehovah he must make an unconditional, unqualified surrender. Dr. Stackhouse said that soldiers in the armies of worldly kings do not flinch when facing the roaring cannon, but that they go forward bravely and smilingly. Thus should the soldiers of the one great King march on against the forces of the devil. They should never be driven from their true course by the attacks of his Satanic majesty, but should go forth with determination to face anything and sacrifice everything for Jehovah.



Fresh, Felder recently informed a soldier that the Wofford boys were going to wear expired leggings.

Ask Jones, A. J., and Buddin about that "daily" fight they talked of pulling off over at Winthrop.

Fresh. Rast say he thinks he will bathe once a month hereafter, whether he needs it or not.

Lieutenant Jones, upon seeing three Majors from Clemson at the meeting of the Press Association in Rock Hill, asked: "Are all the Majors of the Clemson battalion attending this meeting?"

Soph. Webster to Tatum, who had just been sent into the P. C. football game: "Tatum, if you don't put on your hat (headgear) you'll get your head broke."

First Young Lady: "Can you tell me what a misplaced eyebrow is?"

Second Young Lady: "Oh, something like John Green has on his upper lip."

Freshman Gramling, on seeing prunes on the table for supper, said that he had never seen stewed persimmons before.

Junior Horton: "I've just finished writing some poetry in blank verse."

Junior Barron: "I guess it's blank verse all right, Toby, for there isn't anything to it."

Junior Woodberry (looking at the insignia on his new cap) read: "E Pluribus Unum—In God We Trust."

Junior Scheider (in Electricity Lab., looking at the words, "Rotary, D. C.," on a certain instrument): "Say, Smiley, is there a Rotary in the District of Columbia? I thought Washington was the only town in it."

Fresh. Edens wants to know which is the greatest honor, to win a W.-C. or a monogram.

Fresh. Pate to Odom: "I want to be excused from drill."

Odom: "On what grounds?"

Pate: "On the drill grounds."

Fresh. Lever, who had returned from Prof. Rembert's Bible class for the first time, was seen working diligently over his book. When asked what he was doing, he said that he was seeing if any of the pages were glued together, as he did not see but about half of what Prof. Rembert asked him.

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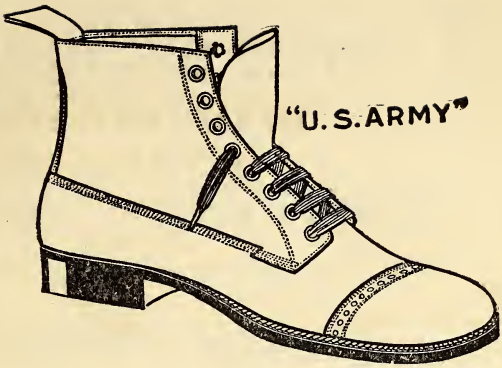

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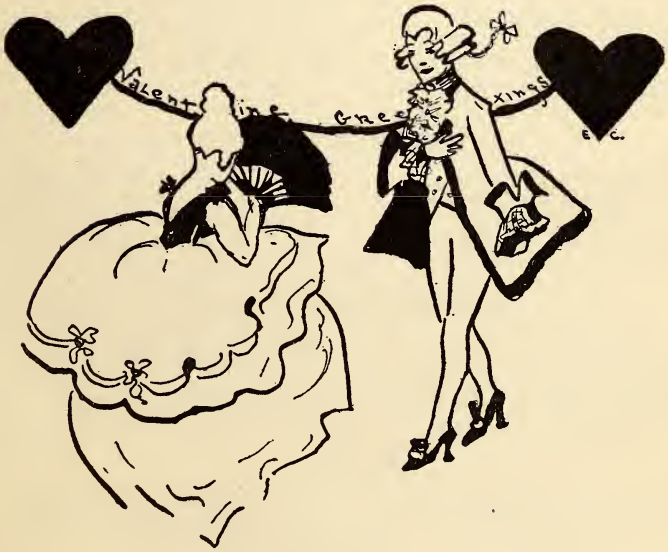

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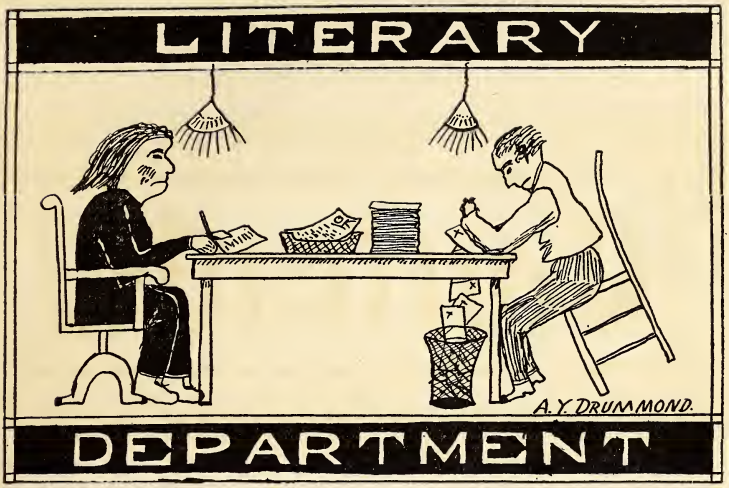

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Daylight Comes

By G. D. Sanders

Down the vistas of the ages
Daylight comes,
Though 'tis heralded by bugles,
Beating of drums,
Tramping of a million men,
Fan-flare of noise,
And the distant roar of cannon:
The grim reaper's toys.

For the din and clash of battle
Leads on to light,
And the world is moving upward,
Borne there by might;
And from out the battle's din,
World clash and strife,
There shall wake a federation
(World-wide) to life.

The Ray of Hope

THE END of the summer season had come and one by one the pleasure-seekers were leaving the mountain resort of Montreat, in the Blue Ridge mountains of western North Carolina. To Martha Powell this fact was a rather cheerless one, for it meant that she and her invalid father would be left to spend the rather dreary months of the winter with the company of only a few residents of that mountainous region, and that she would only have the memories of the pleasures of the summer now gone to cheer her through the long season before the heat of the lowlands would again send the joyous crowds back to the mountains. The summer had been an especially happy one, as there had been an unusually large and congenial crowd of young people there throughout the season, and her diary had been filled with the accounts of many thrilling hikes to Mount Mitchell, Grey Beard and the other peaks of the vicinity, and of many picnics on the sides of the nearby mountains and wonderful boat rides upon the clear waters of the artificial lake, which was filled by the waters of the brook that trickled musically and picturesquely down the side of the mountain. And in these accounts the name most often mentioned was that of Herschel Brandon. A friend had warned her not to become too intimate with Brandon, as he was not one who really deserved her love. Although she had kept this warning in her mind, nevertheless she had been won by his pleasant smile and winning personality, and on his departure it seemed to her that most of the beauty had gone out of the scenery and that the parties lacked their former gayness and joyousness. He had promised to return before the summer was over, and now there was only one day more to wait. But with the joy which was brought by his coming came the sadness of the thought that this would be their last meeting. Martha not only felt that it was her duty to remain with her invalid father, but that she could never marry one for whom the title of "good sport" was more appropriate than that of gentleman. So she rather sorrowfully contemplated the result

of his visit, for she knew that such an outcome was inevitable from the way in which they had parted when he left.

It was after two o'clock the next day when she heard the train blowing for the station at Black Mountain, where Brandon must get off and ride two miles to get to Montreat. She had intended meeting him, but her father had been suddenly taken with a severe attack of pleurisy that morning and had fallen asleep only a short while before Martha heard the whistle of the train as it passed through the valley on the other side of the mountains. She quickly ran to her room and put on a suitable dress and shoes for climbing, as she knew that would be Brandon's first proposal. As she came out on the porch she heard his call down the road, which followed the winding brook, and saw him with his hat in his hand as he came around the curve of the road where a large clump of rhododendron had not permitted her to see him. As she went to meet him she knew by his elastic step and apparently care-free manner that the inevitable was at hand and that she was helpless to avert it. After a warm greeting he suggested that they take the old familiar Gray Beard trail, as he was tired from his hot and dusty ride on the train and wanted a drink of water from the spring, where it issued forth fresh and cool from the side of the mountain into the rocky pool, from whence it flowed as a merry brook down the mountain into the lake some distance below. There the green beds of galax leaves formed a beautiful carpet under the rhododendron and mountain laurel which grew beneath the taller forest trees, and the whole place suggested coolness and rest to the tired traveler.

As they slowly went up the winding trail he told her of what he had been doing in the few weeks in which they had been separated, and of why he had not been able to write oftener. When they had reached the spring and he had bathed his face and had taken a deep drink of the sparkling water, Martha playfully mounted the large pipe that diverts some of the water around the side of the mountain to a reservoir from whence it flows down the steep incline to the powerhouse

to generate the electric current for the community, and began to walk toward a mossy seat which was only a short distance from the spring. The pipe was several feet from the ground and Brandon walked along by it to lend her his hand when she reached the resting place. Suddenly her foot slipped, causing her ankle to turn slightly so that she lost her balance and would have had a serious fall had he not caught her in his arms as she fell. The shock dazed her for a few moments and when she fully realized where she was, she seemed powerless to move or protest. After seeing that she was not injured he looked searchingly into her eyes and said, "Oh, Martha, don't you know that I love you?" Before she could avert her eyes from his gaze he read the truth in them and did not wait for an answer.

Martha's heart demanded that she should yield her life to him, but a small voice within her breast warned her that such a thing could never be. As he released her from his embrace she sat down upon the moss-covered rock, not knowing what to say. But he eagerly poured out the story of his love to her and ended by asking how long he must wait before they could be married.

A pang shot through the girl's heart and her lips quivered as she realized what she must answer; but how, she did not know. Mistaking her emotion, he reassuringly said: "Pardon me, little girl, for being so abrupt, but I just could not help it. But, dearest, did you not consent with your eyes, and did they not say that you cared for me?"

"Oh, Herschel," she replied; "that's just it. I do care more than I can say, but that does not mean that I can marry you."

"Never mind about your father, darling, for he can enter a sanatorium at home where you can see him every day. Just say when, and that is all you must do."

The girl realized what faced her and bravely began, "That isn't it, Herschel, but—but have you the right to ask me to be your wife? Can you, in turn, offer me what you demand of me?"

"The right," he exclaimed rather heatedly. "Do you mean to say that any boy hasn't the right to ask a girl to marry him if he loves her and knows that she loves him?" The age-old instinct in the man arose to defend what he termed his rights and to disregard any real right a woman may have.

"Yes, that is just what I mean, and until you can promise to change your companions and lead a sober and clean life for at least a year, I cannot promise to marry you or to ever consider it. No, there's no use to say that you will reform after we are married, for a man will never do for a wife what he refuses to do for a sweetheart. And unless you can make such a promise to me, we must part now for always, or until you feel that your love is strong enough to mean more than what you consider your good times."

The sense of offended dignity and wounded pride completely deadened the nobler sensibilities which must be hidden in every man's breast, and he angrily arose and replied, "Well, I do not think you have any right to make such demands of me. And as you absolutely refuse the love I offered you—good-bye." Then seizing his hat he strode rapidly out of sight down the mountain trail.

The girl remained for a long while with her head buried in her arms upon the soft mossy bed covering the ancient rock, and lying there she silently wept. The slender shafts of departing sunlight made a glorious mass of her golden hair as the rays of the setting sun seemed to reverently caress each object before it sank from view behind the tops of the surrounding peaks. Suddenly a large shepherd dog, her chief companion during the idle winter months, thrust its cold nose into her face and she sat up with a start. Then seeing her faithful friend she sadly said, "Dear old Bob, you're nothing but a dog, yet how much more kind and sympathetic than some men." Then, realizing how late it was, she sprang up and rapidly walked down the mountain.

When Martha reached her home she found her father still asleep, but breathing heavily and laboriously. Becoming alarmed, she telephoned for the doctor, and when he arrived

he sadly shook his head and from his expression she knew that the fight would be a losing one. Through the long hours of the night they worked to save his life, but as the silver streak of dawn began to spread across the sky the soul of the sick man quietly slipped away to rest. As the girl had no relatives to go to, the kind old doctor offered her a home with him, and she could do nothing but accept his offer, as only a few thousand dollars remained of her father's once modest fortune. So Martha went to live with him and through helping him with his patients she learned much of nursing, and the old doctor said that no better nurse could be found in the country.

* * * * * * * * * *

War had been declared on Germany, and when the call came for volunteers for the first training camp, among the first to apply was Herschel Brandon. On graduating, he left with the first division of troops sent to France and was among the first of those who went into action. During the days in which he was fighting in the trenches the face of the girl whom he had left on the side of the mountain that October afternoon seemed to haunt his memory. Somehow, although he was in the midst of the butchery and brutalism of war, there gradually came into his soul the light of truth. This was first made possible through his admiration of the noble sacrifices which the Red Cross nurses were making, and through this admiration a new and higher regard for womanhood.

One day in a very heavy shell fire from the enemy a shell burst near Brandon, knocking him unconscious and sending fine particles of steel into his face. When he regained consciousness he found that he was in a hospital with both eyes bandaged, and on regaining his strength he learned that both eyes had been put out by the particles of steel from the bursting shell. At first a great bitterness filled his soul, but gradually through the kindness of the nurses and through hearing of the noble deeds of heroism he became ashamed and accepted his fate.

At first when he entered the school where the blind soldiers

are trained to earn their own livelihood he eagerly began to do his best to learn all he could. But always the face of the girl haunted his memory, and he began to long for an opportunity or way in which to tell her of his repentance of what he had said and to obtain forgiveness. But he realized that they were many miles apart with the great Atlantic Ocean between them, and he did not want to reveal his secret by asking any one to write such a letter for him. He gradually began to lose interest in his lessons and seemed to have no hope or ambition left. Finally this apathy became deeper and he was taken with an attack of fever which promised to be very serious. In his delirium he thought he heard the voice of the girl he had loved and wronged and that he felt the soothing touch of her soft hand on his hot brow. Finally, it seemed that there was no hope for him and the crisis was rapidly approaching. He continually called for Martha, Martha, Martha, and pleaded with her for forgiveness.

Just before the crisis a Red Cross nurse was seen to stop in her passage through the building that he was in, and then, on recognizing his voice, she ran to his bedside. She slipped her arm under his pillow and drawing his head close to her breast she kissed his flushed lips and murmured, "Oh, Herschel, if you could only realize that you are forgiven."

Suddenly life seemed to come into his body and he cried, "Martha, Martha, is it you at last?"

For an answer she again pressed her lips upon his. Then with a joyous cry he said, "Oh, the light. I see a light through the awful darkness. I shall get well now, Martha, for the ray of hope has come into my soul." With that he sank into a deep, restful sleep.

Some months later on board a ship returning to America could be seen two figures side by side. The man's face was turned toward the glorious sunset in the west, although his eyes were sightless, and on his features was stamped an expression of love mingled with joy and hope. The woman at his side was seeing for him the glories of a sunset and giving him a description of it which added to his joy. On her face

the traces of sorrow could be seen, but overshadowing them and transforming her face into one of radiant beauty was the expression of a love which was almost celestial—the love of a human heart which has known suffering, but which is now radiant with the joy of serving the one whom she loved. The promise that the future held for them was not that of ease, but nothing could now destroy the happiness which was rightfully theirs. J. P. B., '19.

Dear Little Lad

By G. D. Sanders

Dear little lad in overalls,
With the earnest look on your face,
Trudging beside that full-grown chap
And barely keeping his pace,
What are your thoughts and cares about,
And why do you look that way?
Thought lines are on your face, little lad,
That shouldn't be there today.

Yonder are men in the street, little lad,
Who are dressed in a soldier's garb;
Women are watching them march away
To whom each step is a barb,
Piercing the heart that is breaking for "him,"
Though the hurt is hid by a smile,
That he may carry the picture of cheer
Through many a dreary mile.

Yesterday your soul was engrossed
In the realm of childhood play;
Bugle notes sounded and men heard the call,
And go out to fight today.
You, too, have heard the call, little lad,
And, looking afar to the strife,
See where for country, and home, and flag,
He will pay out there with his life.

The Industrial Revolution

HEN THE eighteenth century dawned upon England, it found many conditions of everyday life and ways of doing things strikingly old-fashioned and simple. The farmers still scratched the soil with a clumsy wooden plow, and sowed, reaped, and threshed by methods which had been used since ancient times. Merchandise was carried from place to place on plodding pack animals or in rude carts that could hardly move through the deep mud of the roads. Mail was carried from Britain to Rome in the time of Julius Caesar as quickly as it could be carried the same distance by land in this modern century. There were very few conveniences in the homes of the people; such things as iron stoves, matches, and gas, or even kerosene lights were unknown. The cities and towns had scarcely any systems of sewerage and consequently in rainy seasons the streets were barely passable and at all times the cities were filthy and unsanitary. They were very poorly lighted also. In fact, London was the only city in Europe that could boast of street lamps. Further, the police system was very poor and crime prevailed to such an extent that gentlemen could not safely venture on the streets at night.

The old slave system of industry gave place during the middle ages to the guild system. The guild system, in turn, was replaced by the domestic system, which was still prevailing in England in the eighteenth century. All manufacture was done by hand and the process was, therefore, necessarily slow and on a small scale. The work was done, for the most part, in the homes of the workers, who were scattered far and wide over the hills or in small shops owned by them. They bought their material from traveling agents and sold their products at fairs or to traveling peddlers, or sometimes in the same shops where they were made.

But it is evident that such a primitive condition of industry and social life could not long continue while the intellectual life and the political development of the nation and western Europe as a whole were advancing so steadily. Soon there came

a great economic movement which so completely and so quickly changed the methods of manufacture and industry throughout England, and, by later expansion throughout Europe, and created so many new economic problems that it is very appropriately called the Industrial Revolution.

This economic revolution, like political revolutions, was only the logical outcome of preceding circumstances. From the time of the Tudor kings the industrial prosperity of Britain had increased steadily. It had been stimulated by the Dutch cloth workers who sought refuge in England from the tyranny of Alva, and by French Huguenot silk, linen and glass workers who came to England to escape the persecution of Louis XIV. These foreign workers were very skilled and they brought with them many new trades as well as improved methods for working the old ones. Until, however, the English workmen had assimilated these new ideas, they strongly opposed the newcomers and their competition, and riots broke out in several places against them.

Moreover, the political events of the seventeenth and eighteenth century contributed largely to the growth of trade. The Whigs, when they controlled the government, carefully looked after the interests of the commercial classes. Indeed, they established the Bank of England in 1694, partly for the convenience of the merchants, and the banking methods that accompanied it and the extension of the credit system during the seventeenth century facilitated the employment of spare capital in commercial enterprises. Lower taxes and lower duties on goods going to and from the British colonies, all of which were due to the Whigs, helped the cause of trade immensely.

Furthermore, the wars waged by Britain in the eighteenth century were not only political in aim but commercial as well. They broke down the monopoly which Spain had enjoyed of trade with South America. By winning new territory for England, they opened up new sources of raw materials and new markets for English goods. As Britain's supremacy upon the sea became more and more established, her mercantile

marine acquired great security, and English speculators were emboldened to organize great stock companies to develop these newly-opened opportunities. In fact, with but one or two exceptions, each of England's colonies were first settled by her traders.

Thus we have seen that an outstanding feature of England's history during the eighteenth century was the enormous expansion of her commerce. This necessarily demanded production of manufactures on a greatly enlarged scale. But, on account of the limited resources and capabilities of the domestic system, this demand could not at first be met. Greater rapidity in the rate of manufacture was needed, and it was in the textile industry that this change first came.

Cotton manufacturing had been aided by the abolishment of an old tax on cotton designed to protect the wool industry. Still there were two great difficulties in the way. The spinners could not get yarn in sufficient quantities, since spinning methods were very slow, and the cotton thread produced was not strong enough to be used as the warp, and linen had to be used instead. A flying shuttle had been invented, but this only increased the demand for thread. In 1704 James Hargreaves conceived the idea, by accident, of making a machine with which one could spin thread much faster than with the old spinning wheel. Seven years later, Richard Arkwright invented his water-driven frame, which could spin much more rapidly and better than Hargreaves' spinning jenny could. After four years, Samuel Crompton ingeniously combined the spinning jenny and the water frame and made in his "mule" a machine that could spin delicate threads at the then rapid rate of two hundred at a time. But now the spinners could furnish thread much faster than the weavers could use it. In 1785 Cartwright relieved the situation by giving the world the power loom. The problem of getting cotton ready to spin in sufficient quantities next presented itself. Eli Whitney, in America, solved it with the cotton gin.

These men who revolutionized textile methods were typical of the men who wrought the industrial revolution as a whole.

They were mostly of humble station and few were technically educated, but all possessed great patience, persistence and natural ability. They met with much opposition from the artisans, who attacked them with mobs, thinking that the new machines would deprive them of their means of support. The inventors steadily persisted, however, and James Watt, working in another sphere, rendered their success possible by making the steam engine practicable as a driving power. Used to drive the great mills and factories, this invention made possible the large scale production which was the chief feature of the revolution. Moreover, this engine revived mining and made possible the production of more and better iron, which was necessary to make the new machinery.

With the coming of rapid and efficient machines and of powerful steam engines to drive them, the existing domestic systems of manufacture became a thing of the past. No longer were articles of commerce made solely in the homes of the artisans or in small shops owned by them. Instead, great factories containing the new machinery and employing hundreds of workers sprang up in many places where some physical or economic advantages favored. The capitalists who owned these factories speedily became wealthy. Goods were produced by these new methods with much less cost than under the old system and prices became lower.

This apparently good state of affairs, however, met with much opposition, as indeed most rapid changes do. The revolution, coming rapidly, did not allow time for so great a change in the industrial adjustment. Many of the artisans possessed considerable skill and were proud of it. They could not understand how those things of wood and iron could so set their skill at naught, and they resented the keen competition of the new methods. Many of the artisans, therefore, thinking that their means of livelihood was at stake, organized mobs in many places and set factories on fire.

The greatest sufferers from the revolution, however, were not those who opposed the change, but those laborers who accepted the change and tried to work under it. Under the do-

mestic system, the workmen had been accustomed to freedom in the matter of working hours. They had no master over them whose bidding they must do or give up their job. They had lived in the country or small villages and divided their time between their trade and garden plots. In short, they had had the opportunity of living a healthful and wholesome life. After the revolution came on, they were attracted to the factories in great numbers. Hence, great cities quickly sprang up about the factories. As the mill owners were in a frenzy for speedy wealth and had no other purpose than this, they made no provisions for the comfort and social well-being of the laborers. In laying out the cities they had no consideration for the beautiful, and the streets were narrow and very poorly lighted and drained. The owner hastily built long rows of low, uncomfortable houses for renting to the workingmen. Those crowded settlements, which marked the beginning of the tenement system of today, were very unsanitary, and sickness and disease were common.

And added to this bad state of affairs in the homes and settlements of the laborers, many women and children, as well as the men, found employment in the factories. The supply of labor was plentiful and the capitalists could dictate cruelly long hours of work, sometimes as much as twelve or fifteen hours per day. The rooms in which they toiled during those long days were very poorly lighted and ventilated. As a result, many epidemics of disease broke out among the workers and Parliament found it necessary to pass regulations shortening the hours of labor. The women who thus worked in the factories from dawn to dark had very little time at home and family life became very degraded and low.

Since a great many children also spent all of the daylight working in the mills, it is evident that their educational development was almost absolutely ignored, and vast numbers of people grew up in dark ignorance.

This factory system brought to the capitalist class much wealth and with it social and political importance also. To the laboring class, however, the new system brought greater hard-

ships and a lower life. There was little in common between the two classes. The capitalist knew the names of his employees only on the pay rolls. He had no personal touch with the employee and there was no feeling of sympathy and unity between the two. Hence, the manufacturing society was made up of two distinct and opposing classes, each with its own theory about government and politics. The capitalists argued that the government should not interfere with or try to regulate the conditions of employment. They said that natural laws would automatically adjust all such matters. This theory, however, completely overlooked the workingman. Some of them sought relief by political actions. They thought that if they had the right to vote they might get Parliament to pass some reforms to help them. They drew up a petition incorporating their ideas called the "People's Charter" and presented it to Parliament in 1839, but it was rejected.

The working people also tried to better their condition by combining together in trade unions to deal with capital in a body. This trade unionism has extended down into our own day and is an important factor in modern industry.

Another plan for bettering the lot of the working class is socialism. The socialists argue that there should not be private ownership of the great industries. They say that the "means of production" should belong to society. There is much difference of opinion as to whether socialism is practicable, but the socialists have well-meaning ideals and their theory is one that is receiving much thoughtful consideration at the present time.

Another modern question is traced to the industrial revolution. This movement opened up to women employment that only men had done hitherto, and they have acquired a new sense of independence as a result. They were admitted to the colleges and universities in England during the latter part of the nineteenth century and today women occupy many of the professions, such as law and medicine, on equal terms with men. Hence, it is not strange that they are demanding the same suffrage rights that men enjoy, and they have already

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made many gains in that direction, while it seems to be only a matter of time before their victory will be complete.

Besides these there are many other questions that have arisen out of this great economic movement that began in the latter part of the eighteenth century and has not yet stopped. In short, this great world in which we live, with its great railways, its telegraph, its navigation of the air as well as the sea, and its other great and marvelous inventions which we enjoy, finds its explanation in the industrial revolution.

D. H. D., '19.

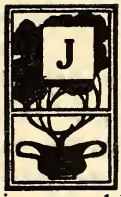
An Aviator's Farewell

O little girl, my fairy queen,
A sweeter girl I've never seen.
O, be assured 'tis you or none
That I love and love alone.

'Tis you to whom my vows are made,
And at whose feet my heart is laid;
With you I pledge my worldly plight
Till war our future joys does blight.

O sweetheart, when by waning moon
The skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
In trench, or fort, or tented place,
My dreams shall be of your dear face.

Circumstances Prevented



JIM WAS AN unusual darky. He was very tall, loose-jointed, and awkward: a real rival to Ichabod Crane in the ebony race. Jim was an excellent worker—when the boss was around. But when he was left with the other negroes, work always progressed slowly. For Jim was a conjurer and held communication with the spirits. Often he might be seen among a group of chocolates telling fortunes or bringing on his evil spells. But he was most widely known in Darktown as the President of the "Society." In fact, he *was* the society. His word was supreme and all had to obey. If a member appeared unruly he would threaten him with an "evil" spell. Rather than miss a meeting of the society, he would work extra for hours—an unusual thing with him.

Cotton-picking time had come—and with it the annual jubilee given by the society. Mr. Cary, on whose plantation Jim worked, had made a big deal in the cotton market, and in order to fulfill his contract it was necessary that all his cotton be baled before the 10th of November. It was already the 3rd and much of the cotton was still in the field. The darkies had left in a body to prepare for the jubilee. Jim was issuing orders like a great military commander. However, the great meeting was to be held on the night of the 3rd. Then the final arrangements for the jubilee would be made; the committees appointed and the individual tasks assigned.

Mr. Cary and the farm manager, John White, were discussing the critical situation. It seemed that there was no way to get the hands back before the 10th. They discussed various plans but discarded them all. Finally an idea came to Mr. Cary.

"John," he began, "that infernal Jim is at the bottom of this. He always discourages the negroes from working. If we can just keep him from that meeting tonight, the society will be like a chicken with its head cut off and all those black rascals will be here for work in the morning. Meet me at

the driveway at eight o'clock tonight. Bring your old shot-gun with you!"

The society hall was a lonesome structure far off the road in the heart of a forest. It was a tall, unpainted building, bedecked with a very top-heavy tower, in which Jim had boasted he had conversed with the spirits. Before the hall was an old family graveyard. In its midst directly by the path rose a tall monument which marked the grave of a Confederate soldier who had been killed in the siege of Fort Sumter. Many stories were in circulation among the darkies about a tall ghost with a gun who had been seen stepping out from behind the monument.

To this spot Mr. Carey and John proceeded immediately. All was dark when they came, as the meeting was not to be held until nine o'clock. At the steps of the old building the two men sat down.

"John, you take this sheet and hide in the tower. When I signal you from the yard, give one of those Indian yells you know and step out on the roof. I will wait at the monument. You'll see some fun."

A few minutes later Jim announced his approach by his singing. It is a characteristic of humans to sing when they are scared. The small boy sings his loudest when going into a dark room. The soldier sings when the bullets are flying thick and fast. As Jim came nearer, his song could be heard distinctly—

> "Oh! a good-lookin' 'oman, a good-lookin' 'oman,
> Make a preacher lay his Bible down."

As he passed up the path by the monument he sang his loudest. After he had passed by, Mr. Cary waved a handkerchief as a signal to John. Just as the negro started up the steps, uttering an awful shriek, John, wrapped in a sheet, stepped out on the roof directly above.

Jim stopped in the middle of his song. With one glance of terror at the ghost, he turned and fled, forgetting all of his powers of speaking with spirits. Down the path he ran, his

long legs clearing yards at a step, not daring to turn his head back. But just as he was reaching the woods, from the tall monument stepped the ghost with the gun. And Jim had boasted that he was not afraid of him.

At sight of this terrible apparition Jim fell to the ground. "Lordy! Lordy!" he moaned, "don't kill me. Lordy! spare dis po' chile. I'se never wronged you, good Mr. Ghost. Please, please don't hurt me. Yas-suh, dat was me, what took dem chickens last Thanksgivin'. Please, suh, don't kill me."

From the ghost came in deep, gutteral tones: "Beware! At nine o'clock my devils will be here. Fly for your life."

Then the ghost stepped behind the tomb and all was quiet. From the ground Jim slowly rose with his hands over his eyes lest he see another spirit. Straight to the woods he turned, falling over briers, bushes and graves. As he disappeared from sight John joined Mr. Cary. The former was in paroxysms of laughter. Mr. Cary warned him to be quiet lest Jim hear him, but Jim was too much concerned in getting home to hear anything.

At seven o'clock the next morning all the darkies but Jim were ready for work. Mr. Cary punched John and laughed outright as he thought of the adventures of the night before. Late that morning even the black sheep, Jim, strayed in.

"Boss," he spoke with his eyes on the ground, "has you any wuk for me?"

"Why, Jim," Mr. Cary answered, "I thought you were busy with the jubilee!"

"Yas, suh, boss," he returned, avoiding Mr. Cary's eye, "but—but—circumstances prevented, yas, suh."

Henceforth Jim was an excellent worker and he never again talked of his "spirits." "X. Z.," '19.

The Methodist Itinerant System

EVERY GREAT and successful movement has had some special characteristics that have been largely responsible for its success. No one can study the history of the Methodist Church without feeling that the one thing that has done the most towards making it the success that it has been, and is, is the itinerant system.

This wonderful system is not the product of any single man's mind, but is rather the result of the thought of many men in planning to meet the conditions as they arose from time to time, and to make the church measure up to the great responsibility resting upon it.

When Mr. Wesley met, in 1739, the little group of eighteen or nineteen who had requested him to meet them for "prayer and council," he little dreamed that he was laying the foundations for a great church that would, in 1910, number nearly nine million souls, and would have members on every continent on the globe. Soon after the first meeting referred to above, the number of attendants increased and Mr. Wesley found himself the spiritual father of a large group of folk.

It was the next year that Mr. Wesley was startled at the news that reached him that Thomas Maxfield, one of his members, was preaching before the Foundery Society. He rushed home from Bristol with the full intention of silencing this zealous young man. However, when he reached home he was met by his mother with this admonition: "John, take heed what you do with reference to that young man, for he is as surely called to preach as you are." After Mr. Wesley heard him preach he said: "It is the Lord's doing; let him do what seemeth him good. What am I that I should withstand God." Thus without realizing what this step meant, Mr. Wesley sanctioned this lay preacher, and laid the foundation for the future lay preachers that have been such a great power in spreading Methodism. Within a year there were twenty lay preachers.

The first Methodist conference met in 1744. There were

four clergymen and forty lay preachers. The lay preachers were assigned by Mr. Wesley to their respective fields of labor. Rules were drawn up for their guidance, which they were to "keep and not to mend." Of course, there was yet no intention on the part of Mr. Wesley to withdraw from the Church of England.

There were by this time a number of Methodists in the colonies and these were being served by lay preachers. No move on the part of the English brethren was made until 1769. when several lay preachers were sent over as missionaries. Two years later a young lay preacher was sent over by Mr. Wesley. This young man was the future Bishop Asbury. At this time the preachers met together and decided on their appointments by mutual agreement. This plan was changed in 1773, when the first American conference was held. Thomas Rankin, who had been sent over as Superintendent of the Work in America, presided and appointed the preachers to their fields of labor. When Mr. Rankin returned to England in 1777, Mr. Asbury was placed in charge.

None of these lay preachers could administer the sacrament or perform the rites of baptism. As they were serving very large circuits and many of the membes were not able to attend an Episcopal Church, there was, very naturally, much dissatisfaction along this line and there arose a growing demand for the preachers to assume these rights. In the conference of 1779 it was by no means an easy task for Mr. Asbury to get the brethren to wait until he could again write to Mr. Wesley regarding the matter. After several unsuccessful efforts to get a Bishop of the Established Church to ordain one of his preachers for service in America, Mr. Wesley realized that he *must* do something himself to relieve the situation.

In this matter, as he did in many other matters, he consulted his trusted friend, Mr. Fletcher, and received the advice that he go ahead and ordain someone and send him to the colonies. Mr. Wesley said that he saw no difference in orders between a Bishop and a Presbyter. Hence, after much deliberation and hesitation, he called Thomas Coke, an ordained Pres-

byter, and in his private room "set him apart for the office of Superintendent of the Societies in America." He then sent him over with the authority to appoint Francis Asbury as his associate.

When Mr. Coke reached America and delivered his message to Mr. Asbury, he found him unwilling to accept this high office without the election by his fellow-preachers. A conference was hurriedly called to meet on Christmas day, 1784. This conference has gone down in history as the famous "Christmas Conference." The first business transacted at this conference, which was held in Baltimore, was the election of Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury as Superintendents of the Work in America. Mr. Coke, assisted by two Presbyters that had accompanied him, immediately ordained Mr. Asbury as Deacon, Elder (or Presbyter), and then as Associate Superintendent of the Work in America. While both men were for a few years spoken of in the Minutes as Superintendents, they were at once called Bishop by the people. The action of Bishop Asbury in refusing to accept this high office without an election established a precedent that made it impossible for Mr. Wesley or anyone else to ever appoint a Bishop, and every one since that time has been elected by the General Conferences.

After the ordination of Mr. Asbury, twelve of the lay preachers were ordained Deacon and then Elder. These twelve Elders were naturally the chief assistants of the two Bishops and gradually from their work grew the present office that we call Presiding Elder. However, this office was not officially established until the meeting of the first General Conference, held in Baltimore in 1792. At this conference the duties of the Presiding Elder were carefully defined. They were to hold four quarterly conferences and one district conference yearly. The yearly conference was to be held at such time and place as the Bishop decided upon, and was to be presided over by the Bishop, if possible. Each district was to have from three to twelve circuits, depending upon the size of the circuits. It is needless to say that each Presiding Elder had the supervision

of a much greater territory than any of our Presiding Elders of today have.

The first steps towards limiting the length of time that a preacher can stay on a charge was made at this same conference, when the length of a Presiding Elder's term on any one district was set at four years.

At the General Conference of 1804, the limit on the time that a traveling preacher could stay on a charge was set for the first time and was set at two years. This remained until 1866, when the time was extended to four years.

For many years the preachers were appointed to their charges by the Bishop, or Superintendent, without consulting anyone, but the election of William McKendree as Associate Bishop, in 1808, was destined to change this plan, for he soon instituted the plan of calling in the Presiding Elders for consultation. This, at first, did not receive the approbation of Bishop Asbury, but the new Associate Bishop was not long in persuading him that it was a wise policy. This has remained the plan for stationing the preachers now for over a century, the only change being the rule passed in 1914 requiring the Bishop to read the appointments to the Presiding Elders before they are read to the conference.

The office of lay or local preacher has not been discarded by our Church, but is still found useful, there being about one hundred thousand of them in the different branches of Methodism today. In 1906 our Church extended the authority of these local preachers who were serving as supplies, by allowing them to administer the rites of baptism and marriage.

Thus, very briefly, we have seen how the system that we now have was started and how it has grown to where it is today. In recent years there has been considerable effort made to bring about more changes in the system. Some would have the time limit extended and others would have it removed altogether. There is also a movement that will be probably presented at the next General Conference to admit laymen to the Cabinet to assist in the making of appointments. It is not my purpose to pass any opinion on any of these measures, or to

make any predictions regarding their passage, but simply to say that I believe that, whatever modifications and changes that may be made in the future, the itinerant system will ever be one of the strong points making for success in our great church.

All glory to the circuit rider of the past that made Methodism possible in America during the pioneer days. No sacrifice was too great for them. Sometimes it meant that they must endure the heat and the cold, and often they went hungry and sleepy in order to keep up their work, but without murmur or complaint they willingly and gladly continued at their work of advancing the work of our Lord in a new country.

May we not also say *all glory* to the itinerant preachers of today, who also are making sacrifices of everything that they have in order to do their whole part in the advancement of our Lord's kingdom in the United States of today. In truth, we can say that the army of Methodist preachers today, numbering thirty-odd thousand, who have placed themselves in the hands of their church to be sent wherever those in authority think best, are worthy successors of the "Knights of the Saddle-Bags" of days gone by. J. E. E., '19.

"Liberty"

O'er many a hill and grassy plain
Winds the faint notes of a bugle's strain,
Calling a thousand men from sleep,
Thrilling their hearts with emotion deep,
Ready to die, if that must be
The price of American Liberty.

Brave lads march on with hearts of steel
Till all Teutonic powers shall feel,
For Freedom's right, waves sword on high,
With it to live, with it to die,
And forever shall our country fight
Until her wrongs are all made right.

"TOBY," '19.

Reconstruction

HY WAS there such a great need of Reconstruction after the Civil War? What was its purpose? Can we not briefly answer these questions? The primary purpose of Reconstruction was the restoring of the seceded States to their former and proper status in the Union. This was, indeed, a very difficult task, made more difficult by the length and severity of the war, which embittered the feelings of both North and South to a degree far greater than we really realized.

President Lincoln would have, doubtless, been a telling factor in the promotion and uniformity of Reconstruction. As it was, he was snatched away, leaving all in doubt as to who should really be the acting agent in Reconstruction. What was to be done? Who was to have control? Congress said "We." The President said "I." Each opposed the other. The South itself, with its great and sturdy hearts, was to be, by its wonderful organization and co-operation, the chief factor in Reconstruction.

Finally the seceding States were divided into five military districts, with a governor for each, appointed by the President. It soon became evident that this rule would not be suffered by the noble Southerners. Soon negroes, "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers" had the Southern government in their hands. The choice Southern citizens were disfranchised by these Northern military rulers.

Something had to be done. In Nashville, Tenn., about 1866, was organized one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of agents for the putting out of these evils of government, "The Ku-Klux Klan." A similar organization, the "Knights of the White Camelia," was begun in New Orleans about the same time.

The "Ku-Klux Klan" did a whirlwind work when it began. Hideous and mystic disguises were used; meetings were secret and mysterious; work was hasty and formally carried out; members of the Klan came from the entire South and perfected it work of demoralizing and terrifying and even killing negroes

and "carpet-baggers" with the hearty co-operation and zeal characteristic of true Southerners.

The Klan worked such wonders in restoring the Southerner to his former status that Congress had to pass the "Force Bill."

Through undaunted courage and perseverance the greater work had been done. The Klan gradually ceased from its operations but negro, "carpet-bag" and "scalawag" rule had forever been abolished from the South. Gradually the States were readmitted to the Union. Georgia, the last to come back, was readmitted on June 24, 1870, making this great nation once more one body, *intact,* and forever to stand for justice, honor and democracy.

Today we are actually engaged in the greatest world war of history. When the war clouds are cleared, and even before they clear away, there will be an absolute need of Reconstruction—not of a few seceding States, but of *a world.* We, ourselves, students of this college, shall be called upon to take part in this Reconstruction. This is a wonderful age, with wonderful opportunities. We *must* not sit idly by, but must now prepare ourselves to take part in the immense work with the same zeal and earnestness our fathers and grandfathers used in Reconstruction from 1865 to 1876. We can do this only by serious-minded, co-operative work. Harmony must be prevalent in every detail—for it is as Mr. Drake puts it: "Individualization means disorganization." And we all know disorganization means failure of purpose.

When the marvelous work is completed—in the near future, we hope—and the entire world again moves on in harmony, we wish to raise over it "Old Glory," still unspotted and forever to be remembered as the chiefest factor in the wonderful Reconstruction. E. H. H., '18.

Martin Luther and the German Reformation

ON THE 10th of November, 1483, in a small house on one of the narrow streets of Eisleben, a child was born who was destined to give impetus to that movement which has affected mankind more than any other movement in history. The movement that affects every one alike, whether he be a German peasant, as Luther was, or an English Lord—the movement of Protestantism. Today Germany points with a proud finger to the work of her military heroes, while her voice tingles with pride as she utters the name of her statesman, Bismarck. And it is only natural that a nation founded by "blood and iron" and fed on militarism should look with more reverence on her military heroes than on a religious enthusiast like Luther. But if that nation were such a one as reckons all things from their benefit to all mankind rather than from a viewpoint of self-aggrandizement, today the name of Luther would be heralded as her greatest hero and emblazed in the heart of every patriot as Germany's greatest production.

Martin Luther's early childhood days were not such as would cause any one to predict for him such a glorious success as he met with in after life. Hans Luther, his father, was only a German peasant who won his competency in a mine. Luther says that his early years were years of "grinding poverty." However, it was in this home of poverty that the ideals of life were instilled into this great man. Luther's father was a man of deep piety, but he thought God could better be served in an ordinary citizen's life than in a loathsome monastery. He was a man of great determination, which is also clearly reflected in his son. Luther's mother was noted for her chastity, reverence for God, and prayer—note those characteristics, please. At a very great sacrifice Hans Luther sent Martin to school, first to Mansfeld, then to Erfurt University. Luther's father made these sacrifices in order that he might prepare his son for practicing law.

To a great many people it is nonplusing, indeed, to try to understand why Luther, although he had been brought up

under his environments and taught by a father so antagonistic to all forms of monastic life as Luther's father was, flung aside all of these inheritances, and crushing every ardent hope of his father and friends, rushed into a monastery. But let him who is perplexed remember that—

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

Then why not think that the Spirit of God led this man to take this step in order that he might know thoroughly that mammon of unrighteousness that he was destined to overthrow? Then, too, Luther had a fervent desire to be in a close relationship with God, and at that time it was taught that in the monastery, apart from the world, was the only place to serve Christ, Who died for the world. After he entered the monastery, he worked very energetically to find propitiation for his sins in the accustomed dead works, but he couldn't find relief for his conscience. He studied every phase of the monastic life very closely, and he admired it; but he was struck with awe when he saw the priests utter in so casual manner a prayer which they said turned a piece of bread into the body of Christ. Luther never grew tired of seeking relief for his conscience concerning his sins. Finally he found it when he read and understood the passage: "The just shall live by faith." Then Luther said that it was by "believing" and not by "doing" that he was to be saved.

The fact that Luther was chosen as Professor of Philosophy in a university at Wittenburg in 1508 shows his scholarly attainment and business ability. In 1512 he was made Doctor of Theology in the same university. In these capacities, Luther worked most untiringly, but it was in 1516 when a chance was given him to prove his innate love for humanity and his willingness to serve them. After every one who could had fled from Wittenburg on account of a plague, Luther's reply to the hundreds of requests for him to flee was that it was his duty to stay there where he was needed.

In order that we may understand the reformation thor-

oughly, let us look at the cause and occasion of Luther's beginning it. The cause was the keen analytical mind and magnanimous heart which enabled him to see the absurdity of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The occasion was the selling in his town of indulgences. Now these indulgences were tickets sold by agents of the Pope—the most important agent was Fetzel—insuring forgiveness of sins, participation in the grace of God, and freedom from purgatory. For a man like Luther, who had been convinced that the only way to salvation was through faith, even to think of this was to arouse him to his utmost capacity against it. Accordingly, he wrote out his "disputation," explaining the indulgences in ninety-five theses, and placed them on the common bulletin board—the church door. As a result of these theses, Luther was summoned to meet the papal legate at Augsburg. Luther was asked to recant, but he sternly refused. Thereupon the legate wrote the Elector of the province in which Luther resided, warning him against harboring a heretic. The Elector replied that he did not regard him as a heretic, since the best theologians of Rome could not prove him to be in the wrong. Luther was then summoned to discuss his position with his famous opponent, Dr. Eck, at Leipzig. An hundred years prior to this date, for one to whisper a word against the Pope was to invite certain destruction. But here was Luther actually debating a question at a public meeting which was against the Pope. Dr. Eck claimed for himself the victory in this debate, but in reality he had gained nothing on this great man. However, upon the election of Charles V. as Emperor, an ardent Catholic and a man who realized that all heresy must be suppressed if he kept together his heterogeneous kingdoms, more definite action was taken against Luther. He was summoned to appear before the Diet at Worms. At this time there was great excitement and fear among Luther's friends for his safety. His friends tried to prevent him from going, but this was only a chance for Luther to show his courage, for he replied to their entreaties: "I would go to Worms if I knew that there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roof." The Diet

declared Luther a heretic and gave him a safe conduct of twenty days, after which time every one was forbidden to give him food or drink and any one who could was to seize him and deliver him to the Papal authorities. But Luther could not be found. His Elector had hid him at Warthburg. There Luther engaged himself in translating the Bible into the German language. In this Luther showed himself to be a master of the language, for it is said that "he created the German language as a vehicle of literary expression." He resolved that his translation should be for the common man, and it was.

After remaining hid for about two years, Luther became so restless that he could no longer remain in his cage. This restlessness was greatly augmented by a letter written by the Council of the Regency demanding that all who favored the reformation should be annihilated. Thereupon Luther appeared in his old pulpit and preached boldly to his people.

Luther, however, like all human beings, made mistakes sometimes. He had called upon the peasants to rise against the oppression of the rulers. The peasants, taking his words literally, did form themselves into a rebellion and began to burn monasteries and destroy property. This was far from Luther's plan of carrying out the reformation; therefore, he called upon the rulers to put down the peasants who had supported him most ardently in his work. This the rulers did with incredible atrocities. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand peasants were killed as a result of this revolt. This revolt was against the reformation, but, nevertheless, Luther had won his cause, for the evangelical truths had lodged in the hearts of many people so firmly that, when old Charles, having subdued France, turned to suppress Luther and his followers, he found so many who sternly refused to give up their belief that he abandoned his effort to subdue them.

The last of Luther's life was devoted to founding the evangelical church and to an educational reformation. Thus Luther lived to see the reformation he had begun completed. He lived to see the time when a man in Germany could worship God

according to the dictates of his own conscience. Those days would have come if there had never been a Luther, but who knows how long it would have been before there would have been a man with the moral courage to hurl defiance in the face of so powerful an enemy as the Pope? Besides the blessing for Germany, the reformation was a great service to the leaders of the reformation in England, Italy and France.

In the happy future days, when nations shall no longer settle their disputes by blood and iron, Germany shall forget her generals and her statesmen, but as long as time lasts and men love liberty in the worship of their Heavenly Father, the name of Martin Luther shall be reverenced for his courage, his loyalty to his cause, and his aspiration to see every man serve God as he chooses. FRED HARRIS, '18.

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Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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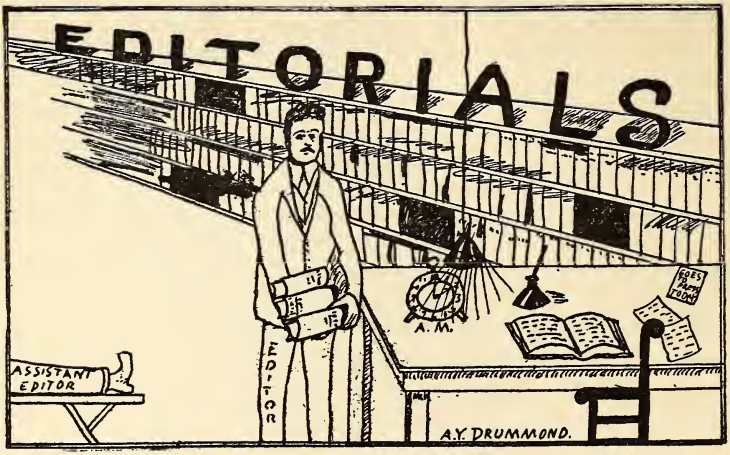

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"The Quarantine"

The quarantine which was put on in the city to check the spread of meningitis has at last been lifted. During the time that it was in force, Wofford boys were confined to the limits of the campus. This was indeed hard for some of us to bear, as we are accustomed to visit the city almost daily. But it was a test of our self-control, and all in all, our boys showed up well under the test. However, we hope that the disease has been completely stamped out due to the measures taken by the health department.

"A Full Realization"

America has at last realized that she is in this terrible war to the finish. The events of the past few weeks, coming, as they have, one after the other, have produced an effect never before felt in this war.

The announcement that American troops had occupied a sector on the French front, and the casualties that resulted, quickened the interest of some who had not fully realized that we were in the war to the bitter end.

Then the news last week that a transport containing American soldiers on their way to the battlefields of Europe had been sunk with a loss of 147 of our boys burned the truth still deeper into our souls.

Some people will be inclined to think that this was a notable feat on the part of the U-boat, and that it marks the beginning of a submarine campaign on a large scale. But we must school ourselves to expect some losses in this war, and it will be almost impossible to prevent some of our transports falling victims to the violators of the laws of humanity.

"The Baseball Season"

The baseball season will soon be here. This season of the year is always looked forward to with the keenest of interest by the boys. And this year, of all years, we should not only take an interest in it by going out to see the games, but we should get a glove and get out there and try to make a winning team.

The way to beat the Kaiser is to get all the clean athletic exercise we can, and there is no better form of exercise than baseball. England recognized this fact in the early stages of the war and transformed her training camps into playgrounds.

So it is our patriotic duty to make ourselves as physically fit as possible, as it looks like sooner or later all of us will have to enlist in the cause for world democracy.

"An Explanation"

THE JOURNAL staff wishes to apologize, or rather offer an explanation, for the lateness of THE JOURNAL in coming out this month.

Examinations were not finished until February 5th, the day THE JOURNAL should have gone to press. Of course, at that time we had no material, as everybody had been busy with examinations.

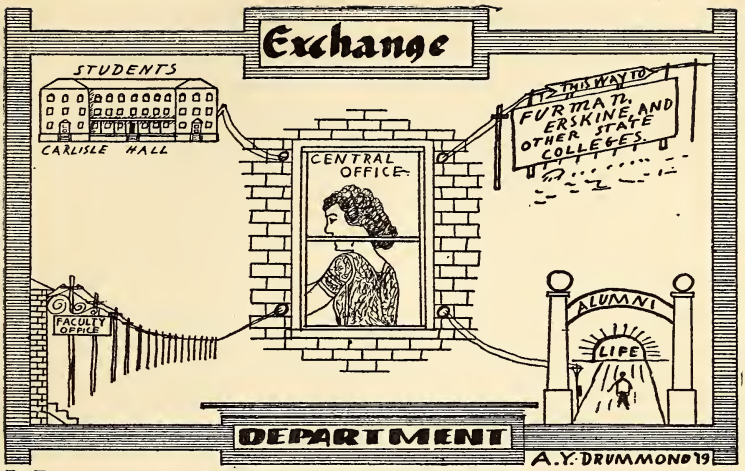
We also wish to explain why THE JOURNAL has been late in coming out at other times. These are abnormal times we are living in, and no piece of mechanism reflects the abnormal-

ity of the times better than a student's mind. Some colleges have been forced to discontinue their monthly magazine because it was impossible to get the material. So please do not condemn us, but give us your help by writing something for THE JOURNAL, and the staff will do their share.

Death of Professor Wyche

The campus was saddened on Sunday, February 10th, to learn of the death of Prof. Wyche, of the Fitting School.

Prof. Wyche has been Headmaster of the Fitting School for several years, and during that time he has won the friendship and love of all the boys. And although we of the college have not been thrown into direct contact with him, yet we have felt the influence of his fine personality.



J. P. BARRON.....EDITOR

One of the first exchanges to come to our attention was the Christmas number of *The Carolinian.* On opening it, we find the expression of the sorrow felt by the students of Carolina over the death of Prof. Lewis Parke Chamberlayne, and evidence of the high regard in which he was held by all the students. The staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL extends their sympathy to the staff of *The Carolinian* in their loss. We know that not only has the University of South Carolina lost a very valuable professor, but also that South Carolina has lost one of her best citizens.

The effect of the war is plainly evidenced in most of the contributions of the number, especially in the poetry and short stories. The poetry is especially good, and such a poem as "The Men of Carolina" is not only nobly patriotic, but also contains poetical merit. The tribute paid to Robert E. Gonzales in the poem "He Shall Go With Us" is a well deserved tribute to one who has given his life to his country. The poem "After All" also deserves mention.

In the story, "War," is found an arraignment against the Germans for their ruthless policy of bombing churches and hospitals. The story is also well written in an attractive way

and is good, although short. The other story of this issue, "Humoresque," is especially good, and portrays some of the suffering that women must bear on account of the war. "And the Others" could scarcely be considered a story, but rather an extract from life containing a study of human nature. The essay, "Purely Theoretical," is a splendid discussion of the English cabinet, and also contains a defense of our own cabinet against the unjust criticism of men of former times. The play, "A New Woman," brings out the value and effect of "honor system" in prisons, but is rather unwholesome in the atmosphere in which the scenes are laid. This issue is especially creditable, as it is the first number of *The Carolinian* to appear this college year. We are glad to welcome this journal back among the number of our exchanges.

One of the best exchanges that has reached our desk this year is the December number of *The Emory Phoenix.* In appearance it is one of the most attractive we have seen, and two features which we have never seen before in a college publication are: "The Hall of Fame," in which different men of the Senior Class who are worthy of mention are written up, and the department entitled "Our Visitor," in which an article written by a student of another college is published. However, we note a lack of drawings, or cuts, at the head of the various departments, and also the absence of a joke department. However, we note the high standard of the Editorial Department, and we consider the editorial on "Freedom of Thought and Speech," which would well apply to all colleges, one of the best we have yet read. We also wish to say that our impression of the pictures of the members of the Wesleyan staff printed in that magazine at the beginning of the year was the same as that of the Emory editor, and we recommend it is a splendid measure for all of the girls' colleges to adopt.

The Literary Department is well balanced, and contains the right number of poems, essays and short stories to give it that appearance. Most of the poetry is good in thought and meter,

and we make mention of the poem, "Columbia," as being especially good. The two essays, "The Spirit of Christmas" and "The Meaning of Christmas," contain some excellent thought and good interpretation of the policy of Germany in the light of Christ's teachings. The three stories are all good, and we would especially commend the authors of "Four o'Clock and All's Well" and "Alias Santa Claus." We congratulate the staff for being able to put out such a creditable magazine, which speaks well for the institution it represents.

The next magazine that attracts our attention by its neat cover design is *The Orion,* from Anderson College. This number contains a large number of contributions, which is probably made possible by only five issues of the publication during the scholastic year. There are several articles to be mentioned that show deep thought and careful preparation, but as a whole the Literary Department is not up to the standard of the magazine. The various cuts are very good, and the other departments are well gotten up.

Of the short stories in the issue, "The Least of These" and "A Chapter From Life" are the best. Most of the poetry is rather lacking in perfection of meter, and the composers would benefit by a further study of English prosody. "That Old Roommate of Mine" is a splendid parody of Riley's poem, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." The standard of the essays is better than that of the poetry and short stories, and "History and Expression" and "Rosetti, the Artist Poet" are good discussions of those subjects. "What the War Is Doing for Women" is a very good account of the part women are playing in helping to win the war, but we suggest that the end would be much better if the author had not changed a beautiful quotation from the Bible to suit her need of an expression to show how women deserve the vote. We believe that the author of "A Contrast of Thanatopsis and a Psalm of Life" has made a mistake in attempting to contrast these two poems. She has misinterpreted some of the noblest thought in Thanatopsis and from a mere surface view has destroyed the beautiful signifi-

cance of the poem in her essay. Thanatopsis is not a "song of death," but rather a discourse on death, which is shown by the meaning of the Greek words from which the word is derived; and by no means does the poem point to the grave as the "goal of life," but merely shows that death is the inevitable end of all life and attempts to reconcile man to this fact. We suggest that the author re-read Thanatopsis several times and consider with special care the last verse of the poem, which was added to it in his later years by Bryant, and see if she cannot better conceive the purpose for which it was written and understand one of the noblest poems found in American literature.

"ROSES AND BRICK-BATS"

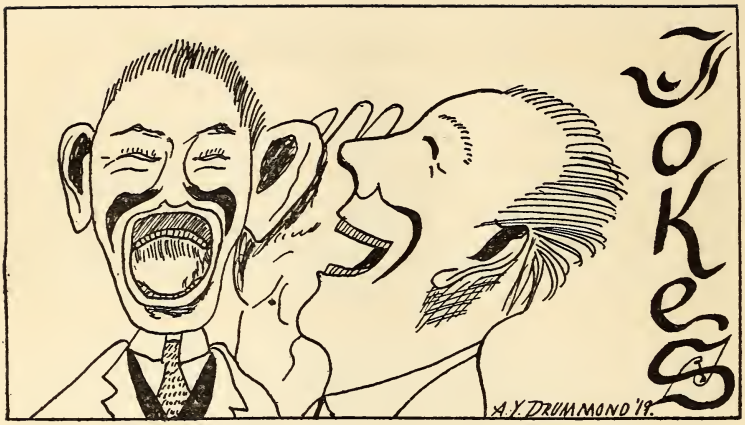
Note.—In reviving this department under the Exchange Department, we do it for the purpose of showing our contributors, who do not read the exchanges, what has been said of their works. We do this merely to accomplish the purpose of the exchanges—that is, to improve our magazine. All of our criticisms are given with a spirit of impartiality, and whatever is said of us is always received without resentment, whether it be complimentary or not.

The Isaqueena, of G. W. C., says: "THE WOFFORD JOURNAL for November is decidedly war-like in character. Out of the nine contributions in the Literary Department, six relate to our Great National Crisis. Each one is good and shows just how seriously our college folks are thinking."

The Limestone Star says: "We are indebted to Wofford for October and November numbers of their monthly publication. Both numbers are very readable, but we are wondering if there are only two who can write poems at Wofford. These two seem to tie with each other in contributions. These writers are good, but why don't some of the rest of you wake up and send in something?"

Note.—*Why?* Please take note of this, ye Freshmen and Sophomores, and come to the aid of the staff. Some of you can write poetry if you will only try. Just try it once and see.

We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Criterion, The Limestone Star, The Clemson Chronicle, The Aurora, The Furman Echo, The Newberry Stylus, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Wesleyan, The Davidson College Magazine, The Concept, The Erothesian, The Woman's College Journal, The Isaqueena, Bessie Tift Journal, The Washington and Lee Magazine, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era,* and the *Cerberus.*



Senior Maxwell: "Rast, this is a good bath-tub. Do you like it better than the shower bath?"

Rast: "I don't know, Frank. I haven't tried either yet."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL WAY

"The diner at the table then
Did neither carp nor curse,
But took the oleomargerine
For butter or for worse."

—Selected.

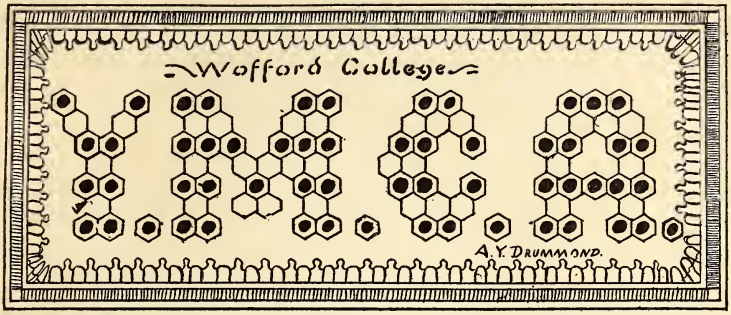
KNEW IT ALREADY

"I haven't paid a penny for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it!" said the motorist.

"So the man who repaired it told me!" said a friend in corroboration.—Selected.

Freshman Rollins, looking at the old scores on the scoreboard at the athletic field, said he didn't see how Wofford could have had a game of baseball without his having seen it.

Freshman Oliver, coming in from town, walked down the railroad plumb into the mill section, forgetting that he was to have stopped at Carlisle Hall.



L. D. HAMER.....EDITOR

Due to the inclement weather, examinations and quarantine, there has been but one meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association since Christmas. The regular program, as outlined by President Buddin and Vice-President Wallace, has been greatly interfered with, but they hope to carry out this program during the second semester.

On the night of February 8th, Prof. J. A. Gamewell made a very helpful and interesting talk, with "Nullo Religio" as his subject. Prof. Gamewell spoke of his deep interest in Y. M. C. A. work, both among the college men and the men of the city. He said he was proud of the fact that he was among the founders of the "Y" at Wofford, and also of the city Y. M. C. A.

Prof. Gamewell said that the teachings of Christ are so plain and simple that a child can understand them, and that there is no excuse for anybody not being familiar with Christ's messages of hope and love. It is not a lack of comprehension on our part, but a lack of living up to our knowledge, that is responsible for our failure to live the Christian lives we should. No man should be ignorant of Christ's teachings, for all can easily learn and interpret them in the light of their own experiences and needs.

The word "religion" is quite frequently abused. Many people have a mistaken idea as to the exact meaning of the word. Some say that certain persons are too religious. This is not so, for no one can be thus. What they mean is that certain ones are too emotional, over-zealous, or too anxious

to serve. This they confuse with the idea that they are too religious. Many crimes have arisen because of a misconception of the true meaning of the term "religion," and in its name great evils have been perpetrated.

Through every religion there runs a golden chord. Religion is the reaching out of the human soul after something higher, nobler, grander, truer than anything it has previously experienced. In every religion there are good things; not all great moral doctrines are in the Christian's Bible. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, all adhere to some of the greatest moral principles in the world's theology. Prof. Gamewell then went on to state that the great problem to him was not "Why am I a Protestant?" "Why am I a Methodist?" but "Why am I a Christian, and how may I best attain to the Christian's standard? Doctrines never worry me," he said.

"What did Christ mean by religion? His conception of it is love of man for his friend, the love which will enable him to give his life for his friend, if need be. Christ said that there is no greater love than this."

Prof. Gamewell closed by saying that we should so live with Christ and imbibe His spirit of love and sacrifice as to be able to meet the supreme test of love when it is presented to us.

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STUDENTS

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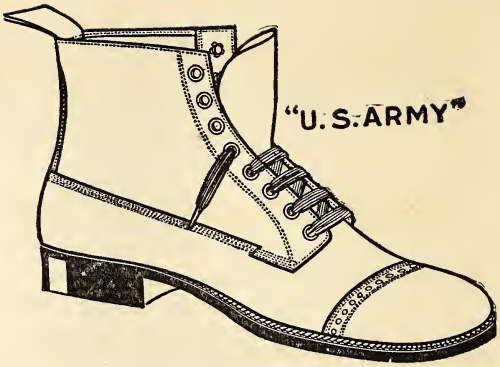

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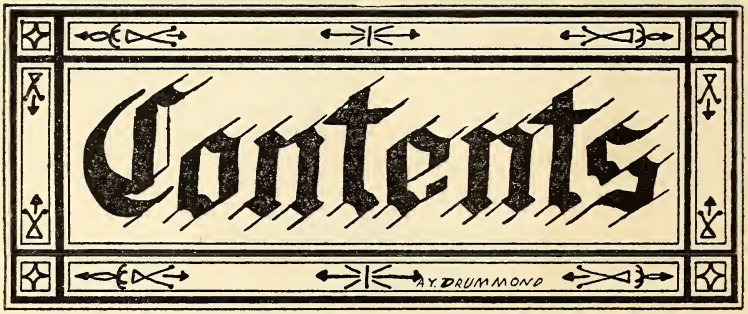

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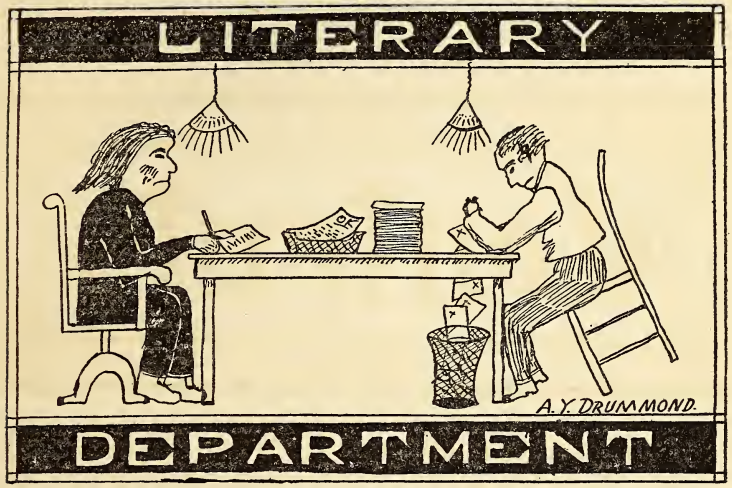

W. H. Wallace.....Editor
J. F. Kinney.....Assistant Editor

The Little Memory

By G. D. Sanders.

Just a bit of a romance,
A day in a prosaic life,
Filled with a gentle sweetness—
Lives 'mid the daily strife:

Lives in the heart to awaken
The best of a youthful dream;
Lives like the soul of tomorrow
That leads with its beckoning gleam.

And life isn't all a custom,
For romance will have its way;
And lives that show least of its presence
Were different once for a day.

"Old Glory"

By G. D. Sanders.

I SAW in my imagination the dawning of a new day as it emerged from a shroud of blackness. First, there was that indescribable blank darkness that always precedes the day; then the dark shades began to lighten, and, faint at first, but growing brighter, in the east appeared shades of gray—dull gray, light gray, white, a mist lifting—and from the shadows a million tints bursting into sight, until the heaven was alive with crimson, and scarlet, and a thousand other shades of red. These faded, evanesced, came back clearer, changed—until they lay in thick layers against the east—wide stripes interspersed with white—and I saw thirteen of them there. Then came brighter light, and, looking beyond the field of stripes, I saw a great, square block of God's own azure, and dotting this like jewels in a monarch's crown were forty-eight great, sparkling orbs of the night that had refused to fade with the passing of darkness.

And while I watched this miracle, it took on a definite shape, until in far-flung beauty it hung suspended there, a fluttering, living thing that men called a flag and hailed as the answer of a new day to a world's benighted hope.

And the people who dwelt amid rolling plains, and hills, and free, new acres saw the miracle too, and, catching the wonder of it and the promise, hailed it as the peculiar symbol of God's own people and named it "Old Glory," and left it waving in the sky there, while under its royal standard flocked the people of the earth who believed in the rule of right against might, of democracy against tyranny And these people—brave and simple folk—held it not sacrilege to count that emblem of the morning heavens second only to that other blood-spotted and love-drenched symbol of Calvary's hillside.

Many years have passed since that standard set out on a path that has meant free government to man. It has never been raised except in defense of freedom; it has never waved over a battlefield where armies fought because of greed and

avarice. Wherever it has gone, it has given more than it has taken, until wherever people love freedom and democracy and liberty that starry flag, with its bars of red and white, is loved and reverenced as no other flag.

Victorious ever because it always fought for right, it has marched down the pathway of years leading its followers to the belief that maybe, after all, right could make might. Year after year it waved not over an army bent on the destruction of man, nor above a ship whose motive was to bring death to innocent babes and helpless mothers; but above free schools and over great business houses whose purpose was the building of a nation's wealth through legitimate channels; and in churches, too, it has hung beside that other flag with its red cross symbol.

But four years ago a great pirate nation rose up in its splendid militaristic might and, defying humanity, threw the world into a chaos of devastation because of its own selfish desires. Joined against the black eagle of Germany were the bars of old England, the tri-color of France, the flag that told of Cæsar and Pompey, the blazing sun of far Japan, the sky-blue cross of Russia, and the proud flag—red, yellow and black—of trampled Belgium, sore pressed and almost dying, but soul-white because she put her honor before her life. And though it was easy to see that the world was fighting autocracy, that starry flag still hung aloof, until many of us wondered if, after all, it stood for a world of free men and the rule of right.

And then the awakening came, and we saw that we had been wrong; that the hand directing the flag had been patient for a purpose—had sought to carry the spirit of that flag to those who had never known its meaning before; and, failing, did what it could only do—joined those other symbols of freedom against those armies that fought for greed.

And America came to her own. Her sons answered the call, and a flag that is blue and white and red flies between the crossed bars of England and the tri-color of France, and it will fly there until the last vestige of wrong is erased from the history of nations.

* * * * * * * * * *

And in a great city a mighty concourse of people have gathered. They line the sidewalks and look from the windows. Far off is heard the tramping of many feet, then:

"Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
The blare of bugles, the ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

"Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines;
Hats off! The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by.

"Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

"Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice and right and law;
Stately honor and reverent awe;

"Sing of a nation great and strong
To ward its people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

"Hats off!
Along the street there comes
The blare of bugles, the ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by."

And after it passes and the cheers die away, look out toward the golden west, where the sun is going down in splendid

glory. And there another miracle, greater than that I witnessed at daybreak, greets my vision. For not one flag, but all the flags of all the nations, are grouped together there. I see the black eagle of Germany; but behold! it is in the hands of an artisan now, and I see no crown against its background. Russia, too, no longer torn by internal strife, but made strong through the patience of the nations, is represented there, with England and France and Japan. But in the center, lit up with a blaze of glory, is that old flag with its stars and stripes. Nearest it wave the flags of little Belgium and resurrected Serbia.

But the vision blends, changes, becomes new again. And now a great mass of people lift beaming eyes to that flag, and far away, faint at first, but growing closer, sweeter, swelling out and filling the earth is the sound of a wonderful song. Sweet, new music is fitted to it, but the words are ages old, and echo back to the time when an angel sang them first above Judea's hill—"Peace on earth; to man good will!"

"A College Man"

College days have passed away,
While westward shines one last red ray,
Slowly sinking, as if to stay
The twilight of a passing day.

No more I hear the burst of shell,
The beat of drum, or shrieking yell;
The day has gone, and all is well
Except for friends who fighting fell.

Then by campfires gathers our band
Who for freedom and honor stand,
With fiery eye and heart so grand
Dares one touch our native land.

Within my tent at night I lie,
Sweetly dreaming of days gone by;
Of college triumphs, which never die
As long as stands the firm blue sky.

Again I see the dear old towers
Amidst the trees, the grass and flowers,
Bathed in sunlight or summer showers,
With all their height and stately powers.

Oh, how I long for those old faces,
The trees, the birds and grassy places,
And how my thought forever traces
The college men whose name it graces.

And as I lie, in fitful dreams,
Thinking of birds, sweet songs and streams,
The "Reveille" as a bugle gleams
Wakes me to see a new day beams.

And if it be my fate to fall
Fighting for right and freedom's call,
I have one wish, and that is all—
That I may honor my college hall.

"Toby," '19.

The Retreat of Uncle Mose

NCLE MOSE SIMPSON took down his trustworthy patent medicine almanac and began to search among its pages to find out whether or not it was going to rain on the morrow. Uncle Mose, most of whose memories and ideas on life lay far back toward the ante-bellum period, was very confident in the accuracy of his almanac. Indeed, when the almanac proved to have been mistaken in its forecast of the weather conditions—and this happened quite frequently, be it said—Uncle Mose was prone to think that this was the weather's fault, and not the almanac's. The weather should conform strictly to the prophecies of this reputable book, and the good old darkey sometimes became very wroth with the elements when they thus disregarded their plain duty. Despite these fickle and undutiful spells which ever regularly came about, Uncle Mose continued faithfully to search on every occasion of importance in this authority for what the weather *ought to be.*

The particular occasion which caused Uncle Mose to repeat this performance at this time was the planning of a trip to visit his daughter the next day. The trip must be made on rail a good distance, after which the venerable old darkey would be compelled to walk a distance of some five miles, or else hire some one to transport him the rest of the way. This latter was out of the question, for Uncle Mose was wealthy only in one way—in the abundance and variety of superstition and quaint ideas of which all old-fashioned negroes of the South are heir. This talk, however, was no obstacle in Uncle Mose's eyes, and the report of the indispensible almanac being favorable, he decided to make the long-planned trip.

Uncle Mose was not a very progressive citizen. To be sure, he knew of the United States' war with Germany, and of the training of our soldiers to meet the danger; but his ideas on the subject were somewhat inaccurate. It was no wonder, living as he did as a tenant far back in the country, that he was surprised that the Germans had not yet reached here to

begin the fight. It must be said, however, that he was not impatient for this to happen, nor did he wish the pleasure—or, more properly for him, the fright—of coming upon any of our own knights in khaki. Could he have had an inkling of what would come out of this proposed trip, he would most probably have consulted his Bible instead of his almanac and stayed at home.

Life would be quite different to all of us if we could know beforehand how things would come out; but, wisely, this knowledge has been withheld from us, and we plunge blindly on into the future. Uncle Mose, being only human like the rest of us, plunged blindly on, too, and several hours before day the next morning boarded the train for his daughter's home. Even an old-fashioned negro, when on such a trip as this, will take on some of that air of gaiety and intense interestedness that characterizes his peanut-eating, loud-dressing, sporty kinsmen and product of these modern times, and Uncle Mose was rather sorry than otherwise when his "ride on de cahs" was at an end.

He grasped his old carpetbag and limped off the train. Somehow, the little country station did not seem exactly as it had to him on his previous trip here. A new platform had been erected beside the little shack that served as a waiting room, the only building in sight, and there was everywhere signs of heavy traffic around the place. The old negro thought that he had never seen such a broad and well-packed road as the one that confronted him as he started on his walk.

He had gone perhaps a mile, when he found that the new, wide road no longer ran the way he must go, but turned sharply to the right; and, furthermore, that the old road that he must now follow was securely blockaded and boldly displayed the sign: "Danger! Keep Out!" Uncle Mose was puzzled by this further mystery, but soon concluded that this sign was meant for mules and other uncertain animals, and not for an old negro like himself, who could be trusted to walk with perfect safety almost anywhere, except in a watermelon patch. Acting upon this conviction and further spurred on by the desire to reach

his daughter's house as soon as possible, Uncle Mose walked around the wooden fence that spread across the road and continued his journey. Without knowing what he was doing, the old darkey had entered a road that ran through a corner of a newly-established artillery range, where some United States troops were then in practice. At twelve o'clock, four batteries were suddenly to launch an attack upon certain targets located in this part of the range, and it was now five minutes until twelve!

Uncle Mose walked briskly along in his limping, scrambling fashion, all the time being cheered by the new green of the leaves and grass of spring and the singing of the few birds that had thus far returned to their home. The brisk spring air was very invigorating, and the old man, true to the nature of the southern negro, was just mentally commenting upon what bright prospects there were for a long, hot, glorious, sleepy summer, when, out of the clear heavens, there burst forth a most terrific, horrible and unearthly roar that he had ever heard, and at the same time a lesser crash was heard several hundred yards beyond the road as a shell tore up the earth. Without waiting for the air to cool, others followed in rapid succession, making the most horrifying, bellowing avalanche of sound imaginable. At the first onset, Uncle Mose had fairly thrown down his carpetbag, his hat was violently loosed from its proper place, and the old man had leaped from the road three feet into the air, his eyes growing as big as saucers, his wool straightening out and projecting from his head like the bristles on a rounded wire hairbrush. And, to express further his terror, he let out a vigorous yell that had in it all the elements of both a prayer and a curse. As the great, thundering cloud-burst of sound poured around him, he jumped wildly about and ran around like a fish in charged water.

His first thought was that the end of the world had come, and he began to wonder whether or not he could stand hell. It took him only a fraction of a second to conclude that if it was as terrible as it had been described to him by "Brudder Job Podds," Uncle Mose's faithful minister, that he could not, and

as soon as he could stop himself from this frantic muscular exertion, he fell down upon his knees and, with eyes wild and crazed with fear and with hands reaching heavenward with their spreading, trembling digits, he wildly offered up his plea for mercy.

"O Lawd Gawd Jesus Christ, hab mercy on dis ol' niggah! O Lawd, I allus know'd dat dis heah worl' wus a-comin' to an en' some time, but I nevah 'spected it to blow up lak dis— O Lawd, I allus been a purty good niggah, Lawd—— O Gawd, ef you'll jes' let me git into heavun, I'll shoah behave myself up deah—— O Lawd, I won't pester you or none o' dem shinin' angels, Lawd—— I'll jes' stan' off in a conah by myself, Lawd, or maybe jes' speak a little to Aunt Sasperilla Spriggs— O Lawd, I shoah am sorry 'bout dis——"

A cannon ball bursted several yards away, and the volume of dirt that resulted from it fairly buried Uncle Mose. He was too much moved to continue further his discourse with God, and as he hurriedly—or rather frantically—disentangled himself from the displaced soil, he was able, with what remnant of intelligence he had left, to perceive through an opening in the tree that on a far-off hill a row of giant guns were spitting forth great volumes of smoke and noise, and that these were probably the cause of all the trouble. Around the great machines he could barely distinguish numbers of men running hither and thither. Another horrible conclusion now reached him, and he uttered a doleful shriek:

"O Gawd! de Germans!"

This latter conviction seemed to cause him as much confusion as his first deduction as to the cause of the trouble. More perhaps it caused him, for he instantly concluded that even prayer was of no avail when one has to deal with Germans, and he no longer made an effort to locate a comfortable place in which to kneel in solemn prayer; but, acting upon his first impulse, began the running and jumping program again, this time, however, in a more systematic manner. He headed straight down the road at a rate that would have done justice to a much younger man, all the time ejaculating inco-

herent fragments of speech about safety and the German peril. His rheumatic joints, which had carried him limping about the country for years, bore up manfully under the strain and carried him as surely and as swiftly as they had years before, when, on one bright moonlight night, he had come upon a famous ghost in the old country churchyard at home. Uncle Mose had never fully appreciated before how very valuable a good set of legs could be to one, but he did not let remorse for this lack of appreciation keep him from making the most of them now.

Although his speed was enormous, Uncle Mose managed, as he was whizzing by, to see a great, square wooden structure not far from the old road. Thinking perhaps that this might serve as a good place to hide himself until the German attack had passed, he halted his hurried steps and rapidly disappeared behind it. Poor, simple soul! How could he have known that this was one of the targets, and, furthermore, that young Lieutenant Byng, determining to make a hit with the Colonel, was concentrating his efforts upon hitting this target fairly and squarely in the face? Eight shots had already been wasted on the stubborn target and the electric signal failed to record a hit, and now the young officer was desperately determined to hit it this time or have a fit in the attempt. He calculated his angle very accurately, had his gun set exactly in the proper position, and gave orders to fire. A great roar followed, and the little signal told him that far over in the distance the shot had taken effect. If he had been near the target, as the whole top part of the structure went down in a mighty crash, he would have seen an individual belonging to the black species of human beings dash out like a flash and continue his course down the road with a speed exceeding—if such is possible—that which he had been exhibiting when he had decided to change his mode of procedure in the conduct of his escape.

On and on Uncle Mose ran, forgetting that his daughter lived, forgetting everything in the world except two things—that the Germans were after him, and that the good Lord saw fit to still let him run. He soon came to another fence block-

ading the road as the other, and marking the bounds of the range again, but he evaded this and continued his retreat in the same masterful fashion. His rapid progress soon brought him into the neighborhood of his daughter's home, and far down the road his son-in-law, Verg Jones, perceived the temporary lunatic rapidly approaching. All thoughts of the place were now out of his head, and, the booming still continuing behind him, he probably would never have stopped until he had reached China, or the North Pole, or somewhere else, had not his interested son-in-law obstructed his passage. He soon recognized his kinsman, but showed no disposition to tarry with him.

"What is de mattah wid you folks?" he fairly howled between his franctic spells of panting. "De Germans am comin'! Don' you heah dem Germans comin'? Grab one o' dem chilluns an' les' go—"

"But, looky heah, Mistah Simpson," interrupted Verg, forcefully restraining the old man, "dem ain't Germans; dey is United States soldiahs shootin' ovah deah!"

The old man did not understand, but stood panting in dazed bewilderment. Over and over again his daughter and her Verg repeated to him that these were our soldiers who were thus tearing up the heaven and earth over there. They were still debating with the perspiring, panting old man, when a soldier with a red hat cord appeared in sight. Upon seeing him, Uncle Mose sprang frantically toward the house.

"Hol' on, Mistah Simpson," pleaded Verg. "He won' hurt youh! Dis is one of dem soldiers of ourn. He is soon goin' to fight de shoah nuf Germans."

"Dat's all right," emphatically rejoined Uncle Mose, as he finished retreating into the house; "dat may be. All I got to say is, dat if he am one o' dem men up dare, an' if dey is many mo' lak him, dat dis wah is gwine end right away! De Germans had shoah better look out! I'se a-warnin' 'em aforehand. When dey gits ovah heah to fight, ef dem men ovah deah'll jes' start up dat 'ere conflagution, dem rascals won't stop

runnin' till dey gits plumb back to de German town! No, suh; I doubt wheder dey stop dare! I shoah do!"

And he went on into the room and securely closed the door behind him, convincing himself anew that he had no desire whatsoever to lead the exciting life of a soldier, especially in his old age, when rheumatism and a delicate constitution made retreating so slow and uncertain. N., '18.

Approaching the Finis

Through bright and sunny weather,
Through dark and stormy days,
We've trod life's path together
In kind and friendly ways.

Through months of trial and trouble,
Through sunshine and through rain,
When lessons seemed to double,
We studied not in vain.

Through four long years we've labored,
Until we've reached the end,
And look back o'er our records
To the things we'd like to mend.

But the time has come for parting,
Though our friendship shall not break,
We are at the foothills, climbing,
And our names we've yet to make.

Now that we must part, my classmates,
Leave the walls we love so well,
May success and happiness
Be the words our records spell.

May the old school spirit keep throbbing
Always, in every breath,
And remember this toast I offer,
Wofford College until our death!

J. M. LESESNE, '19.

Our National Emblem: Its History

WHO can calculate how much poorer this world of ours would be if all signs and emblems should be taken from it? Men are so constituted that they naturally turn to symbols to give tangibility to their abstract ideas and ideals. The base savage feels in his inmost soul some mysterious idea or vague conception, and his innate instinct of worship compels him to set up a totem or other figure that will represent in concrete and visible form something that he dimly believes to exist. His mind cannot satisfactorily grasp the thought of a spirit, and he must clothe that thought in a form visible to his own eye and permitting of his own reverent touch. It is true that the primitive man often forgets that his symbol is only symbolical, and worships it for itself. Yet the fact of origin exists. Up through the successive steps of his growth man develops symbols, each being less crude than the one before and possessing more meaning as his own enlightenment increases, until finally we see the tendency towards religious symbolism reach a climax in the sign of the cross—the sign on which Protestant as well as Catholic looks as the supreme symbol, the sign of the fact of Christianity. This is the symbol which confronted those heroic souls as they faced the lions of the arena or the flames of the martyr's stake. This emblem, intrinsically worthless, has cheered many a dying man on the battlefields of the Old World. Scarcely less comforting is the sight of that other cross—the Red Cross—the emblem of a great organization built on those noble human qualities of mercy, love and service and especially dear to the wounded soldier, because he knows that its service is made possible by the willing support of wives, friends and sweethearts back home. There is still another emblem, the sight of which brings cheer to the heart of the men in uniform. This is the Red Triangle, which represents that great organization that carries a touch of home to the men at the front and brightens their hours of rest.

But perhaps the most potent of all symbols seen on the

lines is the emblem of a nation, a nation for whose ideals the man under arms is ready to die, be he French or German, British or American. Even now our own national emblem, the Stars and Stripes, is waving over the shell-swept trenches in France. Who can estimate how greatly the sight of that flag, the symbol of the great American Republic which has actively joined in the fight for freedom, cheers the heart and arouses the determination of those gallant French and English soldiers that so long have borne the brunt in this greatest of all struggles? The whole world over the Stars and Stripes is today being looked upon with bitter hate or ardent admiration, according as the beholding eyes be those of enemy or ally.

In our own country since the war came to us our national flag is being more generally and more prominently displayed than perhaps it has ever been before, certainly in the memory of the present generation. And it is right that it should be so displayed. The sight of it constantly brings to our minds the stern reality that we are at war, fighting for the honor of that flag and for the rights of the country which it represents. Let us, then, trace the steps in the evolution of this emblem and see how it came to represent, as it does, the history, the hopes, ideals and aspirations of our country.

In the first place, the Stars and Stripes is distinctly American. It was "made in America," and there is no foreign element in it. The flag as we have it was given its essential form by an Act of the Congress of the United States on June 14, 1777, nearly one year after the Declaration of Independence made us a distinct and separate nation. This flag, however, being the flag of the united American people, was a natural outgrowth of certain flags previously used at various times by the different colonies before they were united under an independent government.

England claimed for her portion of the newly discovered North American continent all the land between Halifax and Cape Fear, extending across the continent to the Pacific. This vast territory she granted to two large companies, the Plymouth Company in the north, and the London Company in the south.

Since the purpose of the companies was commercial, the King and Parliament of England had authority over the colonies, and the flag being a sign of dominion, the English flag was, of course, the official flag of the colonies in America from 1620 till the assertion of independence severed our relationship with the mother country. Most of the colonists were loyal to England, but quite a number were not friendly to her. These colonists had emigrated to this country primarily for religious scruples. They were very sincere Protestants, and hated everything that savored of the "papists." Even as early as 1634, consequently, we find many in the Massachussets Bay Colony complaining against the Cross of St. George in the English flag. The cross, which we regard as the symbol of Christianity, they looked upon as a sign of the papacy, and in their religious sincerity they cut the cross out of the flag. Though they did this solely out of religious faith, yet a somewhat delicate situation was created, for the flag represented the dominion of England, and the act looked like insolence on their part toward the home government. Finally, the agreement was made that the King's colors should fly over the forts, for they belonged to the King, and that on the other hand the military companies of the colonies should be allowed to select their own colors.

Life in the new country fostered the inborn love of Liberty which drove them to this continent, and even at so early a date as 1645 we find the three colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut combined in league for their protection against common enemies. It is interesting to note that this was the first step toward the ultimate formation of the colonies into the American union. This growing spirit of independence showed itself when, a little after 1650, some of the New England colonies adopted the plan of a pine tree that Massachusetts had stamped on her currency "as an apt symbol of her progressive vigor," beside the Cross of St. George in the flag of England. This pine tree flag of New England acknowledged the authority of England, but at the same time asserted the right of the colonies for a flag of their own. This flag was not officially authorized, however.

Between the year 1766 and the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Stamp Act and other such tyrannous measures caused a great deal of disturbance throughout the colonies, and everywhere the idea was growing the colonists should demand of England their liberty, and that they should support their demand by force if necessary. Liberty flags were raised everywhere by the colonists. One flag in South Carolina, bearing the words, "Liberty or Death," aptly expressed the prevailing sentiment. In 1775 and 1776, flags were in use having stripes of red and white, or red and blue, or white and yellow, or yellow and green. These stripes most commonly numbered thirteen—the number of rebellious colonies.

In July, 1775, Washington besieged some British troops in Boston. His army was composed of companies from all the colonies. Obviously this army needed a flag representing the colonies as a unit. A little later the Continental Congress sent Benjamin Franklin to confer with Washington about a suitable flag. As a result, in January, 1776, a flag was raised in the camp near Boston that represented precisely the state of affairs. It was the same as our Stars and Stripes, except that the cross in the King's colors was in the place now occupied by the group of stars. This flag admitted allegiance to England, but expressed the further fact that the thirteen colonies were united to demand their liberty. Then, on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence formally severed the united colonists from England and created a new nation.

Congress, on June 14, 1777, passed the resolution "that the flag of the U. S. be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." By an Act of Congress in April, 1818, the rule was fixed that on the fourth of July succeeding the admission of a new State, a new star should be added to the union of the flag to represent the new member of the union. Since then there has been no change in the flag, except for an increase in the number of stars.

Thus we see that many features of our early colonial flags

are embodied in our national emblem, and that this emblem represents many salient points of our early history.

June 14 of each year has been designated as Flag Day, and it seems very fitting that we should on that day think a little about the American flag and what it means to us and our country and the world. Especially should this day be observed this year, when so many of our men are going across the sea to fight for that very principle which the Stars and Stripes has always symbolized—Liberty. D. H. D., '19.

Extracts from a Mother's Diary

June 6.

"TODAY of all days in my boy's life is the most important to him, for it is his commencement day—the day on which he begins to live his life for himself. How proud I felt when I sat there in the audience and saw him look so tall and manly as he delivered his speech, and how my heart throbbed with joy when I saw the light in his eyes as he received his diploma. How tenderly he spoke to me after the exercises were over, for he realized that there was pain mingled in my heart with the joy over his success. Now those bonds which held him under my will are severed, and I can no longer control his plans and actions except by the bond of love between us and through his desire to please me, his mother. How rapidly the time has passed since I held him to my heart as a little child, but now that child is a man and I must see him go out to face life alone but for my counsel and prayers. Ah! no one but a mother can know the joy of what it is to help God make a man, and no one but those who have experienced it can know the mingled joy and pain that comes to a mother's heart when her son goes out from her into life. Perhaps John will be with me for a while longer, but it will only be for a short while, as the call of life is ever beckoning him on to achieve his success."

June 12.

"Alas! my fears have not been ungrounded, and today that which I feared most of all has happened. John came to me to tell me that he felt the call of his country, and asked for my consent to enlist in the army. It is too much, for I cannot see my only boy go to war! It made my heart ache to see the shame he felt for me which he could not conceal, but I cannot let him go until the country takes him from me, and then—oh! I can't bear to think of giving him up! I could gladly send him away to any part of the earth if I knew that it was for the good of humanity, but what good would one more soldier do among thousands? What right have men to bring about

wars, and then demand that the women give up their sons to die on account of the selfish purposes of others? No, mine shall not go until I can no longer keep him from going! For this is no war of ours, and I will not give my only son, my all, to fight on foreign soil when our country should not be in the war. Let the men of France and England, Belgium and Italy fight their own battles. John spoke of fighting for the women of France and Belgium and of making the world safe for democracy; but are there not mothers in America for whom their sons should live, and are we not safe and free here in America from any foe? It may be noble for men of our country to fight for those who helped us gain our freedom, but I cannot give my boy, I cannot."

June 20.

"At last I have had to give my consent for John to enlist, for I could not bear the accusation laid against me of causing him to be a 'slacker.' But my heart and soul is bitter, and I cannot understand his joy over being able to go to an officers' training camp to prepare himself to go 'over there,' perhaps—oh, God forbid!—to die. If this war will only come to an end so that my boy can come back to me!"

October 1.

"John came home today to be with me until he is assigned to active duty. How proud he was of his commission, and I could not help but feel some pride in seeing him look so handsome in his uniform. Then, too, I found out from Marie, my maid, that her son is a lieutenant in the French army, and I was glad to realize that my son is as brave as hers. But I am not reconciled to see him leave for the awful horror of the life on the battlefields of Europe."

November 21.

"It seems that I shall never forget this day, for it is stamped forever on my memory. John sailed today for an unknown port in France, and is now out on the mighty ocean, and in a few days he will be in the waters where the hidden submarine lurks to take its awful toll of human lives. He laughed at my fears, although tears glistened in his eyes as he kissed me

good-bye and whispered in my ear that he was proud of his brave little mother. If I could only be as brave as he thinks I am, but my courage fails me when I wonder if that was the last time that I shall ever see his face. I stood on the pier and smiled as best I could and watched him and waved until the ship was out in the channel, and then I turned away and wept. Oh, God, keep my boy safe and allow him to return to me if Thou seest fit."

December 24.

"Tomorrow will be the first Christmas in his life that John has failed to spend with me, but he will know that my heart goes out to him across the water, and that I am with him in spirit as he is out there in the mud and snow of the trenches. How fortunate for me that he is still alive and that I can yet hope that he will come back to me some day. Yesterday the news came to Marie that her Jean had given his life for his beloved France, and that he had lived a hero to the end. I could know something of the anguish in her heart when she read those few brief lines telling of his death. Her sorrow was too deep for tears until I tried to comfort her, and then she passionately cried through her tears, 'Yes, my mistress, it is hard to give him up, but I could bear it easier if I only had more sons to give for my poor bleeding country.' Such spirit and wonderful courage I have never seen before, and I do not wonder that the French are such heroes when they have motheres like that. I know we cannot fail to win, but I pray that our victory will soon come."

December 31.

"Christmas meant more to me this year than it ever has before, and the letter from John did me so much good. He was promoted for his bravery in a raid the Germans made on our trenches, but his message of love and encouragement meant more than that. To know that my boy is fighting for the principles which the Savior of Mankind died to bring into the world was enough to make Christmas mean what it should; and, although it was not such a happy one, it was the most joyous one that I have ever spent. And now tonight, as the

last few hours of the old year are passing away and a new year is about to begin, I gratefully thank God for His goodness and mercy in sparing my boy's life, and reverently pray that He will keep him under His care. But if He should see fit to take him, I can but bow before His will and pay the price which war demands of women and perform the duty I owe my country in doing all I can at home to help win the war. May the day soon come when the world can turn its face away from these scenes of such awful carnage and strife and mankind can lift its eyes to the fair vision which will soon become a reality and give universal peace to humanity forever."

J. P. B., '19.

Fort Prince George: A Historical Sketch

IN THE CAROLINAS during the fifties and sixties of the eighteenth century a number of frontier forts were built to serve as a protection for the settlers against the hostile Indians. Among these may be noted Fort Loudon, in the North Carolina mountains; Fort Prince George, on the Keowee River in South Carolina; and Fort Lyndley, on the Saluda. Fort Loudon was of service until 1760, when it was surrendered to the Prince of Choto, who treacherously killed the garrison except a few, including the brave commander, Captain Stuart, who were rescued by Attakullakulla, a friend to the English. The last engagement at Fort Lyndley was on July 15, 1776, when an assault by Indians and Tories was repulsed by Major Downs.

Fort Prince George was located a few miles distant from the important Cherokee town, Keowee. It was built in the year 1753 by Governor Glenn as a check to the power of the nearby Indian capital. Although the fort would seem a trifle in modern warfare, in those days it was a fortification of some importance. The walls were of earth, surmounted by a stockade of pointed stakes. At each of its four corners was a bastion, upon each of which four cannon were mounted. On two sides it was protected by a ditch and a natural glacis. The barracks were sufficiently large to accommodate one hundred soldiers.

In December, 1759, Governor Lyttleton (of South Carolina) arrived at Fort Prince George with thirty-two chiefs of the Cherokees in his custody. These chiefs had gone to Charleston to hold a conference with the whites concerning peace, but the Governor, determined to conduct a military expedition, set out for the frontier to hold the conference there. The Indians accompanied the expedition and were, to their discomfort, watched closely. Upon the arrival at the fort, they were all confined in a small room, like common prisoners. No wonder that the Cherokee cried for vengeance, the aristocracy of his race unjustly disgraced in such a manner.

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No.

On the 17th of December the conference was held, at which Governor Lyttleton made known his complaints to Attakullakulla, the Indian chieftain. Before the treaty was arranged, however, Attakullakulla requested the release of the captive warriors, and as a consequence Occonostota, Prince of Chote; Tiptoe, chief man of Keoweetown; and the head warrior of Eastatoe were released. The others escaped. Soon the treaty was arranged. By its terms, twenty-six chiefs of the Cherokees should be held as hostages until the same number of Indians guilty of murder were delivered. But, contrary to his promise, the chieftains were placed in close confinement, and the Indians were stirred to the spirit of war. Scarcely a day later smallpox broke out in the Governor's camp, and he was forced to return to Charleston. A certain Captain Coytmore was left in command of the fort.

Almost immediately after the Governor's departure, the anger of the Cherokees at the confinement of the warriors was evidenced by the killing of fourteen white men within a mile of the fort. A band of the savages, under Occonastota, surrounded the stronghold, but every attempt to capture it was in vain. Seeing that open attacks were useless, the crafty Prince of Chote determined to repay treachery with treachery.

It was the third day of the siege. The sun had risen high, but there was no sign of the attacking savages. Perhaps they had withdrawn, regarding their attempts as useless. Suddenly the watch on the western bastion called Captain Coytmore to his side.

"Captain, if my eyes didn't deceive me, I saw three painted Indians glide behind that cluster of bushes. Shall I fire a round at them?"

"What!" cried the commander. "Between the river and the stockade! They dare to come that near! Impossible!"

"Perhaps I was mistaken," the watchman warned, "but I believe it would be a good plan to call all the men inside the stockade."

An hour passed. Old Macourah, a friendly squaw, was seen coming up the path to the stockade. Her coming caused

no excitement, as she was a privileged character in the fort. Leaving some choice pieces of venison with some of the garrison who had befriended her, she called for Captain Coytmore.

"Occonostota, um big chief," she spoke in broken English, "much wat see you—by river—news, much good."

Without thought of the danger and the warning he had received earlier that day, the captain, calling Lieutenants Bell and Foster to accompany him, proceeded at once to the river's edge. On the opposite bank Occonostota appeared. At this point the Keowee was not more than twenty feet in width, so they could easily speak across it.

"Great white chieftain," began the Indian in excellent English, for he had been much in the presence of the whites, "I journey to the pale-face city. My people are tired of war. They wish their warriors back again. I go to see the white man's ruler. Perhaps he let our warriors return. Send me a white man to go with me. The pale-faces would kill me if I have not a pale-face friend. * * * I have a bridle," he continued, showing a bridle in his hand, "and I go to seek a horse."

"You have spoken well," answered Coytmore. "You shall have a guard. The white man desires peace as much as the red man. It is good to have a horse, for the journey to Charleston is long and rough."

Then, turning about, as if going for his horse, Occonostota swung the bridle three times over his head. A score of shots rang out in the quiet morning. Captain Coytmore fell dead, and Bell and Foster were wounded so that it was with difficulty they gained the fort's walls.

Realizing the treachery of the Prince of Chote, the garrison cleared the thickets along the river side with a raking fire from the bastion. Soon all the savages were driven off, and it was again quiet. But the greatest trouble was to come within. At the beginning of the attack, the Indians in the barracks were ordered in irons. Following the orders, the soldiers attempted to put on the chains; but rather than submit to such the prisoners resisted fiercely. One soldier was stabbed to death, and

two others wounded. Enraged by the death of their companion, the soldiers fell upon the unarmed Indians and slew them without mercy. Not one escaped, and some met horrible deaths.

The Cherokees were so enraged by this affair that they waged merciless war on the whites, and in the massacre of Fort Loudon's garrison they obtained revenge for the loss of their relatives and friends and leaders at Fort Prince George.

In the following year, a regiment under Colonel Grant entered the Cherokee country, came to the relief of Fort Prince George, and destroyed all the towns of the Indians. The savages were forced to accept peace, and the war was advantageous to neither side. Thus ended the existence of Fort Prince George, known for its horrible tragedy. Nearby at Seneca, on a more suitable spot, a new fort was built, Fort Rutledge, which stood until after the Revolution.

"X. Z.," '19.

One of Our Needs

WE OFTEN repeat the words "all men are created free and equal." In fact, we use them so much that we are apt to use them without really thinking of what they mean. However true these words may have been in the sense that they were used in the Declaration of Independence, they are not true in the light of modern conditions in our State.

While thousands of the children in our State are given the advantages of a good education, there are thousands that have no such chance. To state that these who are denied the advantages of an education are equal to those who are would be merely to state an empty theory and ignore a reality.

Children born of illiterate parents have by no means the same chance that those born of educated parents have. We have often heard it said that "everyone has a right to be well born," and well may we add to this that everyone has a right to an education. It is the duty of the State and nation to do all in its power to give every child born in its borders these two rights. This can be done only by an *adequate* system of compulsory education.

Compulsory education is essentially democratic, because it aims to put an education in the reach of every citizen, and thereby give every man an equal chance. Martin Luther said: "The safety and strength of a state is in an educated citizenship. The state has not only the right to establish schools, but to compel the attendance of the youth upon them."

Though this statement came from a German of the early sixteenth century, the first compulsory education laws were passed in the American colonies during their first years of colonial government. The first of these laws were passed by Connecticut and Massachusetts, and were in effect over three decades before the famous Prussian edict of 1713.

The advent of the cotton mill in England and in the American colonies greatly altered conditions, so that new laws were required touching not only education, but child labor, for legislation on these two subjects went hand in hand. It was not until 1872 that Massachusetts finally passed a law that

seemed to meet all of the requirements, and this has served as a model for many of our other States.

Such has been the growth of compulsory education in the United States that there are now only ten States without a State-wide law. Five of these, including our own South Carolina, have a local option law. It is a striking fact that all of these States are in the South.

There were in South Carolina in 1910 forty thousand children of school age who were not in school. At this same time it was found that there were seventeen thousand white men of voting age who were illiterate. If we add to this latter figure the number who are just able to read and write, but who have no education that would really fit them for meeting the duties of true citizenship, we find just one more argument for an improvement in our educational system.

We are glad that one-tenth of our State is now under a local compulsory law, having complied with the requirements of the law which allows any school district or county to adopt it by means of petition and popular vote. It is also a source of great pride to all true South Carolinians that many thousands of dollars are being spent annually for new school buildings and for aiding communities to employ better teachers.

These facts have shown themselves in the life of the State, and have resulted in a smaller number of illiterates and also in a smaller number of children being out of school. However, this improvement is not fast enough, and we believe that what we need is a State-wide law that will have adequate means of enforcement. Not until then can we expect to see the desired results.

When this gigantic struggle for world freedom is over and men again turn to peaceful pursuits, there are going to be demands for men, educated men, and South Carolina is going to need more educated men than ever before. Thousands of her young men (many of them with college educations) may be sacrificed to the gods of war before this day arrives. Who will take their places? Will South Carolina be ready to meet the demands of the New Day? These two questions are to be answered by the schools and colleges of our State. What will the answer be?

J. E. E., '19.

In the Sandhills of Chesterfield

THE County of Chesterfield, in the State of South Carolina, has some of the whitest land and whitest people of any county in the United States of America.

The reason the land is white is that its chief constituent is sand. Here and there the country is dotted with numerous sand hills. As a result, the vegetation is scarce, and of the tree family only lean pines and scrubby sweet-gums and sassafras bushes abound.

But, notwthstanding the physical impoverishment of the soil, some parts of the county are thickly settled with white people, though there is a conspicuous absence of the great quantities of negroes who are so common to, and who form the major portion of, the population of the other counties of the Palmetto State.

Yet that which entitles the inhabitants of Chesterfield to be characterized as white people is not so much their color as what that term denotes in that part of the world and means in a colloquial sense in other Carolina sections. For a person to say that one is a white man means in Eastern Carolina that he who is spoken of is honorable, upright, square and generous. All of these adjectives may well be applied to those simple and kindly folk. But it is their generosity for which they are famed for miles around.

Very few of them live in fine houses or palatial mansions. In building their domiciles, they do not attempt to be showy or ostentatious. They often build large, substantial, two-story wooden structures, but they never paint them. But what their residences lack in exterior appearances is atoned for on the interior. The rooms are seldom plastered, and the ceiling is rarely cedar; but the walls are decorated with brilliant and gaudy pictures, rugs and art squares are laid about in extravagant profusion, and little mahogany tables and walnut-stained book shelves fill the niches in corners. Shiny brass beds, with golden balls at the head and foot, adorn the sleeping rooms. The beds, in turn, support, thick, heavy feather mat-

tresses that completely envelope one who reposes himself upon them. Sometimes little insects of the genus *cimex lectularius* also envelope the man. However, in justice to the housewives of Chesterfield, it must be said that this does not occur in many places.

But to contemplate das Schlafzimmer longer, and all that pertaineth thereto, delays our visit to the most interesting institution of a Chesterfield household, namely, the kitchen; or, I should say, stove room and dining room, for the average cooking apartment is large enough to contain an extra table, and there the family eats, excepting on those occasions when there is company in the home or visitors.

In the kitchen one seldom sees an ordinary cook stove. Nearly all of the women have ranges. It is usually one of those "Kalamazoos, direct to you." As has already been intimated, the Chesterfieldians are not a people to indulge in many outward adornments, but they believe in having the best of home conveniences and household necessities. For dress, the masculine portion are content with an old broad-brimmer of a hat, a blue shirt, corudroy trousers, and brogans for the feet. The feminine part of the population will not complain if their spouses provide them with no better than a white fly-bonnet, a blue-dotted shirt waist, a calico skirt, and a pair of Craddock-Terry specials. But the men farm their sandy land with the latest improved agricultural implements, and the women have a morbid craving for handy kitchen utensils. Moreover, each will sacrifice their last penny to get those things.

Not only do the housewives of Chesterfield have excellent paraphernalia for cooking, but they know how to use them, and they wield them with astonishing dexterity and pleasing skill. If Vice-President Marshall presided over the Senate as a Chesterfield woman presides over her culinary department, there would be less red tape among that un-august body and more things brought to pass of real benefit to American citizenship.

When one sits down to a repast in Chesterfield, he invari-

ably sits down to a meal of well-prepared and appetizing food, and an abundance of it. The quantity is maintained at maximum for the simple reason that every meal is prepared with the supposition that a part of it is for public consumption. The food on a Chesterfieldian's table is as free to the world as the water in his roadside well. I experienced that fact when the Bishop who presided over the one hundred and twenty-third session of the South Carolina Conference sent me to Chesterfield as pastor of the Chesterfield Circuit. In that part of my circuit which embraced rural sections I saw reflected in the lives of men some of that same generosity of soul that the poet represents Christ as having when he says:

"Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest.
Ye need not one be left behind,
For Christ has bidden all mankind."

A certain Scotchman accounted for this liberality by attributing it to the fact that Chesterfield was settled by the Scotch people. But everybody knows that a Scotchman is proverbially frugal. If he does not, he will know from experience by purchasing a few groceries from a grocer by the name of McNabb or McDougall. Of all our American citizens, the Scotch constitute that element who do not need any lessons of economy from Herbert Hoover, but could probably teach him a few. The Chesterfieldians compose that part to whom national food restrictions are the most repugnant and distasteful, though they bear them with good grace and in a manner fit and becoming true American patriots.

There is another thing that our Scotch friend overlooked when he thought he had reached a logical conclusion as to the why and wherefore of Chesterfield hospitality, namely, the English of the county's name.

But, perhaps, in my rebuttal of the Scotchman's theory I have allowed my Anglo-Saxon prejudices to make my retorts partake of too peppery a nature, for I, by the by, am English on my father's side and Irish on my mother's side, and I am

American on the inside. I further wish to say that I haven't one drop of German blood in me.

II.

My parsonage was located in the county-seat. But I spent the most of my time in the neighboring community of Zoar, about six miles northeast from the county-seat, which community was also included in my work. As I was born and reared in a city much larger than the county's metropolis, the town of Chesterfield proper did not interest me much. The rural communities charmed me more. This interest was intensified by the fact that the trustees of the school in that vicinity made me its principal. Thither I went and back in my old "tin Lizzie."

It was there that I was an eye-witness from time to time of one of the most beautiful courtships that it has ever been my lot to espy. In my ministerial capacity, I later became a third party to it, and the marriage was just as happy as the courtship was knightly, and the wedded life was just as serene as the marriage joy was full. But the road to wedded bliss was strewn with a few sandhill cactuses and the sunshine of peaceful marital love was darkened by war clouds and the tender and sacred ties of home life were cut in twain by the sword of desolation.

Of the patrons of my school, none were more prominent or more respected in the Zoar community than Benjamin Teal and John Tillotson. Both were highly successful farmers and owned many acres of Chesterfield's choicest land, which, to speak paradoxically, is not saying much and is saying a good deal, too. Mr. Teal was not always a prosperous farmer, however. There was a time when he got drunk, loafed on the job, and did not superintend his farm properly. But during a revival meeting that one of my predecessors had a visiting brother to conduct he was converted, got religion from head to toe, and immediately became more attentive to duty. As a result, he made his tract of desert land to blossom as the rose and converted it into an oasis. The energy displayed by his

rejuvenated life furnishes a splendid argument for prohibition on the ground of economic and industrial efficiency.

Both Mr. Teal and Mr. Tillotson were officials in my Zoar church. Mr. Teal was my Sunday School superintendent there. Mr. Tillotson was a steward.

Each of these men had one boy and one girl. In Mr. Teal's family the boy was the elder and the girl the younger. In Mr. Tillotson's family it was vice versa.

At the time of my initiation into Zoar fellowship, the elder Teal boy was head over heels in love with the elder Tillotson girl. It seemed quite natural that he should be. If I had been a Presbyterian, I might have believed that those two young people were foreordained for each other. Never were two young people more physically akin. Both were splendid specimens of healthy manhood and womanhood.

The young man had light curly hair, blue eyes, a large oval head, a well-rounded face, a firm but kindly chin, and he was fully six feet high. His height furnished an occasion for the little brother of his fiancé to indulge in a bit of witticism.

"Papa," said little Willie Tillotson to Mr. Tillotson one day, "is sister's beau a poet?" "No, son. Why do you ask?" was Mr. Tillotson's reply. "Because," said the boy, "he is such a long fellow (Longfellow)."

The girl was a typical brunette, with large, expressive brown eyes, a Jewess' nose, slightly curved lips, and she was of medium build and size.

Both were nearing the completion of their common school education when I took charge of the school. He was registered on my roll book as Laverne Teal, and she as Rebecca Tillotson. He at that time was nineteen years of age. She was "sixteen and a village queen." They dressed better, had more attractive personalities and more intellectual perspicuity than any others of my pupils.

Their affection for one another began when they were in the 'teen age. School tradition accounts for the origin of their mutual esteem on this wise: On a certain school day, a big shower of rain came down and washed the edges of a

number of sandhills into the public road and criss-crossed it with numerous mud puddles. After its cessation, Rebecca and a number of her girl friends were trudging along to school on foot. Laverne was walking a short distance behind, in company with some of his comrades. The advancing line of girls came to a very damp place and halted, not knowing whether to go on or not to go. Rebecca placed one foot forward and hesitated. Just at this juncture Laverne, like a gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, drew off his coat and laid it over the muddy spot she was to cross, and she, like the Virgin Queen of England, upon seeing this gallant act, immediately dubbed him her knight, and the title of his fraternity was the "Order of Beaus." And he, after catching a sweet look of grateful appreciation from her, accepted the honor and office with delight, and from henceforth considered her his sweetheart.

But his claims on her were not left unchallenged by others. Many a swain personally delegated himself to be a rival to Laverne. None of these proved to be serious competitors, however, excepting one, and his humiliation was brought about at a booth where Rebecca presided and sold articles to help buy a piano for the school.

The said person was a young man who, alone of all the young men of Chesterfield County, kept up with the latest fashions and wore up-to-date model pantaloons, brilliant, flashy neckties, and striped socks like those worn by chaingang convicts on their clothes. And if the attorney for the State had known how he got the money to buy those socks, he *would have been placed* on the chaingang. But he did not know it, and few people knew it, and Rebecca did not know it.

This young man was very fond of displaying his finery and boasting of a dishonestly accumulated wealth. His superficiality would have been quickly detected in cultured society. But it did not fail to make an impression upon people who were innocent of the world, and Rebecca at one time admired and liked him.

A foolish way, however, in which he carried his money

resulted in causing him to appear cheap in her eyes. He had a habit of keeping his pocketbook in the same pocket as his handkerchief. On the day of the booth, while rambling about over the school grounds, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and in drawing it out he, unknown to himself, spilled his purse upon the ground.

After this occurrence, he strolled to the booth, where he was cordially greeted by Rebecca. With an eye to the school's interest, she picked up a pen-wiper and said: "Can't I sell you this hand-worked pen-wiper, Mr. Charlton?" "Why," said he, in a teasing manner, "I don't write." This was true, for Charlton was a self-centered young man and never cared for any virtuous person whatsoever until he met Rebecca.

"Well, can't I sell you this cigar holder?" Rebecca asked. "No, I don't smoke," was the reply. This was also true, for the young man was a model in outward deportment, though an inward craven.

But Rebecca's next move brought an end to his negatives. She picked up a piece of soap and, with a mischievous smile, said: "Won't you buy this bar of soap?" Whereupon the young man saw that he was caught at his own game and dared not reply in a similar strain. But, as he reached for his wallet, he found it not. This so confused him that he stammered and blushed and sneaked away without an explanation, leaving one to infer that he came to the school grounds penniless, but, nevertheless, had had the brass to try to put up a bold front until Rebecca showed him up. This did not tally so well with his previous boasts of having "oodles" of cash. Whereupon the said young lady drew conclusions that were not so advantageous to him and which effectively barred him out of her future life.

From that time forth Laverne had smooth sailing. He did not fail to sail, either. He traveled his horse back and forth over road that led to the Tillotson house so much that the faithful steed became thoroughly familiar with it and did not need a guiding hand upon the reins. He accompanied her to all the parties. He escorted her to school every

morning. He showed her every attention possible. The candy department of the Chesterfield Drug Company found in him a regular customer. He sat by her side in church, and it goes without saying that he was more attentive to her than he was to my sermons.

It was not long until she allowed him to place a diamond ring upon her finger, and the wedding bells were about to chime, when his father and her father had a personal quarrel which became a stench in the church and in the Zoar neighborhood, and which called a halt to all wedding preparations. Mr. Tillotson allowed his enmity to extend to the whole Teal family, and he forbade Laverne from coming to see his daughter and he would no more allow Rebecca to go with him.

During all this time, however, the two men continued to come to church, and did not relinquish their offices nor fail to perform the respective functions thereof. But my members, knowing conditions, lost confidence in them, and I found it necessary to take action on the case. For Rebecca's sake, I did not make that action drastic, but had it take the form of an attempted reconcilement. I invited both men to the parsonage without letting either of them know but what he would be the sole guest of the evening.

Mr. Teal was the first to arrive. Then Mr. Tillotson came. He evidenced great surprise when he saw Mr. Teal, but before he could voice his sentiments, I said: "Brethren, I have called you together to ascertain the nature of the grievances that you have against one another and, if happily I might, to act as an arbiter of your differences. I shall now ask each one of you to state your side to the matter."

"I have no side," was Mr. Teal's quick response. "In fact, the whole affair is one-sided. I have no personal animosity against Mr. Tillotson. I shall also say that if I have done anything to hurt his feelings, I am sorry for it."

"If! If you have done anything!" replied Mr. Tillotson hotly. "But you have done something! And you are due me an apology."

Then he let loose a volley of words, some of which would

not bear repetition in print. I reasoned with him to be more calm and considerate. I tried to get him to lay aside his malice and be friendly with his fellow churchman again. But it was all in vain until Mr. Teal came to my rescue. He walked up and extended his hand to Mr. Tillotson and said at the same time: "Brother Tillotson, I am sorry for anything that I have done to hurt your feelings."

Whereupon I said: "Brother Tillotson, what more could you ask? Is that not fair enough? Will you not shake hands on that?"

Mr. Tillotson was plainly affected by this clean-cut statement. Yet he hesitated. The demon of hate put up a stiff fight in his heart against the impulses of brotherly love, loving kindness and good will. But I prayed for him, and right triumphed. The better impulses conquered the evil.

He took Mr. Teal's outstretched hand, and then I pulled them to their knees and prayed God to bless them both and to cement again the broken bonds of mutual esteem. All three of us wept and laughed and shouted, and separated with our cups of joy running over.

III.

Shortly after this incident, Mr. Tillotson sickened and died. His last words were: "Tell my preacher I am so glad that I made up with Teal. And tell Laverne I want him to take care of my girl." And Laverne did.

As I was completing my quadrennium on the Chesterfield Circuit, I was called upon to tie the knot. So pretty and charming did Rebecca look on that occasion that I said to Laverne: "Say, how about swapping places with me? You be the preacher and let me be the groom." But he promptly told me that there was nothing doing.

Then I was sent to a new charge and thought of them no more, until I received a letter announcing the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Teal were the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy. And, would you believe it, the name of that boy was Ward. You may bet that I kept in constant communication with them after that.

IV.

Six years later, I was sitting in my study meditating upon an event which I thought might seriously affect the politics of Europe. That was the shooting of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, and his wife, in Bosnia, June 28, 1914. But little did I dream that it would have any influence upon the American continent. I thought that we Americans would be permitted to sit in a grandstand and look at a scrimmage somewhat on the order of a large football game. But, alas! we were made to realize that all nations of the world are so intimately and vitally related to one another that not one of them could run amuck without producing hardships and inconveniences on belligerents and neutrals alike.

Four years constitute a very long period of time when one is going to college. But events have happened so rapidly since the shooting of the Crown Prince that it is hard to believe that the present European-Asiatic-African-American war is entering upon its fourth year. It is also hard to believe that our own country has now been in the fight for fully three-quarters of a year. But thus it has.

That which first caused America to have sympathetic leanings toward the Entente Allies was German atrocity in Belgium. But the first thing that fired us with any great wave of national indignation and made us understand the real meaning of German militarism was the sinking of the Lusitania.

After months of attempted reasoning with a power that did not have the word reason in its vocabulary, President Wilson, on April 2, 1917, advocated, in the greatest of all literary messages composed by mortal man and the greatest state paper written with pen, the Declaration of Independence not excepted, that we unsheathe the sword again for those things that Americans have always held dear and been willing to sacrifice their blood for, namely, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The following day found Congress issuing a declaration to that effect. In short order we find Congress

enacting into law the celebrated Draft Act, which included all young men from twenty-one years of age to thirty-one. Then followed the great day of registering, such as has had no parallel in history since the day that Cæsar Augustus decreed that the whole Roman world should be registered.

Next came the establishment of military cantonments over the country and the calls for the various quotas of men. Laverne was among the drafted men who had to report for duty at Camp Jackson, S. C. In a letter from Rebecca I was informed that he had had to register, which I had already supposed on account of knowing his age. I was also given the additional information that the money which her father left her would keep her from allowing him to make a plea that he had a dependent wife and child.

V.

The days came and went. America's war preparations went briskly on. In fact, too lamentably and sadly briskly for the father of my namesake. One morning, I picked up my *Columbia State* with a foreboding of ill. I felt that I was going to see something in print that I did not care to see. My surmise was correct. In the Death Column I saw where Private Laverne Teal, of Chesterfield, was ran over and killed by a motor truck.

VI.

Today, a little boy bearing my name is wondering why his father does not come home. At this very hour, a widow is literally wearing out her life with grief and anguish of heart

IN THE SANDHILLS OF CHESTERFIELD.

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, War! how cruel you are! But does the wrecking of that Chesterfield home make me a pacifist? Does it make me believe in peace at any price? No, indeed. It only serves to convince me that President Wilson is right when he says: "This intolerable Thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German

power, a Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace must be crushed, and if not truly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations."

In my present charge I preach to my people Patriotism, the Buying of Liberty Bonds, and Food Conservation. And I practice what I preach.

My Tuesdays are wheatless,
My Wednesdays are meatless,
I am growing more eatless each day;
My Mondays are heatless,
My bed is quite sheetless,
The sheets have been sent to the Y. M. C. A.
My friends are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day as a patriot I grow poorer and wiser,
My socks are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
But I'll go as far again as the next man to beat the Kaiser.

W. W., '20.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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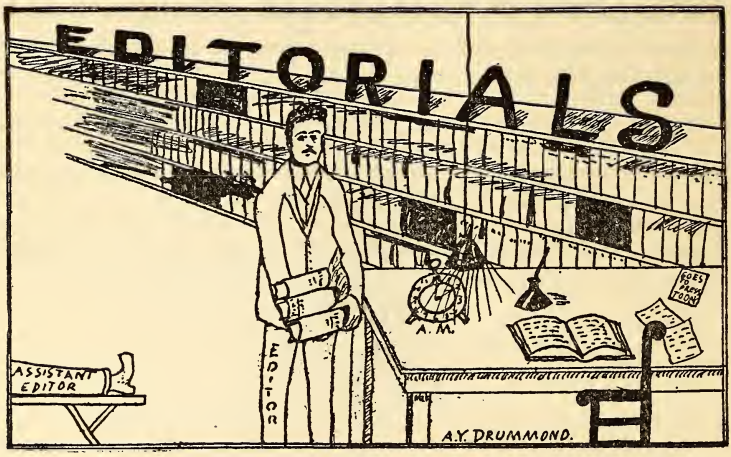


C. B. Johnson.....Editor-in-Chief
F. A. Buddin.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

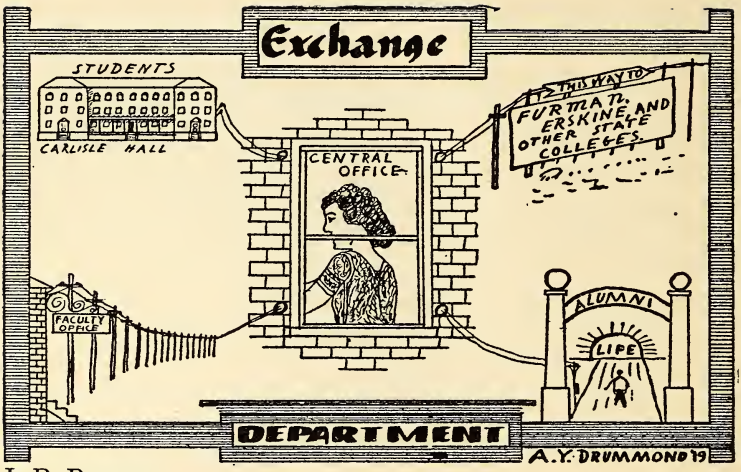
Spring

After the bitter cold of such an awful winter is broken, we welcome the warm sunshine and the balmy breezes of another spring. We rejoice to see the earth again adorned in her coat of green, and to be fanned by the gentle zephyrs laden with the sweet perfumes of tender leaves and flowers. There is beauty and glory in all of nature which bespeaks a resurrection of life. Surely, as we look out upon this new life, our very natures must be thrilled with new emotions, and new hopes and aspirations are aroused in every heart, which should serve as an incentive to harder work for the possible attainment of our highest ideals.

Our Country Calls

The school year is rapidly passing, Commencement will soon be here, and will mark the close of many happy associations. Just what awaits us in life we do not know. Our country calls, and many have already responded to that call, and most of us will probably respond in the near future. Many

diplomas will probably be awarded this year that will mean nothing more than the mere satisfaction of having reached the first milestone along the road of a worthy ambition, but that means little compared with the great problems of the day. The gigantic crisis in which our country is involved calls for efficiency, and no true man who wants to prepare himself for the greatest service can afford to shirk any of his immediate duties, it matters not how commonplace and trivial they may seem.



J. P. BARRON.....EDITOR

The Concept, of Converse College, for February contains a number of short stories and several excellent poems, but a lack of essays is in evidence. The only contribution which may be considered an essay seems to be a review of one of the latest war novels which we have not had the pleasure of reading. The essay is an important feature of college journalism, as through it is revealed better than through poems and short stories what the students of a college are thinking about, and therefore it should not be neglected. This magazine only lacks one or two good essays to make it one of the best journals that we have read. The Literary and Editorial Departments of *The Concept* are of an exceptionally high order, and all of the other departments are well gotten up. It is indeed a pleasure to find a college publication containing poems of poetic merit and such a number of well-diversified short stories.

The effect of the war is plainly evidenced in the contributions, as two of the short stories and all except one of the five poems show reflections of the thought arising from our country's participation in the European conflct. All of the poetry is written in excellent metre and is full of feeling and beauty

of thought. The verse, "A Poet," is short, but contains several excellent and beautiful figures of speech. Most of the seven short stories are very good in plot and are well written, but "The Shadow Between," "Madame and the Pipe," and "The Diary of William J. Smith" seem to be the most original. The plot of "The Shadow Between" is well executed, and shows the author's familiarity with English customs and affairs. "The Fern" is too unnatural and morbid in tone, and seems to evidence the influence of Poe's short stories. "Columbia a la Camouflage" is a story written in the first person and is very interesting, but the writer has not succeeded in correctly drawing the character of the men whom she attempts to represent. We regard the actions of the French captain in that story more as those of a woman, as a man who has every reason to know the treachery of the Germans would not have acted so foolishly when such vital interests were at stake, but would have had the spies arrested immediately. "My Country First" is another story in which the German spy figures, but we do not feel that we are capable of criticizing the actions of a woman. "The Diary of William J. Smith" is thoroughly original and very humorous, but the author has made the mistake of allowing the grammar of a nine-year-old boy to become too perfect in places to be in keeping with the rest of his language.

We are very glad to see the interest taken in literary work by our college friends just across the way from us, and congratulate the staff of *The Concept* on their excellent publication.

The College of Charleston Magazine for January is rather lacking in the number of its contributions. However, in proportion to the number of students in that institution of higher learning, there is evidently as much interest shown in the college publication as elsewhere throughout the State. The various departments are well gotten up, and the editorials are especially good.

The poem, "Per Aeternum," is written in excellent blank verse, but rather savors of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." The only

other poem in the issue, which is titled "A Sonnet," is very good in metre. The story, "In the Blood," has for its plot the much-used mountain feud, but is interestingly and originally developed. The author could have improved his style by avoiding the terseness of so many short declarative sentences where complex sentences would have been preferable. The essay on "Militarism" is well developed and is very instructive, as it is an excellent discussion of a religion which many of us have never heard of before. "The Unknown of Renloire" is one of the most original stories of the war which we have read, and the method in which the author has presented it is unique. We are rather at a loss to solve the author's motive in writing the poem called "Il Penseroso," and cannot quite understand the point he wishes to make.

As a whole, the magazine has retained its high standard, although there are some points in which it might be improved, the most important of which is a larger number of contributions in the Literary Department.

The February issue of *The Isaqueena,* of G. W. C., is not up to the standard of that excellent magazine. The various contributions are not as well arranged as the articles in this journal usually are, and several articles appear under the departments that do not seem appropriate for them. Surely the literary editors failed to perform their duty in allowing such a number of grammatical errors to appear in some of the literary contributions. There are a number of glaring mistakes in spelling and syntax which could not be tolerated even in a high school publication, much less in the journal of a college having the literary standing that G. W. C. has.

This issue lacks poems which have the real qualities of true verse, and most of the poems lack perfection in metre and a definite rhyming scheme. A study of the elements of English prosody would probably help those who evidently possess the ability to write poetry, but who seem to be hampered by a lack of knowledge of the technical structure of verse. Of the literary contributions, the series of "Milton

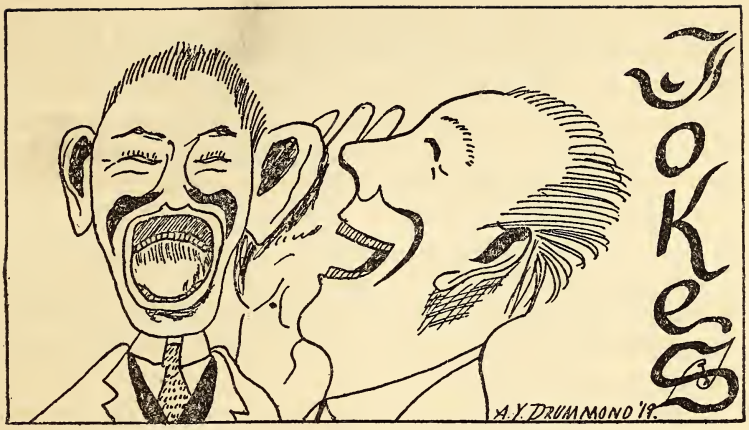
Studies" are the best, and these show a deep interest in the great epic poem of "Paradise Lost" among the students. But we cannot share the author's view of Satan as the *"hero"* of "Paradise Lost," and he does not have any of our sympathy or admiration, as she suggests. She has made a grave mistake in using slang expressions and phrases in an essay on such a majestic piece of literature. Our impression of the closing statement that she was unable to feel sorry because Satan fell, as she wouldn't be able to study "Paradise Lost" if man had not sinned, is far from pleasant; and it is apparent that such a statement was made from a lack of something to say and without a realization of the true import of the words. Most of the stories lack a depth of plot, but the plots of "Dunnovant" and "State's Evidence" are the best and are both well written. "The Voice of the Wilderness" contains mistakes in spelling, trite and bombastic figures of speech, poorly constructed sentences and such grammatical errors that should not appear in a college magazine. The story would be very readable should the author correct these mistakes and familiarize herself more with the mountain dialect before attempting to use it. Of the humorous selections, "A Camp Sevier Savage Calls" and "Forbidden Territory" are the best. A little more care and attention on the part of the contributors, as well as on the part of the staff, will again bring this publication up to its standard, and will not allow false impressions to be made concerning the institution which the journal represents.

"BOUQUETS AND BRICK-BATS"

The Bashaba, of Coker College, says: "We find the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for October wanting in short stories. 'His Prayer Answered,' the only story it contains, is of no real worth. But the essays are indeed worthy of commendation. 'War for Democracy' is written particularly well, while the writer of 'America's Greatest,' a tribute to Woodrow Wilson, very ably expresses the sentiments of a number of us. The magazine as a whole is too brief."

The Erothesian, of Lander College, says: "We find the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for October abounding in poems, and most of them good, especially 'Autumn's First Month.' But we think a few more short stories would be an improvement. We like the way the Y. M. C. A. Department is written up. It gives us a partial benefit of some of the good talks they have been having.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Criterion, The Limestone Star, The Concept, The Woman's College Journal, The Isaqueena, The Wesleyan, The Bashaba, The Newberry Stylus, The Southern Collegian, The Chronicle, The Davidson College Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Emory Phoenix, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Erothesian, The Orion,* and *The Winthrop College Journal.*



Freshman Coke Smith, on his second day in college, went to Dr. Snyder in deep perplexity and said that Professor Shuler had told him to stay on the campus, but that he couldn't find the campus. He said he had been out to Camp Wadsworth, but they didn't know anything about it.

Tatum, after a senior had explained the sundial to him, said in all earnestness: "Well, how do you wind it up?"

Dr. Snyder (in English)—"For next time get Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' "

Junior Carroll—"Doctor, who wrote it?"

There has been a good deal of interest over the peculiar names at Camp Wadsworth. A few days ago a man went into a pool room, and an M. P. who was watching him asked a cadet who he was.

"Fineout," was the answer.

"Well, —— it, that's what I'm trying to do."

During a recent Lyceum number it was announced, "We will now have a trio."

Freshman Gable—"What kind of a tree did she say?"

Professor Rembert's colored man came up one Monday morning wanting an increase in his salary. He was wise enough to precede his request by voicing his loudest praise of the Doctor. During this prelude he very emphatically made the following statement: "Perfesser Rembert's intellect sho' do corroborate his industry."

Professor Libby (in Economics)—"It is argued that we should raise everything at home, no matter what the price, so that the country could be self-supporting. For instance, oranges should be produced here, even though the price might be a hundred dollars apiece."

Poole—"Then, Professor, what would a smell be worth?"

Fresh. Goodwin (in Physics, pointing to the water faucet)—"Professor, what kind of acid is this? Will it do to wash my hands in?"

Professor DuPre (in Latin)—"Whittaker, what is a gerundive?"

Sophomore Whittaker—"It is an adjective."

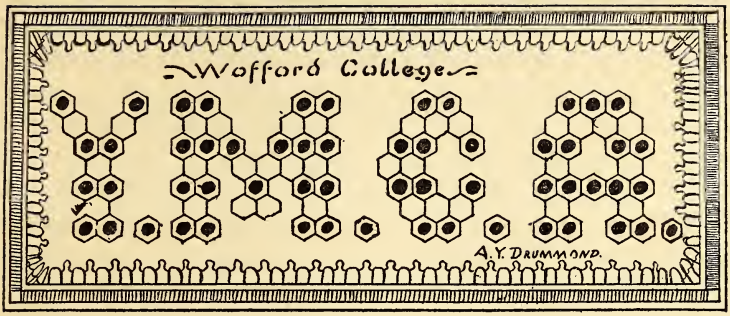
Professor DuPre—"Well, what is an adjective?"

Whittaker (after a moment's hesitation)—"Why, it's a noun."

Fresh. Hubbard wanted to know what was the *query* for the oratorical contest, and what men were on the negative and what ones on the affirmative.

Ask Mike Carmichael if he knows the President of the *"Y. M. C. A."* (Y. W. C. A.) of a certain well-known female college.

K. Z. King, when paying a visit to the Preston Society and called on for a speech, said he knew he would have *"successed"* as well in the Preston as he had in the Carlisle.



L. D. HAMER.....EDITOR

On the night of February 15th, Dr. S. T. Hallman, pastor of the Spartanburg Lutheran Church, made the weekly address to the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Hallman took his subject from the text, "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." He laid much stress upon the life of Paul, whom he named as his favorite Biblical character and the model upon which all young men should attempt to shape their lives.

Dr. Hallman emphasized the need for a study of Paul's life and the wonderful vision opening to those who give heed to his exemplary life. Paul himself was a student, a learned scholar, a deep thinker. His was the true knowledge, the knowledge of life and its basic truths. Paul came from a rather aristocratic family, and thus was afforded splendid opportunities for an education.

Dr. Hallman said that there are some who claim that their religion is better than that of others. To these he would simply say, "Prove it." He used the example of the coins in illustrating this. If one coin is worth more than another, it is because that coin can buy more. The same reasoning can be applied to religion, and must be to test the relative value of the religion of different persons.

St. Paul came from the highest class, and held a position of honor; but he was humbled. The vision which came to him on the way to Damascus brought him to his knees, as many

another man has been humbled by some vision or event. The speaker stated that humility was an attribute of all truly great men. The thing most required of a hero is "self-mastery," said Dr. Hallman. Paul knew how to master self. This lesson must be learned by every one. Today especially, when the world is so full of evil things, "self-mastery" should be the dominant purpose of every one. The speaker spoke of the Roman footraces, and told how the runners were of a necessity entire masters of their bodies. He spoke of the race of life and the absolute necessity of a mastery over self in this race. He said that many were running the great race for mere pittances, for trifling or insignificant rewards, and not for the crown of life everlasting.

The crown which Christians are to receive is an incorruptible, imperishable one. But to merit and receive this crown the runner in life's race must be able to conquer self and also to cast aside momentary and worthless rewards and seek only the ultimate, final guerdon of eternal life. Every one can win in the race of life if he will. It is "up to him," so to speak. The speaker closed with the wholesome advice that a man should run his race according to God's plan and not his own, for only by so doing could he hope to attain success.

Mr. W. V. Martin, Secretary of the city Y. M. C. A., addressed the meeting on the night of March 8th. Mr. Martin's message was timely and highly interesting, and was received quite favorably. Mr. Martin's talks are always very beneficial and instructive, and his latest was no exception.

Mr. Martin stated that he would not deliver an ordinary "cut-and-dried" address upon some set subject, but that he would spend his time in talking heart-to-heart with the fellows. He said he would talk along the line suggested by a little booklet by Mr. Ridgeway on the "Manhood of the Master." This book was suggested by the misconception so widespread concerning Christ. Some think that Christ was a weakling, a "sissy," in His relations with His fellows. But He was not. The Master was virile and courageous. Mr. Martin said this

misconception of the Savior was due to the art and literature of a later period and not to Biblical literature. The pictures of Christ with which we are familiar show Him as weak and flabby, not able to grapple with great problems. Such was certainly not the real Christ.

Some people are inclined to believe that a man is insane when he becomes religious; that religion is all right for old men, women and children, but that the man of affairs has no place for it. Mr. Martin stated that he would attempt to point out the fallacy of this by showing how largely Christianity enters into the life of the real leaders of business. He stated that, as a rule, the man who had no place in his business for Christ had no business of any considerable importance. There are exceptions to the rule, as a matter of course, but they only prove the rule.

Mr. Martin told of the proposition of the author of the booklet made to the students of a Northern institution at which he was delivering an address. Mr. Ridgeway offered to give the religious work and connections of the leaders of any great, nation-wide enterprise the students might name. Many firms were suggested, all of which Mr. Ridgeway showed were controlled by men whose prime motive in life was to serve Christ. Mr. Martin quoted from the book the facts regarding the religious work of such men as John Huyler, James Farrell, Louis Swift, Asa G. Candler, John Wannamaker, N. W. Ayer, J. P. Morgan, F. W. Woolworth, Aaron Rosenwald and others, showing that these men were Christian leaders as well as leaders in the business world. Mr. Martin mentioned Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court; Justice McLaren, of the Canadian Court; Judge Phelan, H. B. McFarlan, one of the "bosses" of Washington; Robert Lansing and others prominent in public life who are devout Christians and do great work for the cause. Mr. Martin stated that among the 48 State and national banks of Chicago, 45 were managed by Christian men.

By mentioning certain individuals and calling attention to their particular labors, the speaker made it clear that "big

business" is not without Christianity; that by far the larger majority of the men of affairs are followers of the Christ. Every town or city presents the same evidences of the wide-spread influence of the Master's teachings. Mr. Martin pointed out that Christianity is not a weak, lifeless thing, but something big and noble and grand, something which every man wants and must have if he is to succeed in life's race.

WOFFORDISMS

"X. Z.," '19 ..... EDITOR

Dear Readers:—Just as I was leaving one of our great prisons, which I was visiting in the interest of the "League for the Changing of Prison Uniforms from Stripes to Checks," a prisoner, whose haggard face depicted the terrible heart sufferings he had endured, called me to him and made this request: "Years ago I was the editor of Woffordisms. I brought joy to many sad hearts through my column. "But my life has been cut short—I am here for twenty years on the false charge of wife-beating. Will you, as a favor to a dying soul, take up my great work which I have been compelled to abandon?" My heart was fluttering in my mouth, and as I turned away I muttered a feeble "yes." So, kind readers, bear with me in this bovine discourse, and remember that it is only for the sake of one departed that I undertake it.—EDITOR.

In football we are terrible,
  In basketball we are strong;
In baseball we are worser still—
  You'll all see that 'fore long.

Several days ago, the office cat dragged in a slip of paper on which we read, to our astonishment, the following:

> My sweet baby, rose, sprinkle me with kisses and I love you in the same old way. My heart has learned to love you. Don't worry dearie I'll change the shadows to sunshine. I've got the nicest little home in dixie just for a girl like you. When this cruel war is over, I'll come back to you, and to the strains of the wedding march, I'll wed the girl that I left behind me. Then all the world will be jealous of me.
>
> JULIUS A. STUBBS.

However, later, much to our relief, we have discovered that the above was addressed to the McKinley Music House. Mr.

Stubbs states that the fault lies entirely with his stenographer, who always was bad on punctuation.

Five Great Poets—Clipped.
Selected.
Anonymous.
Exchange—Luke McLuke.
Toby.

It is understood in military circles that Adjutant Odom has been promoted to the rank of chaffeur to Major Shuler. The Major, however, has requested that he exchange his *tank* "Overland" for his former Maxwell racer. Since the tank has been a practical failure, the racer, the Major thinks, is better suited to the rigors of trench life.

Freshmen *inter se:*—"Is Mace going to meet Latin today?"

"No; they have made him quartermaster of the Fitting School."

Scarce! Well, it's worse than that when it comes to Botany questions. Ask Bedient.

Chapel absences, February 30, 1918:

	Excuse.
Dr. H. N. Snyder	Unexcused.
Prof. A. M. DuPre	Third cut.
Pianist Shealey	Domestic troubles.
Dr. Clinkscales	Out of town with permission.
Hannibal	Crossing the Alps.

Note: The management (D. L. B.) requests better attendance on the part of the stage hands hereafter.

We wish to express our thanks to Dr. W. L. Pugh and Prof. A. M. DuPre for their valuable assistance in editing this department.

ATTENTION!!!
STUDENTS

Whenever you desire to purchase anything or have any kind of work done, be sure to look over our list of classified advertisers and give them your patronage. Without their advertisements, it would be almost impossible for us to get out a first class magazine, such as we endeavor to make ours. Please do not fail to see the important part that reciprocation plays in the business world and thereby make it hard for those who have the responsibility of getting out our papers and magazines.

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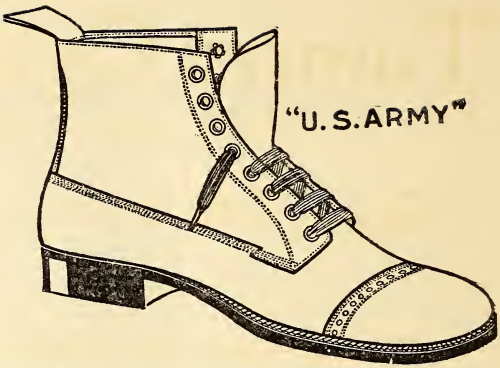

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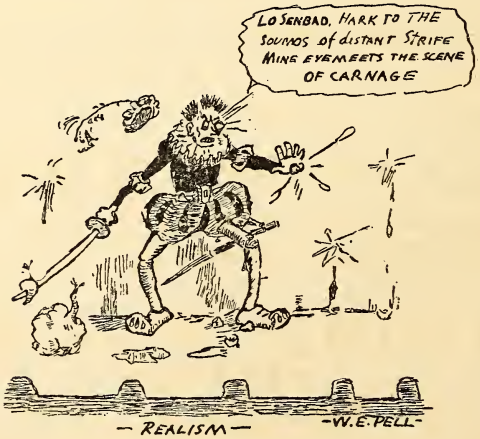

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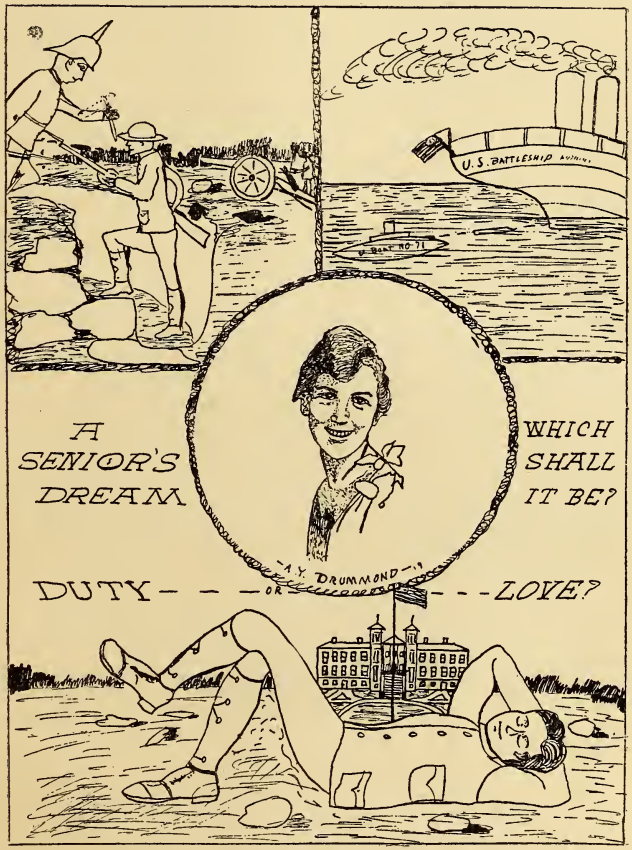

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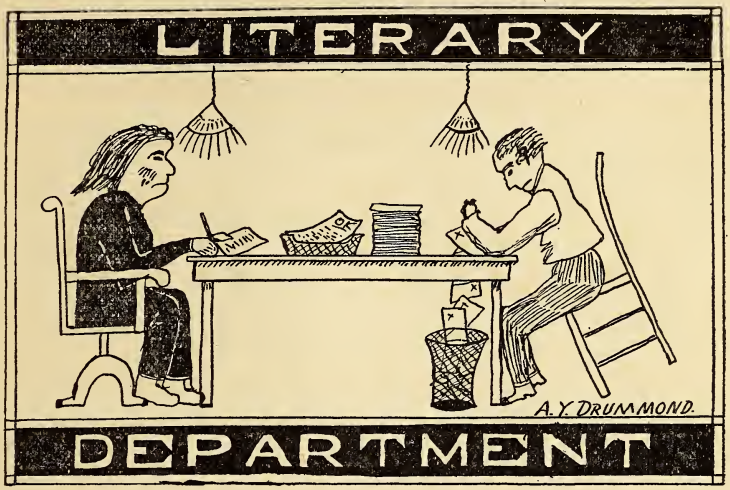

W. H. Wallace.....Editor
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An Ideal

By G. D. Sanders.

Far away, 'mong the blazing planets,
Keeping a-tune with those infinite spheres,
Dwelleth a being enchantingly lovely,
Living for me through the rush of the years.
Sweet as the musk that is blown from the roses,
Pure as the dew in the early morn,
It is companion to beautiful spirits
Which only jewels of heaven adorn.

It is a day dream that lives in the darkness,
Idol of love and essence of life,
Beck'ning my soul to fields in Elysium,
Deadening the brunt of the daily strife.
It is the spirit of all that is kindliest,
Soul of the best in the kingdom of love;
It is the ideal that raises my efforts
Ever aloft to new levels above.

A Reply to the Critics of Secretary Baker

By W. R. Johns, '19.

NO GREAT enterprise of private or public origin ever succeeds unless there be criticism of adverse and approving kinds. We find that almost every one, whose advice has not been asked, considers himself capable of doing better than those upon whose shoulders fall the burdens of construction. This has happened time and time again; therefore, it was no new thing to hear the critics, both theoretical and captious, start a fusillade of deprecatory invective against the preparations made by our government for the conduct of this great war. Whatever the purpose of these detractors from the present "powers that be," the salient fact remains that they have attacked savagely what they considered had been ill-done or not done at all, and have had no words of praise for what has been accomplished against great odds.

It is to be kept in mind that our entire training has been opposed to military pursuits. We, as a nation, had scoffed at the ways of war. When war did come to us, it found us intellectually, morally and physically unprepared. Now then, war is a science in these times. It requires forethought and energy and patience to bring about the necessary change from peaceful occupations to the opposite, which is war. Then, again, war is a serious matter. It means the lives, the fortunes of our people, even the future of our republic. When these possibilities are considered, we must admit that undue haste or the making of a surface showing without a basic foundation which will withstand the shocks that are sure to come would be wrong and would in the end react to our undoing. Though haste may be desirable at times, yet we cannot escape the underlying thought of the maxim which tells about "more haste and less speed." It would be wrong, just for the moral effect, to send forth soldiers improperly equipped and improperly armed. This condition may do for the camps, but it will never do in stern warfare.

In spite of these elemental facts, we have those people who take it upon themselves to feel that they are the whole beams upon which rests the safety of our nation. Instead of offering constructive advice, they burst forth into print at great length telling us what they would do if they were only in power. Those who have charge of this matter need no help from me; in fact, they need only to point out what has been done to refute the charges that our military preparations have been slow. As the figures speak for themselves, I shall take the liberty of quoting a few that we may better visualize how a titanic task has been handled in a thoroughgoing fashion.

When war was declared, on April 6th, 1917, we had in the regular army about 120,000 enlisted men and about 5,000 officers; in the National Guard, 75,000 enlisted men and 4,000 officers. This was the nucleus around which we had to build. Officers are not made in a day; men are not turned into soldiers who are capable of responding to the call for arms by a few drills. Yet we find, according to the word of our Secretary of War, that we will have half a million men in Europe in the early part of 1918. If these men are not in Europe at that time, it will be because of lack of ships and not because the War Department has failed in its task of getting together the men, of supplying the material and of expanding an organization which will not fail us in the hour of trial. The number indicated is more than twice the number we had on our rolls less than a year ago; so it is clear that a Herculean task has been efficiently performed. On December 31, 1917, we had under arms 1,500,000 men, all told, outside the navy. Why, in the war with Spain we had only 273,000 men and officers; so it once more comes back to us that we are engaged in an enterprise which towers high above anything ever attempted before in this land. Perhaps a mistake or two have occurred. But where do not mistakes occur? The infallible man or machine has not as yet been created.

As intimated, an army is of no service without officers. To train the officers needed for our purpose, that are to take care of a million and a half men, we established training camps.

These camps turned out 45,000 officers. To take care of the great gatherings of men, cantonments were established in various parts of the country; labor had to be gathered; material had to be obtained. A cantonment is a city within itself. It requires all the essentials of a town—barracks, sewage disposal, waterworks and storehouses. Then, to take care of the men, commissary departments had to be established in all these places. Cooks were needed to cater for our boys. When you think of the difficulty the average family has in obtaining the services of a single cook, you may appreciate the difficulty the government encountered in laying its hands on the thousands needed. Most of them had to be made into cooks.

All of this takes time. In letting the contracts, which reached billions of dollars, the War Department had to examine the firms capable of turning out the raw and finished products. When these firms got large orders they had to expand their organizations. Skilled workmen were and are scarce. The draft had taken many away. So, of course, guns and munitions and clothing could not be turned out to the day. Withal, however, the reports at hand show that the greater number of men in our army are properly and fully equipped. How could the Secretary of War do better? He had to depend on the industries of the land; the industries had to educate the labor they had to control. We must never forget that the industries of our land were not equipped for the work required, nor were they large enough to handle without enlargement the magnitude of the business incident to equipping one and a half million men, outside of the requirements of our Navy Department.

The present war brought with it many new problems; for instance, air fighting. Still, we are on the road to being on the top in this matter. I say on the top in every sense of the word. Previous to the war, we had, for experimental purposes, about twelve hundred men in the aviation corps. Now we have about four thousand officers and about eighty-two thousand men. Motors and bodies of an improved type are now being made. We have passed the experimental stage, and Uncle Sam will

prove his superiority to the enemy in the air and on the earth.

In the Engineer Division, every branch of the service had to be augmented. In this branch, we had a hundred and twenty thousand men. Then the Medical Department demanded instant attention, for soldiers need doctors. These, fortunately, we managed to get in sufficient numbers to care for the sick.

The draft law went into effect in the summer. Since then nearly ten million men have registered. Of these, three million have been called. Over a million have been certified for service, and six hundred eighty-seven thousand named in the first call. It required physical examinations for each and every one of these. It needed the going over of papers which asked for exemption on various grounds. Care was necessary to see that the minimum of injustice was done where claims were made. The entire machinery had to be put into being, and we see it has worked well, without disorder, and has given as an army, a national army of which we may be proud.

In every act of government, the pioneers find traveling the hardest. If it ever happens we must war again, then those who come hereafter will have precedent to guide them. Our War Department had to conceive, had to further, it was compelled to originate methods of procedure. This was and is a superhuman task, which required the services of energetic, diligent and open-minded men to bring order out of chaos, to bring out of disconnected parts a machine that would work.

Where men change habits entirely, where they go to different climates in groups, sickness must be expected. Despite the croakers, our men have fared well in this respect. None of us like to see our men die, but deaths will occur outside of camps as well as in camp. The death rate in our forces was 7½ per cent. to the thousand from September to December. According to vital statistics compiled for the purpose, this is slightly lower than the rate is in the United States among men of the ages of those who are in our army.

When we look back upon the achievements of our War Department for the last ten months, we see a record of amazing efficiency. If we are fair, we must acknowledge that the

change from raw recruit to finished soldier has been wonderful. Taking men from civil life, turning them into trained troops, equipping them with uniforms, feeding them and gathering the materials for the military training of a million and a half men is an accomplishment which will go down in the world's history as the wonder of the twentieth century.

At this accomplishment thoughtful men are not surprised, for it has been our custom, as a people, to do well whatsoever task we set ourselves to do. Indeed, the eyes of liberty-loving folk have been long turned towards America, the great theatre upon which the drama of liberty is being successfully played. With eagerness—sometimes, it is true, even with a little jealousy—these struggling people have watched our triumphant course. They have cheered us and congratulated us because of our achievements. They have gloried in our victories. And now, in their hour of bitterness and peril, when their liberties and ours are threatened by a ruthless enemy, they have turned to us with appealing hands for help. Our answer is found in our stalwart sons who are leaving farm, counter, study and workshop and by the hundreds of thousands are sweeping on to the ships that lie at our docks ready to carry them to the shell-torn fields of France. For this response our allies are grateful. With these preparations they find no fault. The criticism, sad to say, has come from within our own borders.

I will not have you think for one moment that I am lost in self-admiration or blind optimism, for I am only too conscious of the fact that we have made mistakes; that there may have been instances where the paltry dollar has blinded the vision of men in public places. But shall we on that account support those who, by destructive criticism, would paralyze the arm of him who is the right arm of the President in this crisis? I tell you NAY!

Fellow citizens, I cannot answer for you in this matter. I can only speak for myself. I believe in this man to whom our great President has committed this high trust. At this moment to me he stands for my country, and my country I love. To me, as to all true Americans, every acre of her prairie, every

mile of her silvery streams, every rod of her rock-bound coast, every snow-capped peak of her noble mountains are dear. To me, as to every loyal American, the principles of justice, equity and truth are sacred. With these high ideals before him, our Secretary has worked steadily at the side of his great chief. His accomplishment speaks for itself. Future generations of freemen who have been redeemed from worse than slavery by his untiring devotion, I believe, will rise up and call him blessed.

A Sammy's Soliloquy

It isn't the night that I'm minding,
Or of freezing that I'm afraid;
It's not the fact that I'm lonely,
Or dreading the oncoming raid.
For, tho' my hands may be dirty,
And my clothing has soiled become,
There is warmth in my heart thru 'memb'ring
That loved ones await me back home.

It's the pain that comes thru seeing
How nobly French poilus stand;
And children without protectors
To give them the shielding hand.
The helpless wounded returning
Once more to a ruined home;
And the countless graves of those
For whom the last call has come.

Ah! surely our Father in Heaven
Gives to them strength to withstand
The onslaughts of heartless oppressors,
Who would crush life out of their land.
And slowly, but surely, there's coming
A day when tyrants must pay;
And the time when peace shall forever
On earth return to stay.

J. P. B., '19.

Jack Lockwood's Utmost

EARLY one spring morning, just as the warm rays of the sun had touched the crest of each rippling wave of the Atlantic, and while a gentle southern breeze blew from the warm gulf stream, as it wound its way from the Gulf of Mexico to the English Channel, a mighty United States battleship could be seen swiftly steaming in the channel. It moved quickly and quietly, as some wild animal would in stealing upon its prey. Great volumes of black smoke belched forth from its huge smokestacks, leaving dense clouds to screen it from hostile vessels, while in the rear it left a snowy white trail, somewhat similar to the path of a deadly torpedo as it glides toward its victim. From its mast floated "Old Glory," the pride of a powerful nation of people, ever willing to fight for their freedom, as were their ancestors.

On deck stood Captain Jack Lockwood, of Boston, who had a few years ago received his degree from Yale. He had played on Yale's 'varsity football team, and as quarterback had often been the hero of many a hard-won victory, carrying the ball for the needed touchdown. He had graduated young, and at the first call of his country for volunteers had offered his services. After a strenuous preparation at a naval aviation training school, he had won a commission as captain, and was now ordered to keep a sharp lookout for U-boats which were menacing America's transports. His orders were to scan the water for any danger that might harm our vessels laden with soldiers. He was to convoy our transports through the danger zone in safety to the English port.

As Jack leaned against the rails of the deck, he seemed to be studying the surface of the blue water, but his thoughts were of the happy home he had left; of his mother and how tenderly she had bid him good-bye; of his college days and the merry times he had had; but one sweet memory haunted him more than anything else—it was of Edith Farland, a young society girl, whom he had met at a dance one evening. Some-

way, she was different from the other girls he knew, and he resolved to make their acquaintance stronger. He soon fell deeply in love with her, and it was not long before the affection was mutual. Thoughtfully he reviewed one summer at a famous seashore resort: he remembered the happy days of swimming, boating and motoring that he had spent with her; and he recalled how she had promised to wait until he returned. Jack had made two short visits home after receiving his commission, and they had been very happy together planning for the future; but Jack was suddenly called for active service. Edith had kissed him good-bye with a smile, and, although her heart was breaking, had bravely sent him away to do his bit. Therefore, he had much to think about as his dark brown eyes gazed wistfully over the water.

Several miles off the coast of England, the battleship dropped anchor near the path in which our transports would travel. Jack was to convoy them from this point to the coast. Although he had a great responsibility upon his shoulders, he was no more excited than if he was about to enter a football game; but this game of war, which he was to play now, counted much for his country, because many a soldier's life depended upon his vigilance of eye and upon his marksmanship.

Jack rose early on the morning that he was to make his first flight over foreign water, and went to look over his machine, which his mechanic had just finished overhauling to get it in perfect condition for a flight. It was a big aeroplane, equipped with a powerful Liberty motor. It rested upon the catapult from which it made its start. Buoys were attached to it to keep him from sinking should he be forced to descend upon the water. He tested each part of the machinery and inspected each little mechanism to see if it was sufficiently lubricated and working properly. He started up his big motor, and found each cylinder delivering its maximum power and running in excellent condition for any strain he might subject it to. After being satisfied with his morning examination, he switched his motor off and went to his room to remove the grease from his hands before being called for breakfast.

After a hearty meal, Jack put on his heavy aviation suit, helmet and gloves and once more went to his machine; but this time he strapped himself within the fuselage, and, after some crisp orders to his mechanic, prepared to ascend. At the command of "Suck in," the mechanic gave the propeller a turn, in order to flood each cylinder with gas; then, with another twist, the big, one hundred and seventy horsepower engine awaked to life, rent the quiet morning air with a deafening roar, as the exploded gas issued from the exhaust pipe. Nothing could be heard but the roar of the engine and the whir of the propeller as the big aeroplane stood poised, as an eagle upon some dizzy cliff, with wings outstretched for flight.

Jack set his controls, and, after leaving the catapult, rose gracefully into the air, climbing steadily until he had reached an altitude of five thousand feet. He then took a straight course toward the west, moving at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. Far below him lay the battleship, only a tiny speck in the distance, surrounded by a vast expanse of water. His engine hummed merrily as he flew onward in search of adventure. He soon began to feel the chill of the cool morning air, and bent lower in the fuselage to catch the warm air, heated in passing over his engine. Finally, he saw a tiny speck in the distance moving in the direction opposite from that in which he was going. Turning his machine around, he manipulated his controls for a nose dive, and dived almost vertically downward for a thousand feet; righting himself from his long plunge, he gently resumed his course straight ahead, and soon perceived the vessel to be one of our transports. He slackened his speed as much as possible and began to circle down above the vessel.

Soon the watchful eyes observed a white streak upon water, as if it was disturbed by some swiftly moving body; and, dropping nearer, he recognized the periscope of a submarine moving swiftly toward the American vessel. For the first time in his life, he was strangely fascinated and excited by the fact that he must now play a winning card or see his comrades sent to death by a deadly missile from this foe. Manoeuvering so

as to obtain a more advantageous position, he grasped the lever which released the bombs suspended under the machine, and prepared to send one of these messengers of death to the enemy. He saw a white puff of smoke from the American vessel, and then heard the report of its gun. They had realized their danger, and were now trying to stop the rapid advance of the U-boat; but the gunner had overestimated the range, and the shot fell far behind the oncoming enemy.

Jack was now directly over the U-boat, and, realizing his chance, had decided to act quickly. Knowing his speed and estimating the parabolic curve that the bomb would take in its downward flight, he pulled with steady hand the lever and waited tensely to see the result of his shot. The bomb fell true and, with a terrific explosion, shattered the periscope and rent the conning tower, so that the water rushed in and drowned the crew like entrapped rats. The vessel sank, and Germany lost one more U-boat. Jack, with a smile, thought to himself that this was one time that the Kaiser could not say, "Gott mit Uns."

While all these events were taking place, Jack had not thought of how long he had been in the air. The strain had been too great upon some of the wires, and they had become loose. He started in the direction of the battleship, as the transport ship was now out of the danger zone. Soon he began to have trouble with his engine. The cylinders began to skip, and the machine failed to respond to the controls as he frantically worked them. Soon he came in sight of the battleship and prepared to glide down. With a downward swoop, he dived straight towards the water, and then the fateful thing happened. A few wires, being strained to their utmost, snapped, and, with a lurch, the wings collapsed and Jack sped downward unable to help himself. By some miracle he was not killed, but was severely scalded from the steam of his hot engine as it plunged in the ocean.

Two days later, Jack arrived in Boston, much to the surprise of his mother and Edith. As he could never fly again, he was dismissed from the service and rewarded for his brave

deed. Six months later, Jack and Edith were married, and took his mother to live with them in their new home, where they passed happily into their new life.

"TOBY," '19.

The Night

The sun, with one last farewell kiss,
Withdraws its rays of sunshine bright;
But leaves reflected rays of bliss,
By means of moon from starry height.

The star-encluster'd moon above,
With yellow rays of speedy flight,
Imparts to us with gentle love
Enchanting hours of moonlight night.

And as its yellow rays shine down
On land and dismal forest tree,
They fall upon the sleeping town,
In slumber there, so full and free.

A gentle breeze, with music sweet,
Disturbs the calm with moanful tone;
While from their nest the song birds greet
The sun's return from distant zone.

"TOBY," '19.

"The Draft"

By W. R. Johns, '19.

MANY people find fault with the word "draft." But why? It is full of significance, and for this reason should be retained in indicating the scope of selective conscription. Each person is fitted for some particular occupation. Still, we find many round pegs in square holes. They revolve, which means much energy is expended without adequate return. In a time of stress, when all the energies of the nation, when every resource at our command is required for the national good, a method must be put into effect to bring about effective co-operation.

We have done this in measure with the selection of men for the front. By a scheme of elimination, we are making up an army which is attracting world-wide attention. To keep this army well fed, to supply it with needed material for subsistence and operation, it seems desirable we put into being a system which shall list the entire labor of our land. Labor means every calling, vocation or profession. Whatever a person is capable of doing best should be assigned him. If we can draft men for the front, we can draft men to keep them there in comparative safety and comfort. This is absolutely necessary, if we are to win the war without too much loss of time. Time is the essence of all things. And the longer the duration of the war, the more will we suffer. Drastic measures are required in strenuous times. Folks who think because they are not in the army or navy they are exempt from governmental direction must be taught different.

Let us examine into conditions as they exist, and do not let us delude ourselves with the idea our superior resources and our practically untouched wealth will overcome all obstacles. The first and the foremost idea to be kept in mind is this: on the way we use our resources and the material at our disposal will depend the results we shall get from them. Resources alone count for aught. It is what we obtain from them that

counts. This point cannot be stressed too much. Boasting about our wealth and getting nothing in proportion to its aggregate is idle. It only allows the foe to recover from the first shocks of war.

It is wrong to blind ourselves with stories of the foe's losses and yet overlook that in each and every case he comes back to fight again. This is important to us, because while time is frittered away he reconstructs his army, makes over his men and adds the year's accretions of manpower to strike again. A little survey will do no harm, but may awaken us to the realities. We may learn just why this war is dragging instead of being brought to a close.

About once a year the foe takes an offensive position. He hurls millions of men in heavy mass into the fray. He endeavors to reach certain objectives. He takes a dangerous chance, and each time we are told he stakes his all on that particular operation. Be that as it may, it is patent he comes back again. When he sees his plans have failed, he withdraws into a short line. He permits the Allies to spread themselves, while he goes nearer home, looks over his troops, puts the good in the front, patches up the wounded. Then, if any are unfit, he sends them back home ready to take up some kind of work which will operate for the good of the army.

We see from all this the foe has each man and woman marked for certain service. When they have rendered that service, the individual is slated for another in line with war. As a matter of fact, with Germany war is the business in hand. Other lines are secondary.

Now then, if we get ready so to strike when the foe has expended his strength, then the victory would be short and sure. If, however, we allow the enemy again to retire to build up his wrecked machine, this process may be carried on for years and years. This is no fancy dream. We have seen it happen for the past four years, and it will happen again if some method is not inaugurated so we may concentrate our efforts to get the maximum of results. As indicated, we have the formation of a real and large army in effect. Now we

want to draft labor. Labor has no right to stand aside and work at which suits it best when men are giving up their lives in defense of those at home.

Not alone does Germany have iron discipline in the army, but she has it in the industries. Without industries, the armies cannot be properly supported. Up to now the man who escapes the draft thinks he has done his duty. He is free to demand whatever wages he asks and to choose whatever employment he desires, regardless of whether it inures to the benefit of the country at large.

The papers tell us each day of strikes at plants or intended strikes. Many of these are usually settled by offering high wages. These high wages has put into being a large floating population, which travels half time in the lure of more money. This traveling hinders output and takes up room on trains which is badly needed to carry coal and other commodities for carrying on the war.

In the winter, we had several hundred ships in port because coal had not been delivered at tidewater for them. The miners refused to work. Still we did nothing to compel them. On the Pacific coast, half of the time has been lost in strikes, putting back the building of ships. All this is matter of governmental import. Dribs and drabs of production, the same as dribs and drabs of soldiers, will not help. The influence is lost before the next batch comes along.

It has been demonstrated whenever a striks occurs in government work in private yards, certain allowances are made. With more allowance, the men work less hours. This means more men are put to work to accomplish a certain end. Conditions such as this take the agricultural laborer from the field. The steel mills gain a poor worker, while the farm loses a necessary and an experienced hand. These factors which tend to draw men away from callings to which they are best suited, to retard the production of materials essential for victory, demand a change. Our entire energies must be devoted to winning the war in short time. Unless we speed up and put each man in the niche where his services will do the most good,

then our talent will be wasted, our resources depleted without getting the corresponding return.

The idea involved may be better expressed by universal service. The war affects us all, but many do not bother about it because it has not touched them personally. Others are yelling patriotism on one side and trying to get rich on the other. Their country's danger is being used as a stepping-stone to fame and fortune and luxuries.

The danger in this war comes from underestimating the resources of the foe and minimizing the qualities which have furnished the endurance to hold out against the Allies. In men and money the Allies have had the advantage. True, the foe had the machine, but it cracked. Not being able to go right on the top of him when he fell down, gave him another chance for life. He made use of that chance, not once, not twice, but several times, to come back.

We may well ask from whence comes this remarkable recuperative power? The answer will be from co-operation and co-ordination. The entire machine works in harmony. When one part slips, another is ready to be inserted. This applies to the economic, the industrial, the financial and military fabric. We will do well to emulate the foe in some respects. It is never too late to learn. People have been wondering how Germany finances her war, and where she gets the money from. It travels in a circle, in the very same way that the energy expended in war travels right back to the place where it will do the most good. Figures have been compiled to show the burdens of war in a financial strength. They are illuminating because they indicate Germany has little to fear on that score just now, while all the Allies, excepting the United States, have much to fear. It remains for us to strike in concentrated form long before our energies have been dissipated.

Not taking into account the loss by destruction, but simply the expenditures of war in 1917 for Great Britain were $11,300,000,000. The total national income; that is, the combined income of the people, was $10,700,000,000. While, on the

other hand, Germany spent $9,300,000,000, the total national income was $10,500,000,000.

It will be observed from these figures that whatever money the foe spends comes right back again. This process may be carried on indefinitely. If it works with money, it should work with personal service. Some objection to the selective civil service may be put forward. The same sort of objection was put forward to the military draft. Our people as a whole are reasonable. Things which they are not forced to think about will not bother them. Once they are impressed with the idea our cause is in danger, that drastic discipline is needed for a short war, it is certain they will respond with alacrity.

Aside from the benefit which will come immediately, much which will serve in the future to balance our republic will result. Many of our people are floundering around. They have not landed in the position which suits the temperament or talents. These will be set right. They will be placed where they may do the most service, service which will be for the common good and redound to their own mental and physical advantage. An awakening will take place. Matters which never troubled the citizen's mind will engage it on account of seeing things in a new light. Broadened vision will make for better citizens, and, of course, it follows, better citizens add to national unity.

It takes a dangerous turn in the affairs of a land to bring to some people a realization of their duties and their privileges and their obligations. When this uncertainty does arise, the thoughtless need only to be led and they will be found ready, willing and eager to fit into the place which is best suited for them and which is most helpful to the government.

The standard of intelligence will be raised. Each man will have an incentive. He will become identified with the activity which shall enable him to say truthfully, "I am doing my bit." The psychology of the matter is not to be overlooked. The hearts of the people must be reached; this can only be done by demanding universal service and offering opportunity to render it.

By placing each individual on an even plane, none can complain of unfair dealing or unfair advantage. As it is, some seem to think they are being discriminated against. The price of heat has been fixed for the farmer, yet the price of labor is permitted to soar. These inequalities do not tend to promote the harmony and the unity of action so desirable for our purpose. On the surface it does appear to be a discrimination to say to one man we want you to risk your life, but to allow the man who must work to keep that man at the front, a chance to loaf.

Figures vary somewhat, but it is conservative to say at least the men or women at home must render efficient service to keep one man properly fed and equipped at the front. These figures give every opportunity to understand why service at home, efficient service, is to be demanded and insisted upon. It is a government's duty to have each individual at its beck and call. The call should be issued to every walk of life.
The only fair and substantial way to do it is by THE DRAFT.

For four years the world has seen a most disastrous war, a veritable orgy of waste and devastation. It is time to halt an insane foe, yet one insane only in military action toward those he wishes to destroy. With the cunning usually credited to a madman, he has woven the entire national fabric into a compact machine, with parts ready to slip into place when something goes wrong. We want to stop this destruction. We want to win, because we believe in the justice of right. Might has no place in our program in peace times. However, when might is on a spree, it behooves us to use the resources of our government—and might is one of them—to bring to the dust the apostle of might at all times. If we do not exercise that authority in all stages and classes of society, we shall rue the day. The time for action has come. Delays are dangerous. They give resting periods to the foe. This must not be. It can only be avoided and we can only be sure of striking a heavy and decisive blow if we will make our entire manpower subject to civil as well as military DRAFT.

The Way to Happiness

JOHN ELDRIGE alighted at the little mountain station, and, after watching the train disappear around the side of the mountain, turned to see whom he could find to direct him to Mrs. Miller's boarding house. An old mountaineer told him to follow the road in a certain direction for a mile or two and that it would bring him to Mrs. Miller's. Plainly, Eldrige's mind was very much preoccupied, and by the expression on his face, it was evident that the cause of this preoccupation was not a very pleasant one. As he walked down the road, the slight stoop of his strong, athletic body and the hesitancy in his step showed that he was physically tired. Somehow, he seemed to lack the vigor and enthusiasm of a man of twenty-four, and as he walked down the road he seemed rather unmindful of his surroundings and not aware of the fact that the mountains stood majestically all around him and that the trees and flowers had responded to the call of spring and were now in full leaf and bloom.

As he rounded a curve in the road, he heard the noise of school children and saw numbers of them leaving a small country schoolhouse. Several minutes after the last loiter had left the building, a young woman came out of the door just as Eldrige came in front of it, and he stopped and, lifting his hat, asked if she could direct him to Mrs. Miller's boarding house.

"Oh, yes," she smilingly replied, "I'm on my way there now. Are you from the city? Oh, how nice! From New York. I've always wanted to meet some one from the big outside world, and now I have the opportunity at last. I am Mabel Bronson, and I teach the village school, and as my parents are dead, I live with my aunt, Mrs. Miller."

Something about the young woman attracted John Eldrige's attention, and her keen interest in all he had to say as he told her who he was made him feel that he had a companion for his two weeks' stay in the mountains who would add much to the pleasure of his vacation. She was so different from the

society women whom he had known all his life, and now he certainly preferred her company to that of Evelyn Williams, whose name was coupled with his in the society circle in which they moved, and whom he had come to look upon as his future wife. But his last interview with her had not been very pleasant, and now he felt a great revulsion toward such a life as they led and a desire to break away from it. That and the need of a rest from business cares had caused him to seek an isolated spot in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina, where he hoped to regain his former youthful vigor and be relieved from the pressing demands of a society life.

"I'm so glad you came today," she said; "for my school closed this afternoon, and I would certainly be lonesome for the next few days, as it is rather early yet for any summer boarders to arrive. Auntie told me a boarder was coming, but she gave me no further information about him, and I presumed he was some old man who was seeking the mountains rather early. I'm awful glad it is you instead, for now I'll have some one to climb the mountains with before too many boarders arrive to make that impossible. Funny a girl born and raised in the mountains hasn't had enough climbing yet, but I never get tired of it, and love to spend whole days up on the top of a mountain, where you can see so much of the valleys around and be so much nearer the sky. You say you have never experienced it, and I rather envy you, for I can remember my joy when Daddy took me up for the first time to the top of the mountain over there, and I know it seems much more wonderful when you are older and can appreciate things more. Well, here we are at the house, and I'll show you to your room and not trouble you any more until after supper, but then I want to hear lots about the city and the outside world."

As Eldrige bathed his face in the cool spring water and took a deep draught of it, he wondered how such a girl had come to be there. She was so different from her aunt, and was not in the least like that rough and plain old mountain woman. She had said she had never been beyond the gap in the mountains, but where had she received her education and

refinement? Well, he, too, had some things to find out, and he felt his interest growing more and more in this girl who had surprised him so much. He found himself forgetting business and the world he had left behind him, and he realized that this was to be a new experience for him.

After a wholesome supper, he went out on the porch and sat down on the steps to wait until Mabel had helped her aunt wash the dishes and could join him. He lighted the pipe he had bought that day, for he smoked cigars in the city, and leaning against the post, he enjoyed the luxury of being completely at his ease. As he knocked the ashes from his pipe, Mabel appeared in the doorway and asked if he would like to go down to the springhouse for some cold milk and cream. Lazily getting up, he followed the girl to the dairy down at the spring, where she gave him all the cold rich milk he could drink and meanwhile plied him with many eager questions. Just as they started back to the house, they heard the sound of wheels on the road, and soon a buggy stopped in front of the house. The driver gave a long whistle, which was answered by the girl, who then turned to Eldrige and said, "I'm sorry I can't be with you longer, but Tom has come for me; and as he doesn't get to come over often, I must not disappoint him or keep him waiting." She quickly ran into the house and soon appeared on the porch, and, running down the walk, climbed into the buggy and drove off with the young mountaineer.

Eldrige felt keenly disappointed at having to give up the pleasure of the girl's company during the evening, and his displeasure was increased by seeing her drive off with her mountaineer lover. He rather savagely relit his pipe and sat alone on the porch for several hours looking at the distant mountains outlined in the moonlight. Finally, he got up and went to his room and retired, as he he felt rather fatigued from his long journey, and he was asleep before the buggy returned. and therefore did not see the boy and girl as they said good-night in the manner customary among their people.

During the days that followed, Eldrige gradually forgot the incident, as Tom was too busy to get off to come over and

Mabel did not mention his name. Those days were filled with wonderful experiences for the city-bred man, and he with the companionship of the girl climbed most of the neighboring mountains. Gradually the cares of his business slipped from his mind and his past life seemed like a dim memory. He became erect once more, and his step had an elasticity that showed that his spirits were once more revived and that his healthful vigor had returned. In that time he learned from Mabel Bronson that her father had come to the mountains in quest of health and had married a beautiful mountain girl, who was Mabel's mother. Her mother had died at her birth, and her father had lived on in the mountains, giving most of his time and care to the baby girl, who was all he had left to remind him of his beautiful little wife, whom he had passionately loved, although she had been a simple, uneducated mountain girl. As he was a well educated man and was an author, he had been able to give his daughter practically as good an education as she would have received at college, and he trained her untiringly until he succumbed to the disease with which he had struggled so long and left her an orphan to live with her mother's sister. He had told her about the city life and had promised to take her out into the world some day; but that day had never come, and she could not go alone.

Many stories were told him of the girl's untiring efforts to help the simple mountain people—her people, as she called them. She taught the school for a mere pittance, and worked unceasingly with the children to educate them and make useful men and women of them. Every one loved this angel of mercy, and there were few people near her who had not been helped by her when they were sick and needed some one to nurse them and take care of their children. Always ready and willing to go where she was needed, she had become endeared to the hearts of those simple people, and they had begun to regard this handsome young man from the city with envious and suspicious eyes, as they feared he would take her away from them. Tom had heard rumors of the boarder, but when he came the following Sunday night, he still found Mabel the same as

before, and they had again left the stranger to spend the evening alone while they rode along under the mellow light of a full moon.

But the two weeks were drawing to a close, and Mabel had saved the highest mountain for the last day John—as he had become to her—would be there. They set out early in the morning with the lunch she had prepared and climbed slowly up the steep sides of the mountain, stopping often to rest and enjoy the beauty of the flowers which nature had so generously scattered along the sides of the mighty old mountain. The tall rhododendron was in full bloom, and formed large masses of purple and pink and white color against the blue of the sky line, and along the stream the laurel flamed in a deep pink color, which was reflected in the clear pools of water formed by the damming of the brook which flowed down the mountain side. From beneath the leaves and bushes the trailing arbutus put forth its delicate star-like blossoms, and blue violets grew in wild profusion everywhere. There were many inviting places to rest, but they finally reached a rocky cliff near the summit of the mountain, near where there was a spring, and here they encamped for the midday meal.

After eating the substantial lunch which Mabel had prepared, they settled themselves against the rock to enjoy the wonderful view which spread out before them. The whole valley between that series of mountains and the series on the other side could be seen, and from the height the towns looked like toy villages, in which the people could not be distinguished. The splotches of color mingled with the greenness of the vegetation transformed the brownness of the mountain side into such a picture as only nature can paint, and here and there the protrusion of a large gray boulder or a narrow trail leading down into the valley were the only signs of the bare mountain or of man's intrusion into that mystic temple of the Almighty.

After looking intently at the scenery for a long time, the girl uttered a sound resembling a sigh and said: "I just love the mountains, for they are everlasting memorials of God's power which man cannot materially alter. Man has felled

forests and transformed the desert into fertile plains; he has built his factories which have changed the clear depths of rivers into inky blackness and filled the air with infectious smoke and gases; he has put his cities on the plains where once the wild man roved, and has even turned rivers from their courses; but the mountains he cannot change. They have withstood the rains and storms of ages, and man can only put his small buildings and build his railroads upon their sides, but he cannot destroy or materially change them. He may pierce their sides with tunnels and quarry the rock and ores from the heart of their mightiest peaks, but they will still defy his power to change their shape and form and will remain throughout centuries as the unaltered works of the hands of the Maker. It always gives me such a feeling of smallness and awe when I look on such marvelous and majestic grandeur, and I seem to be nearer to God up here, where there are only the works of His hands to impress me with His greatness and power. Then, I love the mountains because my father did, for he taught me to love them; and when he died his face was turned toward the highest peak in sight, as if that was the path his spirit would take in its flight heavenward.

"But I have always longed to see the city. I have read of what man has done there, and it must be wonderful to see what man can accomplish. I would have seen it all if Daddy hadn't died so soon, but I don't guess I ever shall now. That is why I have loved to hear you tell of it, and now I want you to tell me all there is about it that I haven't heard, for you say you are going tomorrow and may never come back. And I don't guess there will be any folks here from the city in a long time, and so I want to hear all there is about it now."

As she ceased speaking, her eyes wandered to the gap where the railroad went over the mountain and a wistful look came over her face, which betrayed the only unrest in her soul and showed just how much she wanted to get a glimpse of the world beyond. She was not what would be considered a beautiful woman according to the society standards, but her lithe and graceful body seemed full of strength and poise, and the

man at her side felt his heart strangely warmed as he saw the depth of yearning in the soft grey eyes, and he believed he could love her. The sharp contrast between this girl who had revealed so much of her soul to him and the society debutante who was awaiting his return came into his mind, and he felt peculiarly drawn to this simple girl, who was so different from the other one, whom he did not fully understand.

Suddenly he took her hand gently and said, "Mabel, come with me as my wife, and I shall show you all. You have made me feel as I never could before, and I believe I could accomplish much more if I had you to inspire me and always keep my courage up and my determination firm."

The girl turned her eyes, into which a new expression had come, upon him and, looking straight into his, said, "You have misunderstood me, John, for that could never be. I am not and can never be capable of filling the place your wife must fill; and, besides, your love is only sympathy for me and a desire to help me. You must love the girl whose picture is on your dresser, the one I found in a pile of magazines, where you had forgotten it. No; there is more to her than you think, and I believe she is the one for your wife. Besides, I am going to marry Tom Bolt next month, and I could never leave these mountains and my people, for I love them and they need me. Knowing you has meant a lot to me—more than I can tell you, but I love another; and even if I did love you, I could not lead the life I should have to as your wife and could never be happy away from my place in the world. Now, promise me that you will write the girl back home tonight and will try to understand her, for I believe you do really love her and that she is the one who should be your wife."

Suddenly John Eldrige realized that what this marvelous young woman had said was true, and again taking her hand, which she had withdrawn from his, he pressed it warmly and said, "Mabel, you are just one of God's noblewomen, and you have taught me to see and understand things rightly. I'll never forget you, and must have your promise that you and Tom will come to visit us—my wife and me—next fall. I am one of

the directors of the ——— Railroad, and therefore shall send the tickets for you. You can see the city as it is, and then come back to your mountains and to your people."

Mabel's face shone with joy, as she realized that her wish was to be gratified, and promised to get her future husband to go with her.

Together they descended the winding mountain trail, and reached the boarding house just as the sun sank behind the mountains. Life was now more real to each than before, and both knew that the future would mean more to them because they had known each other. John Eldrige now intended to marry Evelyn Williams and to tell her all about Mabel, so they could better understand each other. He realized that this mountain girl had shown him how to understand his life, and also how he could better his fellow man. He knew that now her happiness was complete; that, although he would probably see her only a few times more, she was one who had met him in the crisis of his life, when he was disheartened and discouraged, and by her radiant optomism and unselfishness had shown him the way to happiness; and in doing so had made her own life more rich and full of the joy of serving others.

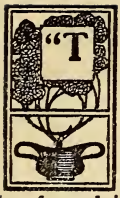
J. P. B., '19.

Jes' Want to See You, Dear

BY G. D. SANDERS.

I'm awfully blue
The whole day through,
Wishin' to see you again;
The roses bloom,
But they don't smell sweet,
And the thrushes sing
Where the oak boughs meet,
But their songs are a paean of pain:
'Cause I can't see you anymore.

The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots



"THE HISTORY of a country is the biography of its great men." When Carlyle uttered this axiom, he surely intended that his "men" should include both genders, for there appear in history the names of many women who greatly influenced the march of events in their times. Many such women were to be found in Europe in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth.

One such woman was Mary Queen of Scots. Whose pity will not be stirred by the pathos of her story, whose heart is so hardened as not to be moved by the sufferings of this woman? Is there any one whose tenderest sympathy will not be extended to this mere girl, who suffered more anguish and endured more agony than was her share? Born into a home where she was not welcomed, carried away from her mother and relatives into a foreign land when only a baby, made a widow when but a girl, deserted by her subjects, rejected and outcast by her cousin Elizabeth, treated coldly by her husband, does she not present an appealing story? Is it, then, any wonder that her biographers, especially those who understand her best, can but feel a great admiration for her?

The government of Scotland was in a very precarious position. The country was torn by the dissensions of disaffected nobles, Henry VIII, the scheming uncle of James, was quarreling with the king, the sovereign was on his death bed, and there was no heir to the throne. Such were the conditions when the baby Mary was born in the middle of winter, 1542. The indifferent father, hearing that the child was a girl and believing that his line would soon end, awoke from his apathy only long enough to mutter, "Devil go with it! It came with a lass, it will go with a lass."

Barely six years had passed when it was decided that Mary, at some future time, should become the wife of the French Dauphin, and accordingly she was sent off to the French court to be brought up among the people with whom she was to spend

her early life. Unfortunate child, bereft of the care of its mother at such a tender age!

At the French court she made quite an impression by her ladylike bearing and coolness. She had brought with her from England several of her companions as playmates, but she was not allowed to associate with them, French playmates being substituted. She grew up amid the leisure, luxury and corruption of the French court, all the while tutored by a French maid. Mary, though not especially fond of learning, made remarkable progress in the classics, and became well acquainted with both Latin and Greek.

When just sixteen years of age, she became the bride of the Dauphin, who was even younger than she. Upon the death of the French king, she and her husband were made rulers of the land, a position they were destined to hold but eighteen short months. But these months were made unhappy for Mary by the wife of the late king, who, in her black robes of mourning, forever seemed to haunt the young queen. When the sickly young king became ill, these two women seemed to vie with each other in looking after him, neither one leaving his bedside even for a moment. Finally, when the king passed away, Mary could no longer endure the effrontry of her mother-in-law. Though mortified that she was unable to obtain from her jealous cousin Elizabeth a guarantee of safe passage over the channel, she left for her old Scottish home.

When she again reached the shores of Scotland, there was no mother to greet her, for this beloved one had long passed to her reward. No glad throngs or joyous multitudes welcomed her, but instead, as she made her way to the palace, unbearable taunts were hurled at her merely for the reason that she was not of the same religious beliefs as her subjects. But she kept these things in her heart.

Now, for the first time, Mary became a real ruler, though she had formerly been a queen. Now began the few joyous years of her sad life. Now began the interchange of expressions of friendship and devotion between her and Elizabeth—that very Elizabeth who, but a short time before, had refused

safe conduct to Scotland and who, in a very few months, insulted Mary more than once. Would that Mary had fully understood the woman she was dealing with!

Mary had a multitude of suitors, and could have allied herself with almost any royal house of the continent had she cared to do so. Of all her suitors, however, Mary liked best her cousin, Henry Darnley, and, upon finding out that Philip of Spain approved the match, she married this irresolute, incapable boy, who sadly neglected his wife. When he should have been at the palace with the queen, he was away on one of his hunting escapades, and in more than one way he showed that he was unworthy of his position.

David Riccio, a man of no mean ability, was Mary's most trusted adviser. Of him Darnley was inordinately jealous, and was ever contriving to have him put out of the way. His murderous designs soon bore fruit. One evening, as the queen and her adviser were supping together, this sulky and most frivolous youth, Darnley, rushed into the room with a band of armed attendants, seized Riccio, carried him into the next room and murdered him in cold blood. Even the queen was confined for several days by her husband. Such was the respect shown his wife by this jealous young boy. Who would not have scorned and despised him?

In the place of the murdered Riccio, Mary secured as her trusted adviser the Earl of Bothwell. He was a man of wonderful capabilities, and the fact that his enemies were the enemies of the queen bound the two closely together. Just when Mary's love for him began no one can accurately say, but it was quite natural that she should have formed a passionate affection for him, spending as she did most of her time with him, placing so much confidence in him and being treated so coldly by her frivolous boy consort who called himself her husband.

One dark night, as Darnley lay sick on his bed, a great explosion rent the air, and the house in which the king slept became a heap of ruins. Darnley was no more. Bothwell was very naturally accused of the crime, but no one appeared to

testify against him at the trial, which was a mere farce.

After the earl had secured a divorce from his wife, he and Mary were married. Such a proceeding so enraged the people that they rose in revolt to drive the couple from the realm. After Mary, disguised as a page, had escaped from the castle and was well on her way to join Bothwell, she was captured and carried back to Edinburgh. On the journey to that city, she was made the object of many taunts and insults. Some men dared call out as she passed along, "Burn the whore!" Could ever woman been insulted more? Had she a friend along to shield and protect her, would any person dared to shout such a thing? This unshielded woman could do nothing more than burst into tears of grief and mortification.

Mary was confined in the island fortress of Loch Leven. Here she led a dreary and solitary life, enduring in silence the finger of scorn pointed at her by her attendants. Finally, she succeeded in escaping to England, where she threw herself at the feet of Elizabeth. The English queen at first refused to see Mary, but this disheartened woman was in no position to heed such an insult.

Elizabeth, now that she had her rival completely in her hands, was at a loss to know what was to be done with her. To place her again upon her throne would alienate her Scottish Protestants; to keep her imprisoned in England would probably estrange her Catholic subjects; to set her free in England or on the continent would mean that innumerable plots would be hatched out against the English crown.

Finally, a conference was arranged at York, at which Mary was to be given a hearing. In her characteristic way of doing things, Elizabeth had an indefinite decision rendered. All the time, however, she was anxious to get Mary out of the way, and at one time even entertained a proposal to give Mary over to her enemies in Scotland. And all this by a woman who had openly professed but a short time before to be Mary's staunch friend!

For more than twenty long years Mary was held captive in England. During that time, plot after plot to have her restored

was formed, but not a one proved successful. Elizabeth at last realized the necessity of getting rid of Mary, and she also knew the only safe method. Accordingly, she signed the death warrant of the Scotch queen, though, in a cowardly fashion, she later tried to avoid the responsibility of her act. The magnificent fortitude with which Mary underwent her fate is in marked contrast to the petty acts of Elizabeth.

In the cold gray dawn of February 8, 1587, Mary Queen of Scots calmly stepped forth to meet her doom. Her servants, who were accompanying her with the crucifix, were rudely cast back. With her stately carriage, she moved without faltering to the block, where the executioners helped to arrange her head. Low, confused voices were heard giving directions.

"In manus tuas Domine me commendo." Then the axe fell, and Mary Queen of Scots was no more. "Her iniquity is pardoned, for she has received at the Lord's hand double for all her sin."

"ROMAN," '20.

"The Parting"

O Seniors, soon does come the parting,
And you leave this sacred place.
Although in life you are just starting,
You must fight to win life's race;
For life is but a burning bier
On which we end our labors here.

And quickly does the time go flying,
While your hair is turning gray,
And swiftly come the thoughts of dying,
As you watch the sun's last ray;
For life is but a space of fear
For you as time of death grows near.

But, Seniors, look to one more meeting,
When for once again you meet,
For many there will find their greeting
As they did on college seat;
For life is never weary there,
Where you are safe with love so dear.

"TOBY," '19.

Southern Songs of the Sixties

(Extracts from the Diary of a Captain in the Confederate Army.)

MAY 15, 1863, I was serving as a captain under Lee. Several days before I had been summoned to the tent of the general. While I felt that I had committed no serious error lately, it was with a feeling of relief that I learned the purpose of his summons. As I stood before the great Southerner, I realized my insignificance; but it was with words of commendation that he addressed me. I had been reported for bravery under fire, and now he wished me to go to Richmond on an important matter concerning the commissary.

I had received my instructions, had gone to Richmond and carried them out to the best of my ability. Now I had two days left to spend in the capital. I was acquainted with a number of the best families in Richmond, and after all business was settled, I called on the Westons, a fine old Virginia family who in the times of war had moved to Richmond in order to be near Colonel Weston, one of Lee's staff officers. I had enjoyed the hospitality of this lovely Southern home for a day, and to show my appreciation, arranged a theatre party for the evening. We were to attend the program of the New Richmond Theatre.

As we entered our box the curtain was rising yet I took time to glance over the huge audience. There were hundreds and hundreds there. And, what was most noticeable, all were in grey. The pit and the galleries were filled with Confederate soldiers on furlough. But here and there were sweet Virginia maidens and dignified mothers, and even a few old gentlemen of the South, who were unable to take active part in the war. In the box opposite us sat several Confederate officers. Confederate flags, and indeed they were beautiful, were draped everywhere. Even the slowly rising curtain was a large flag.

The bill offered by the theatre was "The Virginia Cavalier." It was a beautiful musical comedy of the South—the land that

I loved. The plot was not complex and the play was not unusual, yet its wonderful patriotic element fascinated me. The soldiers went wild with enthusiasm, as their beloved Southland was lauded and glorified. The applause became greater as the play advanced. And in the third act there was no silencing of the wild applause when Miss Sallie Partington, known as the "prima donna of the Confederacy," sang "My Southern Soldier Boy":

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name,
He's off to the war and gone;
He's fighting for his Nannie dear,
His sword is buckled on.
He's fighting for his own true love,
His foes he does defy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

Yo! ho! yo! ho! yo! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
He is my only joy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

As the curtain descended an dthe orchestra struck up Dixie, those war-worn veterans became frantic. The curtain rose again, and they whooped and yelled, and I heard not one word of complaint. In those days there was no Southerner who stood idly by when the inspiring strains of Dixie filled the air. None were too old or too dignified to applaud and cheer the music sacred to the Southerner. Such relaxation and inspiration was necessary for the weary soldiers. And it seems to me that "Miss Sallie" was a Southern patriot who should never be forgotten as long as old Virginia's blood flows through the veins of man. I now realized what was meant when I read a few days before in a Northern paper that the theatres of Richmond were "crowded with blockade rebels every night."

* * * *

May 16, 1863.—Tonight I attended an informal party at

the beautiful mansion of the Blairs. I arrived at nine o'clock, and found that an impromptu concert was the program of entertainment for the evening. Miss Ellen Blair, the charming hostess, set the example by singing a beautiful solo which I have often heard:

Soft blows the breath of morning
In my own valley fair,
For it's there the opening roses
With fragrance scents the air.
With fragrance scents the air,
And with perfume fills the air,
But the breath of one I left there
Is sweeter far to me.

Soft fall the dews of evening
Around our valley bowers;
And they glisten on the grass plots
And tremble on the flowers.
And tremble on the flowers,
Like jewels rich to see,
But the tears of one I left there
Are richer gems to me.

I was unfortunate enough to be chosen as the next singer, and in lack of any other, I chose to sing the great, popular song of the South, "Lorena":

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down in the sky, Lorena;
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Ah! the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,

Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day,
And her the distant church bells chime.

It is needless to say that I, with my singing, was a great success. Next, two old plantation darkies were called in and, with banjo and fiddle, they entertained us royally. They played "Old Dan Tucker," "Uncle Ned," "Swanee Ribber," "Old Black Joe" and several darky jigs and dances.

After these worthies had retired, a Confederate sergeant, whose name I do not remember, sang "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Then a Richmond belle, one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, entertained us with the lovely song, "Weeping, Sad and Lonely," which I have heard was also popular in the North:

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of gray (blue),
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain;
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

The next was "The Alabama," sung by a quartet of soldiers. I remember only the chorus, which through interest I took down:

Then sling the bowl, drink every soul
A toast to the Alabama!
Whate'er our lot, through storm or shot,
Here's success to the Alabama!

Then came "The Bonnie Blue Flag," to the great joy of the South Carolinians present. And, to close our concert, we all sang Dixie.

While we were singing, the darkey fiddlers were brought in, and soon we were swinging through the old Virginia reel. * * * *

September 10, 1863.—*In the Field:* I have been very much discouraged by the recent turn of affairs for the South. * * * * Found a beautiful song today, though it was one of the enemies'. I read it in an issue of the New York *Times* which had come through the lines. The paper stated that it was first sung by a wounded private of a New York regiment at Gettysburg:

Lying on my dying bed
Through the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day,
Came a vision to my sight.
Near me stood the form I loved,
In the sunlight's mellow gleam:
Folding me unto her breast,
Mother kissed me in my dream.

Comrades, tell her, when you write,
That I did my duty well;
Say that when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell;
Tell her, too, when on my bed
Slowly ebbed my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until
Mother kissed me in my dream.

JULIEN D. WYATT, '19.

Stonewall Jackson: the Soldier and the Man

JACKSON was a born fighter. The war came as a godsend to him, and he fought with his whole soul for the cause nearest his heart till he fell at Chancellorsville. The annals of history do not contain accounts of campaigns more brilliant and dashing than his daring successes in the Valley of Virginia. In forty-eight days, he marched seven hundred miles, fought five hard battles, accomplishing in each his purpose, matched his 17,000 men against 50,000, brought off unmeasured prisoners and booty, ruined the campaign of McClellan, and struck terror to the North. Thus was his reputation forever fixed as one of the world's greatest captains.

The Civil War was prolific of great leaders, but among the galaxy of these, North and South, Jackson enjoyed the implicit confidence of his soldiers as did no other. At the time of his death, Stonewall Jackson was the man most trusted by the Confederates and most dreaded by the Federals. The South thought him invincible, save by fate. Jefferson Davis said that Lee and Jackson together, with any fair opportunity, were absolutely invincible, and Lee said if Jackson had been alive, Gettysburg would never have been lost.

Men loved Stonewall Jackson, not only because he was the bravest and most resolute man they had ever known, but because he respected them as comrades. And though he ruled by a rod of iron, he was the kindest and most considerate of men. Amid the harrowing experiences of war, he consistently lived the life of the Christian soldier. He was regarded with reverence by his men, for they knew him to be absolutely fearless, morally and physically. He was the incarnation of untiring energy. His nature was essentially aggressive, and he was endowed by that rare fortitude that seems to increase as perils grow greater.

Nor can it be doubted that he felt the full fascination of the game of war. It is easy to believe that he derived great intellectual pleasure in handling troops in battle so as to outwit

the foe. Once, listening to the "rebel yell," he was heard to exclaim, "That is the sweetest music I ever heard." He confessed once that to be under fire filled him with delicious excitement. He was content with nothing less than the complete annihilation of the enemy. His plan was always to overwhelm the foe by an impetuous onset before he was ready for it. In order to accomplish his marvelously rapid marches and brilliant surprise attacks, he did not spare his own men; he taxed their strength and endurance to the utmost.

Jackson's idea of warfare was to strike the enemy a sledge-hammer blow before he was prepared for it. He was possessed of indefatigable activity, was bold in planning and energetic in execution. The inferiority of his numbers necessitated his vigorous campaigns. His daring and delicate manoeuvres were sometimes as unknown to his own men as to the enemy. His idea of strategy was: secure the initiative, waste no time, give the foe no rest, do him the greatest damage in the shortest possible time. In order to achieve success in war, he believed it was necessary to move swiftly, strike vigorously and secure the first fruits of victory.

Eminently patient, eminently cautious, divining the intention of the enemy and drawing inferences from apparently insignificant signs or events, Jackson succeeded by his consistent reticence in concealing his movements from the Federal officers. He had abounding confidence in his own ability. He said, "I can do what I will to do." He always detected the keypoint of any situation, and always had more than one passage of escape from any trap set for him by the enemy. His policy was to mystify and mislead the foe, and, having struck, never to let up so long as his men could hold out. He would never fight against heavy odds if by manoeuvering he could throw his whole force upon any one part of the opposing body and crush that. Thus he was able to achieve the remarkable successes in the Valley of Virginia against such overwhelming odds. These principles of warfare were but familiar ones. The virtue of Jackson lay, not in formulating such tactics, but in his admirable application of them. Jackson eminently pos-

sessed the skill not only of avoiding mistakes himself and profiting by the mistakes of his opponent, but in leading his adversary into mistakes out of which he might prosper.

"General Lee's lightest wish is a supreme command to me, and I always take pleasure in prompt obedience," said Jackson on one occasion, and this goes to show that noble willingness to subordinate oneself that is apparent throughout his career. This desire to submit unquestioningly to Lee's judgment is, of course, bound up intimately with Jackson's personal affection for and serene confidence in his eminent superior. Jackson thought Lee equal to any emergency, and always showed implicit trust in his judgment and wisdom. He once said of Lee, "He is the only man I could follow blind," and when on his deathbed, "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee." Lee said of Jackson, "Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done it will be done." Such tributes as these come from one who was in a position to understand and appreciate the great qualities of Jackson.

It has been claimed by some that Jackson was never in a position to demonstrate his great military ability with a free rein. He was never given the same freedom of action as even Beauregard, and consequently he never had a real opportunity to reveal the height and breadth of his military genius. His was always a secondary role, and the fact that Lee kept the unquestioning loyalty and affectionate admiration of a soul so haughty and violent as Jackson's is indeed a tribute to him that may well be envied by any commander.

Men loved Jackson because they knew that he was willing to endure all hardships in common with them; that he would never command them to face danger without putting himself in the van. There was something in his manner that told his followers that he would get them out of any difficulty. Though he was harsh, they knew him to be just. In order to gain a victory, he would sacrifice them mercilessly, and then give the glory, under God, to them. The sight of his old uniform stirred their nerves and made them fight and march as they could not

have done for any other man. Truly, he was a Puritan warrior—very like Cromwell in many respects—and inclined to ferocity. Along with his obstinate determination, he was one of the gentlest of men in his dealings with others.

He had the faculty of extending to others his furious determination. He could demand the impossible of them because he performed it himself. Some one who knew Jackson said "As his impressive eyes met yours unflinchingly, you knew that his was an honest heart."

It has been said that with Stonewall Jackson every action was a prayer. Religion did not take possession of him suddenly, but with a gradual fierceness that permeated every fibre of his being. It was an all-absorbing topic, and he weighed the slightest utterances in the balance of the sanctuary. He said, "I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life." On the other hand, in the wild fury of battle, he could be seen with his hands uplifted in prayer to God. Truly, religion was to him a devouring fire. When Lee once congratulated him on winning a battle, he replied that to God and not himself belonged the praise. His dependence in a Higher Power was absolute at all times. When told that he was to live but a short while, he replied, "Very good, very good. It is all right."

Where in the annals of history do we find a more God-fearing warrior, a greater patriot or a truer Christian gentleman? Where is he who lived nearer to God and sought divine guidance in all things more consistently? Where can we find a man of firmer faith, of humbler mind and of greater sincerity of purpose? The noblest traits of our race are vividly portrayed in the character of Stonewall Jackson. The spirit in which he entered the war and his conception of the justness of his cause may well be shown by his own words:

"What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessing we transmit to them the freedom we have ourselves inherited."

Stonewall Jackson will always hold the love and admiration

of the world, both as a patriot and as a God-fearing Christian gentleman. When the last great summons came, he was resigned to the will of his Master, and, looking backward to his well-spent earthly career and forward to the eternal reward, he calmly said, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"—and the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God. A. J. JONES, '18.

The Last of the Faithful

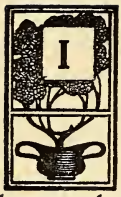
Dere's a lubbly ole plantation,
Where de Southern breezes blow,
Where de mockin' bird am singin',
An' de fields of cotton grow.
Dere's de big-house on de hilltop,
Where ole marster uster stay—
For dat place in ole Calinah
I'se a-pinin' ever' day.

Dose am days almos' forgotten,
Hard's de nigger's row to hoe
Since de big-house on de hilltop
An 'ole marster ain't no mo'.
'Cause de took us from our quarters,
An' dey tole us we wuz free;
But dis life am sad an' lonely—
'T'aint what 'twuz said ter be.

Now I'se sick an' hebby-laden,
An' my hair am white as snow,
An' my days on earth am ended,
To my Sabior I mus' go.
Yas, I see de heab'ly city,
Shinin' angels, chile, I see,
An' dere's de big-house on de hilltop,
An' ole marster—dere he be.

JULIEN D. WYATT, '19.

Answering the Call



IT WAS a pleasant June morning about half past seven. Sidewalks were glistening wet and cool from the fresh morning dew, robins were breakfasting publicly, and a consoling breeze came blowing round the trees.

About twenty-five minutes of eight, Rose Wallace, cool and refreshing to look at, stepped out on the veranda of the largest house on the avenue and took the day inclusively to her heart. She was nineteen, blue-eyed, light-haired, vivid in coloring and youth. As she stood there, in love with the world and all of its individuals, breathing deeply, a man of many years, who had been trimming with a rusty sickle the edge of the lawn beneath her, glanced up, stopped his work and grinned in appreciation of the adorable picture.

"Nice day, Rose, ain't it?" he remarked presently.

"Oh!" said Rose, starting. "Why—I didn't know you were there, Major."

"Well, that ain't surprisin'," he said dryly. He eased himself on his knees, and Rose watched him chop away a thin line of tufted weeds. He panted from the brief exertion, and sat back on his heels.

"It's going to be hot today, Major, isn't it?"

"Hot as the—; some hot, yes."

"I should think," said Rose, sweetly concerned, "you'd find this sort of work getting pretty hard for you, Major."

"Yes," said he, straightening himself, "very hard; but I'm not going to the government house. They've been trying to get me in that soldiers' house for years. Not me. I'll work for my living as long as I can."

"Oh!" said Rose softly. She had known of the Major's boasted independence. "And Mr. Scott says he can't make you apply for your pension, either. He said you could have had it for forty years. Now listen, Major—"

"Listen?" he shot at her obliquely. "Hard winter or easy winter, I don't ask no odds of the government. Just 'cause I

got bunged up marching 'round in the South, I ain't going on the government—not till I just have to. Now remember. Do you hear?"

Rose's mouth twitched, but she didn't really want to laugh. The Major was ancient and forlorn, his title was a crown several sizes too large for him. He was a former carpenter, whose eyes had grown as dull as the jack plane. But now, in order to help out, he was the keeper of several lawns on Chestnut Avenue.

"Well," said Rose, "I don't see why the country shouldn't —"

"You quit that!" ordered the Major, pointing the sickle at her. "They been a dingin' at me an' dingin' at me. I tell you 'tain't no use."

"You must be sorry you fought, then, if you won't take your pension, Major?"

"I'll say when I'm sorry," he reprimanded her. "I ain't sorry a bit. 'Sorry'—if I was forty years younger— Oh, it ain't none of my business."

"Go ahead, Major. What is it?"

He gazed at her and said: "I ain't sorry—I'm jest sort o' disgusted. Take it when I enlisted; I wasn't over sixteen. It was a war, and men jest nat'rally went. An' women folks sent their men off. He dropped his sickle and faced her. "Rose, this here town has got cold feet—it's gone and got skunky. In '61, there was a slew of us to go. Know how many has enlisted to go to France? Twelve of 'em. Twelve! Jest think of it! And we're havin' a war. War! An' twelve lonesome volunteers."

Rose cheeks were blazing and her eyes snapped.

"Major," she said, "wait a minute. You're unreasonable. You—"

"Heard we're in war, Rose?"

"But there's a plenty of men who want to fight," she continued, "were giving money and—"

" 'Tain't enough. It takes men."

"But it isn't our war, Major. We didn't start it—"

"Hush. You ain't go no reason."

Rose sighed deeply, and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"But, Major—"

"You take those fellars hangin' 'round here," he went on. "Take Ted Scott. I've known him ever since he was a babe. His grandpa and his pa was fighters. Look at him."

"Major!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. Scott—I don't think we'll discuss Mr. Scott, please."

"Yes, ma'am."

"His time is too valuable, and he isn't needed."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, besides," said Rose, rising rather hastily, "I haven't the slightest interest in what Mr. Scott does. It'll be hotter before noon, won't it, Major?"

* * * * * * * * * *

At the rattle of the doorknob, Mr. Ted Scott, attorney and counselor at law, lightly said, "Come."

"Oh, hello, Major! Warm, isn't it? Come in and sit down. What could I do for you?"

Hesitatingly the Major pulled up a chair close to Ted and said, "I've jest something to say, I—I jest can't put it off any longer."

"Go ahead, Major."

"Why ain't you enlisted yet?"

"Too busy," said Scott, smiling.

"Ted," said the veteran, moving towards him, "don't you get mad now—but they's one plain, downright liar in this room, and it ain't me. Don't get mad. Ted, I've knowed you all my life. I've watched you grow from a baby to a lawyer, and a good lawyer, too. I know you're craving to go, for you come of a fighting family. You got the call. An' you ain't gone yet. There's a war, and they need you—you!"

Scott tried gently to dissuade him.

"I'm not waiting—" said he.

"Hold be," said the Major. "Ted, I cut the Wallace's lawn this morning. Mark my word, Ted; she's jest as brave as

anybody else—only she's young. You're playin' with her. Put your uniform on and go to see her—"

Scott motioned imperatively to him, and the Major stopped, picked up his hat and, without another word, left the office.

* * * * * * * * * *

On the evening of July the Fourth, Scott called at the most impressive mansion on Chestnut Avenue and received a warm welcome from Rose. They went together to a hedged inclosure of the lawn, and there, under the bright stars, they sat in armchairs.

She had never seemed so dear to him, never so infinitely desirable, and as she sat in meditation she looked like a white cameo against the colorless bulk of hedge.

She looked toward him and half smiled, and Scott caught his breath.

"Tell me your thoughts," he said. She shook her head, and the smile continued to hold its charm.

"Please! I'll give you anything for them."

"No—you'd make a bad bargain, I'm afraid," she said to him.

Rose dropped her eyes to her lap, and pulled at her white, thin dress.

"But let me be the judge of that."

"No—don't tease me; I feel—"

"Rose, dear, you're thinking 'bout the same old problem, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," she flashed back swiftly. "That Major Martin's been 'round here talking again. And it's 'bout you."

"Me?" said Scott, aghast.

"Oh, lots 'bout you. He said some good things, too; but he told me no more than I knew."

"The cracked old lunatic!" said Scott, forcibly.

"But he said some splendid things about you, Ted. Of course, everybody does. But from a man like the Major. And, Ted—he said something 'bout one of those training camps—"

At the new note in her voice, Scott leaned quickly forward, and his hand went out to hers and closed tightly over them.

"Oh, Rose!" he said. "Rose, dear, can't you believe it isn't just selfishness on my part? Can't you believe there is really such a thing as an ideal—"

Her face was very close to his, and he kissed her.

"You musn't go," she whispered. "You can't."

"I wish I could explain it as I mean it—it's impossible."

"I know," said Rose. "It's the glory and glamour of war, and the romance and the renown—"

"Small chance," said Ted.

Both stood and Rose faced him very closely, and this time her hand grasped his.

"They'll call you when they need you, won't they?" she said.

"But, Rose, they're calling me now."

Rose's hand pressed him in a convulsive little spasm of dread.

"They're calling men now, and from the other side."

"And if you care for me—as you've said you do—"

"And I do," said Scott, bending down and again kissing her.

"You'd—leave me—like that—"

"What else can I do? Am I going to be a man or a coward? I can be useful. We all must make sacrifices."

She made a queer little sound in her throat, and suddenly she was crying against his shoulder.

His arms were around her, and incoherencies flooded to his lips. He kissed her, and she gave back his kiss.

"It isn't true, is it?"

"What, dear?"

"Your—t-training camp?"

Scott held her more closely, and brought out the words as gently as he could:

"Dear little girl, I've enrolled, yes—just before coming here."

"Tonight?" she gasped, and he felt her body grow rigid.

"You'd leave me, after all you've said; after all I've promised. When it isn't necessary, it isn't—"

She looked up into his face. For an answer, there was a look of pathos, and no sign of yielding, no token of indecision.

She saw this expression, her eyes widened and her breath fluttered in the newest emotion he had just caused her.

"You have," she managed to say.

There was a great, choking sob from Rose Wallace, and a rush and a cry of indefinable purport. And she was clinging to him with all her might, and holding her wet cheeks to his. and giving up her lips to him, adoring, protesting, vowing, calling the heavens to witness how it was love that had made her selfish. Then, with a faint but loving smile, she said:

"Ted, dear; it's all right. My love for you will make me brave."

R. K. W., '18.

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Editor-in-Chief.....Carlisle Hall, 'phone 1603
Business Manager.....Carlisle Hall, 'phone 1603

Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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C. B. Johnson.....Editor-in-Chief
F. A. Buddin.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

The Close of Another Session

The end of another session is approaching. In a few more weeks the college careers of many of us will have ended. Have we profited by the close associations of four years together? Not one of us can say that he hasn't. Some of us may not have done our work well and barely made passing grades, but the close, personal touch with each other has been an education in itself.

As we step from our college doors, what do we see?—a world, a so-called civilized world, soaked in human blood. For what reason?—to satisfy the vaulting ambition of one poor, deluded nation, which is trying to make for itself a heaven by making a hell on earth.

This is indeed a terrible sight to greet a young man as he steps from the doors of his alma mater, which he entered with the hopes of a bright future all carefully planned out. But a college graduate is a thinking man, or certainly is expected to be. Therefore, the air castles which, as young freshmen, we built, will have to be sacrificed to the noblest call the youth of

any generation have ever received. It is a terrible sacrifice, but a noble one. The college youths of our Allies have responded to a man, and can we do less than they?

During the past few weeks, several of the finest boys in college have answered the call. More will follow soon, and when the time comes to receive that for which we have looked forward to for four years, our hearts will go out to those who have left us to preserve the liberties of mankind.

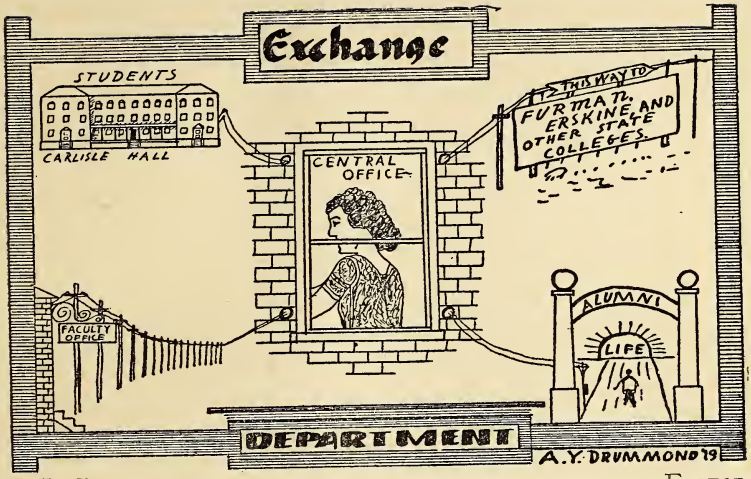
Equally as invigorating as the personal touch with our fellow students has been the associations with the faculty. We have grumbled sometimes because they didn't see things as we saw them. But now, when we look back, we see that what they did and how they acted was always for the best interests of us. And so it is with genuine regret that the Seniors bid farewell to all that goes to make up our alma mater.

The Staff's Farewell

The staff of the JOURNAL wishes here to say farewell and to turn over to next year's staff our duties. Although we have had a rather hard time to get material, yet we have enjoyed our work. We know it has been hard for a fellow to concentrate for a while in order to write something of a literary nature when there is such a hurry and bustle of war going on around one all the time.

And so it is, that as we hand over to the new staff our troubles, it is with the earnest desire that they meet with much success in putting out the JOURNAL next year. But a college magazine cannot be published without the support of the students. So we are taking the liberty of asking the students to give their hearty co-operation to next year's staff.

The staff wishes to express its appreciation to those who have faithfully stood by us this year in giving us their subscriptions.



J. P. Barron.....Editor

It appears that in our effort to perform the difficult duty of Exchange Editor—that is, impartially complimenting and criticizing the articles in our exchanges—we have met with some rather severe criticism from *The Orion,* of Anderson College, because of the opinion we gave of an essay, "A Contrast of Thanatopsis and a Psalm of Life," which was printed in the December issue of that splendid magazine. Since fortune has given us the opportunity of paying a much enjoyed visit to Anderson College and thereby made it possible for us to know just how our literary friends feel about our criticism, we feel that we owe it to them and to ourselves to make the defects we saw in the article more apparent. As we were criticized by a member of our Department of English for not specifically pointing out these defects before, we are not surprised that the Exchange Editor of *The Orion* did not understand just what we meant. In order to make what we now have to say perfectly clear, we reprint the contested points of our former criticism below:

"We believe that the author of 'A Contrast of Thanatopsis and a Psalm of Life' has made a mistake in attempting to con-

trast these two poems. She has misinterpreted some of the noblest thought in Thanatopsis, and from a mere surface view has destroyed the beautiful significance of that poem in her essay. Thanatopsis is not a 'Song of Death,' but rather a discourse on death, which is also shown by the meaning of the Greek word from which the word is derived; and by no means does the poem point to the grave as the 'Goal of Life,' but merely shows that death is the inevitable end of all life and attempts to reconcile man to this fact." * * *

The first mistake we are charged with by our fair critic is "contending that one of our writers made a mistake in selecting the subject." We beg permission to say that we are not guilty of such a mistake; and, if we were, we would not attempt to maintain such a ludicrous position in the face of the authority she quotes as suggesting this subject for a theme. But we still maintain that any writer makes a grave mistake in attempting to contrast two poems at the expense of the more beautiful and more majestic one of the two. The feeling that the true significance of Thanatopsis had been destroyed in the essay prompted our remarks.

And the second mistake on our part she calls attention to is, "Protesting against classifying Thanatopsis as a 'Song of Death'; and calling it a discourse on death." Indeed we do protest against such a classification of the poem, but would substitute the word *view* for *discourse, as* discourse has conveyed the idea of *prose* to our critic. Certainly all poems cannot be classified according to the literal meaning of their titles, as she well illustates, but is such an illustration applicable to this particular title? We are rather at a loss in attempting to otherwise interpret the word "Thanatopsis," and in trying to understand in what other way the author could have intended for us to interpret so suggestive a title. And we fail to see where it is a *"desecration"* of Thanatopsis to speak of it as "a discourse on death," or, if you prefer, "a view of death." We did not intend to give the erroneous impression that we did not believe that a poet sings his message in verse; for a study of Wordsworth, Scott, Shelly, Keats and others has given us no

other impression, and when we protested against calling Thanatopsis a "SONG of Death," we had no thoughts of *"Grand Opera"* or of *"Vaudeville."* The point we intended to make was that Thanatopsis was not written to discourage men, but to reconcile them to death and deprive it of its horrors.

It seems that the points of difference which were pointed out in the essay are not the essential points of difference. Indeed, the first point is an error, for "Thanatopsis" is addressed to everyone just as much as "A Psalm of Life" is, and the author merely quoted enough of a quotation from "Thanatopsis" to prove her point that it was addressed only to the lovers of nature. The complete quotation reads:

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; * * *"

Thus we see that this "to him" is not an address, but is merely the indirect object of the verb "speaks." And then, when by further quotations from the two poems she proves that "A Psalm of Life" was written to encourage men to higher things and "Thanatopsis" only to show that death is the common lot of all, and that by death we are lost to the minds of men, we feel that the wonderful significance of the whole poem, and especially that of the last stanza, is destroyed. Then, it is not quite fair to quote a few lines of blank verse in comparison with a verse written in trochaic tetrameter, as the thought of such a verse is complete, while we do not gain the full impression of a poem in blank verse until the whole verse is completed; and of "Thanatopsis" until the whole poem is completed. Now, there are differences that could be pointed out in a contrast of these two poems without detracting from either. Such differences would be the influences in the lives of the poets that caused them to write in such different styles and tenors, the differences in the general themes of the two poems, and the lessons each was intended to teach.

We feel that in making our position clear that we shall not be misunderstood; for such a matter is not a personal one, as

our fair friends have assured us in speaking of the matter. We have not written this in a controversial spirit, but in order to show just what we meant to say in our former criticism, and to further assure the staff of *The Orion* that our criticism was given in an impartial way in order to aid them as the staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL wishes to be helped.

"BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS"

The Clemson Chronicle says: "The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for February is among the best exchanges to come to our desk this month. The cover design is very attractive, and the subject matter of this issue is unusually good, but there is too great a preponderance of essays for a well-balanced publication.

"The two stories, 'The Ray of Hope' and 'Circumstances Prevented,' are both fine. In the former, the plot is a trifle worn and threadbare, but the story is so well written that this can be readily overlooked. The latter story is even better than the first, and is well worth reading. It is seldom that one finds a negro story handled in such a manner.

"The three poems, 'Daylight Comes,' 'Dear Little Lad' and 'Liberty,' are all good, although possibly the first two are best. All of these poems are too short, however. There is very little, if any, criticism which one could make of their rhythm and metre, but they are greatly lacking in length.

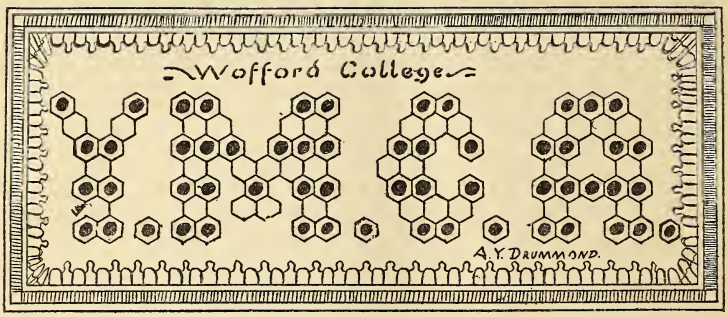
"The essays are good, but, better still, are interesting. There is one great and glaring mistake, however, in 'Reconstruction.' * * * It is indeed a surprise to hear a Southerner speak of 'the war between the States' as 'the Civil War.' It was not and never could be a civil war. * * * To admit that it was a civil war is equivalent to admitting that our fathers and grandfathers fought, bled and died for a false cause."

The Erothesian, of Lander College, says: "The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is decidedly the best magazine that came to

us this month. It is well balanced in all the departments. The story, 'The Ray of Hope,' has a well worked out plot. The story is pathetic, yet true to life. The essay on 'Reconstruction' shows that the writer is very enthusiastic over the golden opportunities of the present day."

In their December issue, *The Erothesian* also said: "The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for November is well organized in the different departments. We especially compliment it on the patriotic spirit of its contributions. The poems, 'America's Answer' and 'What's Our Life,' are well written and are a credit to the writer. The essay on 'Education and War' shows that the writer has put a great deal of time and thought upon it."

In this last issue of our magazine for this scholastic year, we wish to thank our friends for the large number of exchanges which we have received, and also especially those who have given us such kind and helpful criticism. As Exchange Editor, we have done our best in trying to take up as many of our exchanges as possible, and to so compliment and criticize them that our remarks would prove beneficial to them, at least in a limited degree. Although our task has been a somewhat difficult one, it has been a pleasure to come into personal contact with so many colleges through the medium of their literary publications; and in behalf of the new staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL we ask that we may continue to have the pleasure of exchanging with these publications in the future.



L. D. HAMER.....EDITOR

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, held April 12th, officers for the coming year were chosen. On April 19th, the appointees were confirmed by the members of the Y. M. C. A. in regular session. A. Stokes King, of the rising Junior class, was chosen president; W. Glenn Smith, of the rising Junior class, was chosen vice-president; R. C. Lucas and L. E. Purdy, of the rising Sophomore class, were chosen secretary and treasurer, respectively. The new officers have actively entered upon their duties.

In selecting the men who will for the next session guide the Y. M. C. A. in its great work for Wofford, the retiring Cabinet showed great care and wisdom. There is no doubt but that the Y. M. C. A. officers for the new year are the best that could be found. Probably no better men for the positions could be secured anywhere, at least at Wofford. The Y. M. C. A., and through it the college, is to be congratulated in securing such splendid and efficient officers. It is safe to say that the destinies of the Wofford College Y. M. C. A. will be in good keeping for the next twelve months.

President King has appointed the following men as chairmen of the various committees of the Y. M. C. A. These appointees, together with the elected officers, constitute the Cabinet of the Association. The appointments of President King are as follows: Membership, D. H. Dantzler; Mission Study,

W. D. White; Personal Work, B. F. Carmichael; Social Service, W. F. Harris; Bible Study, E. C. Mitchell; Handbook, R. H. Ouzts; Music, L. W. Shealey; Hall, E. B. Goodwin; Publicity, A. Y. Drummond.

J. W. Bergthold, Student Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the two Carolinas, held a conference with the officers and committee chairmen of the Y. M. C. A. on Thursday, May 2, at the city Y. M. C. A. A most delightful and instructive conference was held. Two sessions were held, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, followed by an informal banquet. Mr. Bergthold brought to the members of the Cabinet a message of hope and encouragement, and urged them to persist in their good work. A number of suggestions of value were given to the Cabinet by the Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Rev. D. E. Camak, of Spartanburg, President of the Textile Industrial Institute, delivered an address on "The Making of a Man" at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on April 26th. The lecture was an excellent one, one of the best heard at the local "Y" in some time. Mr. Camak's talk was interesting and instructive, and was of much benefit to his hearers. Every one present at the meeting enjoyed the address very much.

On Friday evening, May 3rd, Lieutenant Fleming, of Camp Wadsworth, delivered an excellent address to a large audience at the Y. M. C. A. hall on the part the Y. M. C. A. is playing in the present war. Lieutenant Fleming, who is in private life a doctor, paid a very high tribute to the work of the "Y" in this struggle for liberty and democracy. He spoke at length concerning a few of the many things undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. to provide the boys in the trenches and training camps with some of the comforts and conveniences of home. Lieutenant Fleming urged his hearers to do all possible to aid the "Y" in its great work and, if possible, for some of the fellows to go themselves as workers.

With this issue of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL we sever our connection with the Y. M. C. A. of Wofford College. For three years we have been a member of the College "Y"; for three years the interests of the Wofford Association have been our personal interests. In some small measure, we have actively entered into the work of the local Y. M. C. A. and have done in a very small measure what we could for its upbuilding. As a fellow in the ranks, as a member of the Cabinet and as its representative on the JOURNAL *staff,* we have tried to do what we could for the Y. M. C. A. Now, at the close, when in a few short days our connection with the Wofford Y. M. C. A. will cease, we realize how greatly we have failed, how far we have fallen short of accomplishing the tasks which have been ours and which it was our duty and our privilege to perform. We but speak mildly when we say that our failure is almost a complete one; when we think of the days gone by and realize what we might have done, a feeling of shame comes over us because of the opportunities that have not been taken advantage of and the chances for service which have been lost. We regret this; we feel keen sorrow that our connection with the Y. M. C. A. has not been productive of more good, has not been of service to more.

With this issue of the JOURNAL, we bid the readers farewell. For one year it has been our great privilege, our great pleasure, to speak to the students and alumni of Wofford College through the medium of the JOURNAL. We have tried to give you some inkling of the work done by the local Y. M. C. A., to let you know in some small measure of the noble and everlastingly enduring work accomplished by the Wofford Association. Our labors have been a pleasure to us; though at times rather irksome, they have been throughout the year a mission of love and service which we have been only too glad to perform. Our regret is not that we have been in charge of this department of the JOURNAL, but that we have been unable to present to you in a better manner the work of the Wofford "Y" during the session now closing. We have realized that the opinion of the alumni and others concerning the moral standard

of Wofford College and the character of its student body is very largely based on their knowledge of the work of the Y. M. C. A. With this in mind, we have attempted to present to you in as full measure as possible some part of the splendid work done this year by the local Association.

Our work, we repeat, has been a pleasant one. Our associations with our colleagues have been of value to us, and we have enjoyed in the highest degree our mutual duties. We have considered it a rare privilege to be co-workers with such men as the president of the Y. M. C. A. and his fellow workers, and the editor and staff of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. We were glad to be associated with them in the work we have done.

To our successor, whosoever he may be, we extend our best wishes, and trust that he will be able to accomplish through the medium of the press far more than we have done. To whomsoever the work is intrusted, we feel sure that the Y. M. C. A. Editor of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for the coming year will conduct his department in such a way as to make it the best ever. To him we extend our deepest, heartfelt sympathy and beg for him the consideration of every reader of the JOURNAL.

And now, farewell!

MIRTH AND MERRIMENT

(By the Bandmaster.)

Soph. Smith, upon seeing an Elks' Home clock in Gaffney, remarked: "This town has the bummest town clock I ever saw; the darn thing has been reading 11:00 o'clock for nearly an hour now."

Singer Pearson, on a Pullman train recently, was about to reach his destination, and the porter took his suitcase to the platform to put it off. Beef took out after him and exclaimed: "Pardon me, fellers; yonder's a nigger tryin' to swipe my grip!"

Converse, upon being asked how the Glee Club was, said it was a howling success, with emphasis on the word "howling."

Gleeclubber "Slick" White was on the train recently, when the porter yelled out, "All change for Florence." "Slick" said he didn't know who she was, but he would give 'em thirty cents for her.

"Pastor" Buddin, on being accosted by the fruit butcher on the P. & N. with a basket of apples and bananas, remarked: "No, thanks, ol' man, I don't care for any; it's awful nice of you, though."

Lieutenant Graham commanding: "Right—dress! Arms—down!"

In D Company, the guide is Wright.

Ed Pell, upon being asked whether or not he was going to attend the war, said he couldn't pass the physical exam. for the navy and was too old to go in the infantry.

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"Fords and Their Ways"—Hooks Odom.
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"Passing of Holroyd"—The Fighters.
"On Ne Passe Pas"—Dr. Chiles.

Senior Mitchell says he had a girl that was born on the 31st of May, married on the 31st of May, and died on the 31st of May. (We claim that was about the last of May.)

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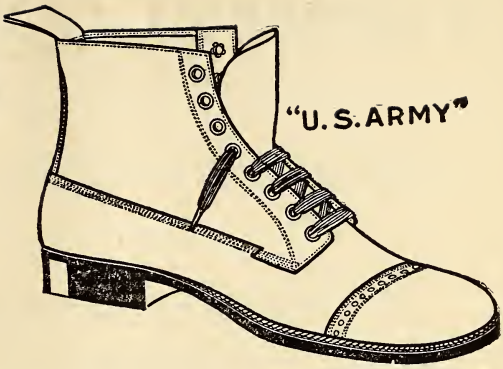

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